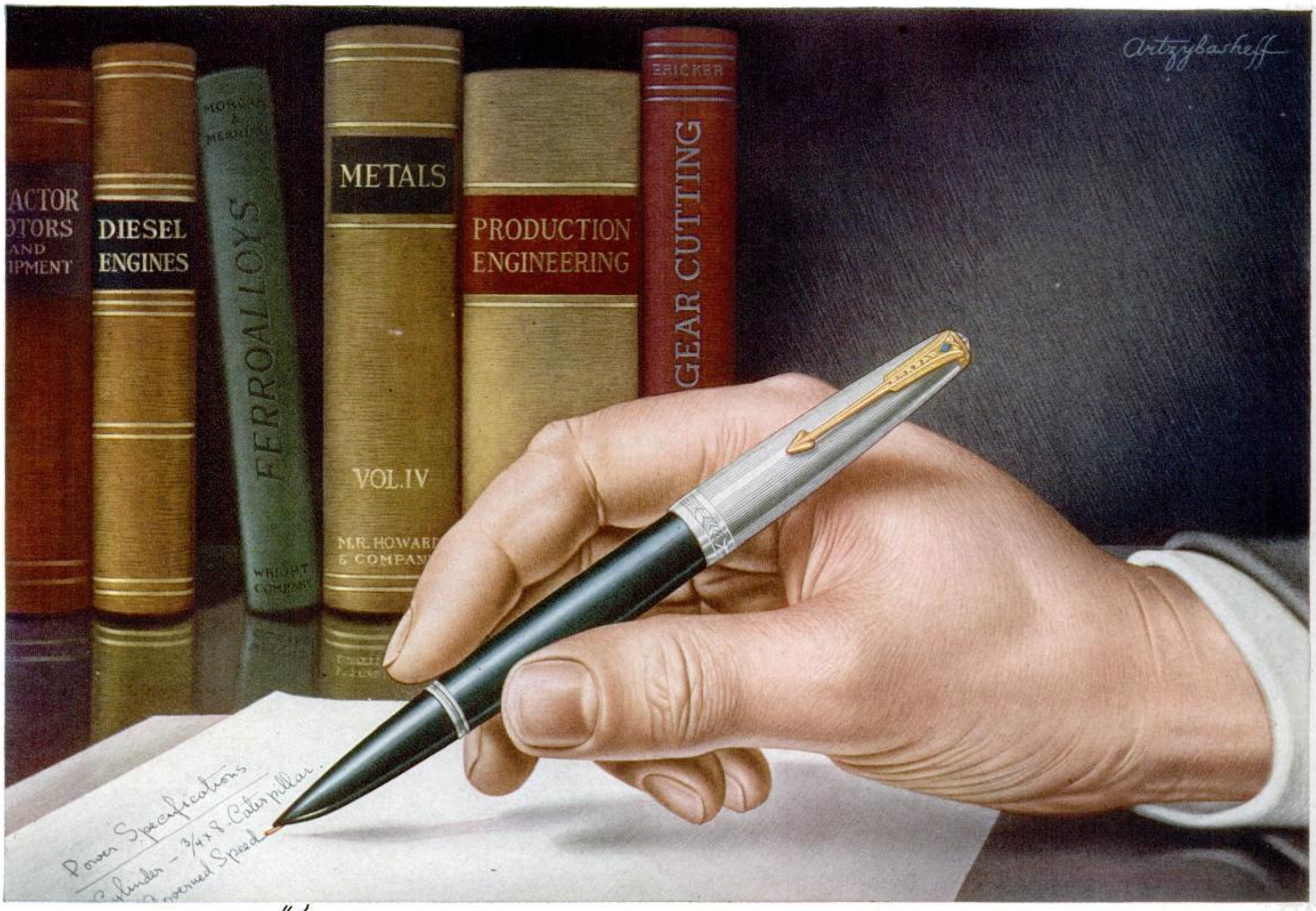
LIFE



ELLA RAINES

FEBRUARY 28, 1944 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $4.50

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

"Why must I wait? I'd like this pen now!"

Captured in the Parker "51" pen is the beauty, the precision of the Age of Flight.

There's boundless energy in that "torpedo" point. It starts to write the instant you touch pen to paper... sweeps forward with a smoothness that's out of this world.

Want a Parker "51"? Of course you do. Yet, we regret you may have to wait.

You'll understand why when you know that, months before Pearl Harbor, Parker *voluntarily* cut its production of fine pens to create shell fuzes, primers, submarine and aircraft parts and other important war goods.

In addition, *all* fountain pen production is now limited by government order.

Yes, necessary as Parker "51" pens are for vital "paper work"... or to write cheerful letters to our boys in the service... fighting equipment must come first.

But place an order for a Parker "51". You'll say it was worth waiting for. For the Parker "51" is the *only* pen of its kind—protected by basic U. S. Patents. It *alone* can use the new Parker "51" Ink—the *world's fastest drying ink!* Dries as you write. You need no blotter. Of course, the Parker "51" can be used with any ink if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Colors: Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. World famous Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

♦ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

Make your dollars fight—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!



Parker "51"



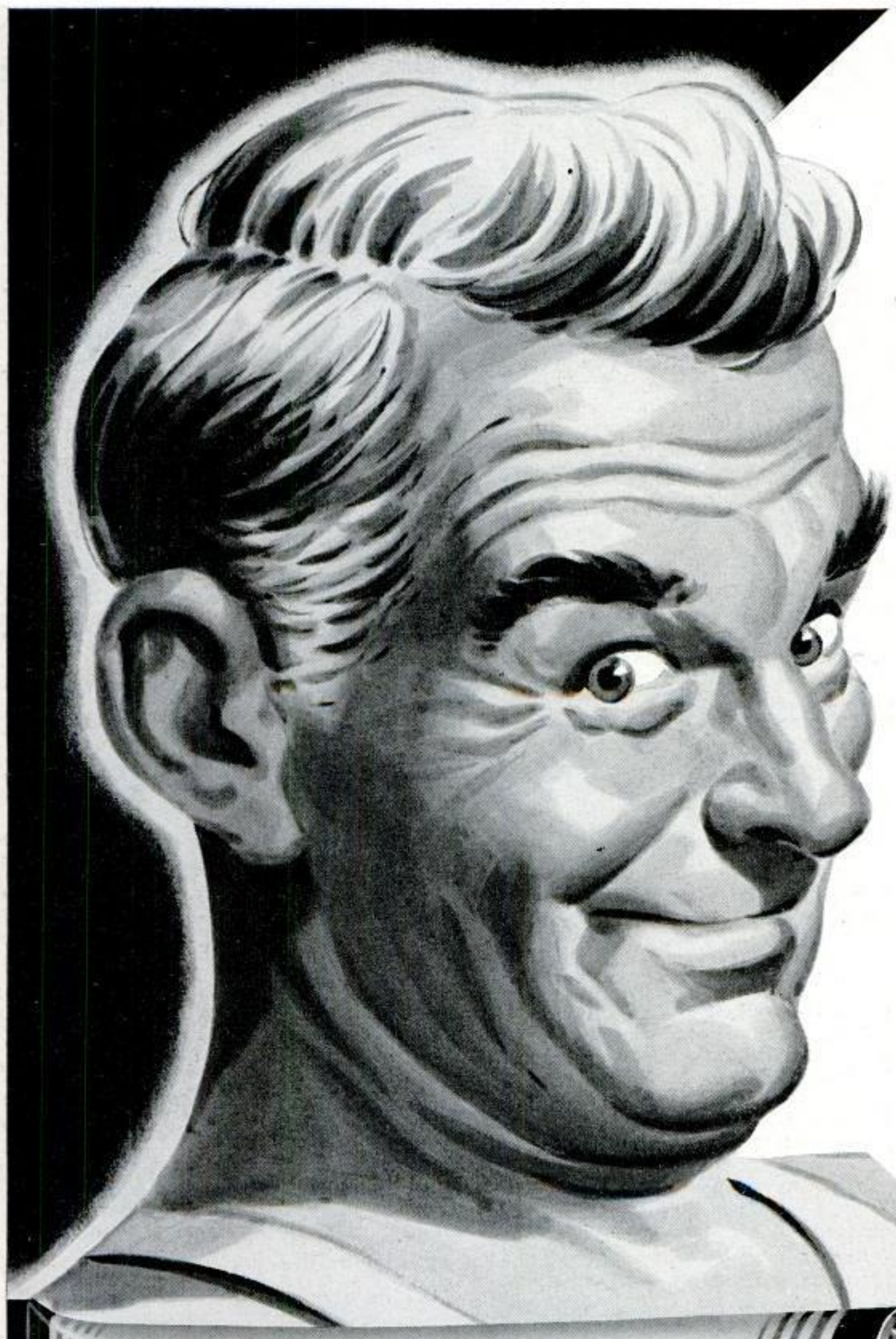
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At last!...an absolutely unconditional guarantee

that SHAVING CREAM won't

make shaving a pleasure



Adv. experts call this "negative" advertising, but it produces positive and pleasant increases in our sales

Maybe this is treason, but the fact is that the soap-chemists in our laboratory are all members of the *Oh-How-I-Hate-To-Shave Club.*

For years they tried to find the elusive ingredient which would make it fun to swish off whiskers. They experimented with countless and costly formulas . . . with complex techniques of pre-shave preparation . . . with almost every shaving rite and ritual except incantation.

But no soap! They reluctantly and finally decided, as most intelligent men do, that shaving is at best a nuisance and a bore.

As the result, we have concentrated our technical skill and resources on producing a pure, unadulterated, *quality* shaving cream. It contains no mysterious or exclusive ingredients. No revolutionary discoveries. No patents.

It is *all* shaving cream, and yards of it can be squeezed from the tube. We promise only that it is a *sensible* shaving aid. Just a little of it, a fraction of an inch, makes great billows of moisture-laden lather. This *helps* to soften tough whiskers, helps make shaving as painless as possible.

If you think that we are not overstating our case, when we say that you can get very comfortable shaves with our product, you're just the man who ought to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month



REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream

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"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



A Vermonter's Toast to the Enemy

Captain William Watson of the American Revolutionary Army is said to have proposed the following toast in 1790, at the Eagle Tavern in East Poultney, Vermont:

> "To the Enemies of our Country! May they have cobweb breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard-trotting horse and an eternal journey."

In our time, war has assumed a grimmer significance. "We must win it . . . the sooner the better . . . and bring our boys back," is everyone's fervent prayer.

Those of us who remain at home, in addition to performing direct war work, can do two worth-while things, (1) Buy War Bonds and (2) Invest in Life Insurance.

Buy all the War Bonds you can and hold them to maturity. And invest in *adequate* Life Insurance.

War Bonds and Life Insurance assure you or your family of money *when it may be needed most.*

For quick information on what Life Insurance may be able to do for you, send coupon below.

NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
HOME OFFICE— MONTPELIER, VERMONT

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation to me, please send me information about your Family Income Policy.

Name..... *Date of Birth*.....

Business Address..... *Age of Children*.....

Home Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PRISONERS OF JAPAN

Sirs:

I've just finished reading your article "Death Was Part of Our Life" in the Feb. 7 issue of LIFE. I've had to sit here calmly for 15 minutes trying to think of words that will be clean enough to put into a letter.

Congratulations on the story. It is, to my mind, the final clincher in any argument against the "humanitarians" who still persist in claiming that the best way to handle the enemy after the war is with kid gloves. It should be obvious that a nation which can produce such an infinitely brutal man as the Japanese soldier can never comprehend the American way of life.

The fellows in my outfit have their own ideas on how to deal with the Jap after the war; highly original and ingenious ideas they are too. Most people would shudder at them, but if we had our way we'd carry them out, and effectively too. We'd see to it that there wasn't another war.

CPL. R. A. CAVALLI
Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

I hope that 20 or 30 years after this war we shall remember the Jap atrocities as well as we do now and that you and the rest of the press will not engage in an atrocity debunking campaign such as occurred after the last war. We need to remember these things and I for one can never forget the torturing of our British and American boys.

JANE MALLETT
Toronto, Canada

Sirs:

Having read "Death Was Part of Our Life" one assumes there were many censored deletions from the original stories. But no mention of what happened to the nurses is so obvious as to make the readers fear their actual disposition. Can't something be said relative to their experiences?

LUTHER W. DAY, M.D.
Jonesville, Mich.

● As far as is known all Army and Navy nurses serving in the Philippines were taken into civilian prison camps. —ED.

Sirs:

To think that the Japanese were once our respected allies!

It only dawns on us now how terribly we blundered after the first World War in permitting and actually helping Japan to establish herself in the Pacific. Blunders which will take rivers of precious American blood to wipe out.

H. E. SOLTAU
Hoboken, N. J.

Sirs:

Our government has advanced a plan for retaliation on the Japs for their atrocities, at the end of the war. When the end draws near, I'm afraid all the Nips will hara-kiri themselves into the beyond. I hope our men in the Pacific get their revenge during the war and I think they will.

JOSEPHINE C. LEE
Glen Head, N.Y.

Sirs:

I wish with all my heart that every American could read "Prisoners of Japan."

MRS. HARRY E. WHITCOMB
Pueblo, Colo.

Sirs:

Let's not overlook the fact that our German enemy has been just as barbaric and just as savage as the Japs.

Sterilizations, gas chambers, torture by sun and frost, and the uprooting and scattering of families compare easily with Jap barbarism.

MRS. RAY COOPER
Bronx, N.Y.

continued on p. 4



NO NEURITIS HERE!

Electric wires are the nerves that go everywhere and carry the orders to all the working apparatus of a fighting plane. They must be held safely in place by fasteners which can be instantly opened for quick repair.

United-Carr has designed, engineered and developed a line of Wire Harness Clips to do these things better than any previous fasteners. Their job at the moment is as wide as the world. We believe that the needs for them in post-war aviation will be world-wide, too.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT FASTENERS



WIRE HARNESS CLIP
Swivel Type
These wire holders are made with all types of attaching devices to be clipped, snapped or riveted on any beading, stringer or surface.

LIFE is published weekly by TIME Inc., 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, 16, Ill. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter November 16, 1936 at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Authorized by Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, as second-class matter. Subscriptions $4.50 a year in U.S.A.; Canada, $5.50. Volume 16 Number 9

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A NEW RESOURCE HAS BEEN DEVELOPED

THE wealth of America has been wrought from her natural resources of fertile lands, wide forests and rich mineral deposits by the brains and muscles of her people.

But another resource is now available. A new source of wealth and well-being has been developing gradually and almost unnoticed which is tremendously important today and of still greater importance for tomorrow.

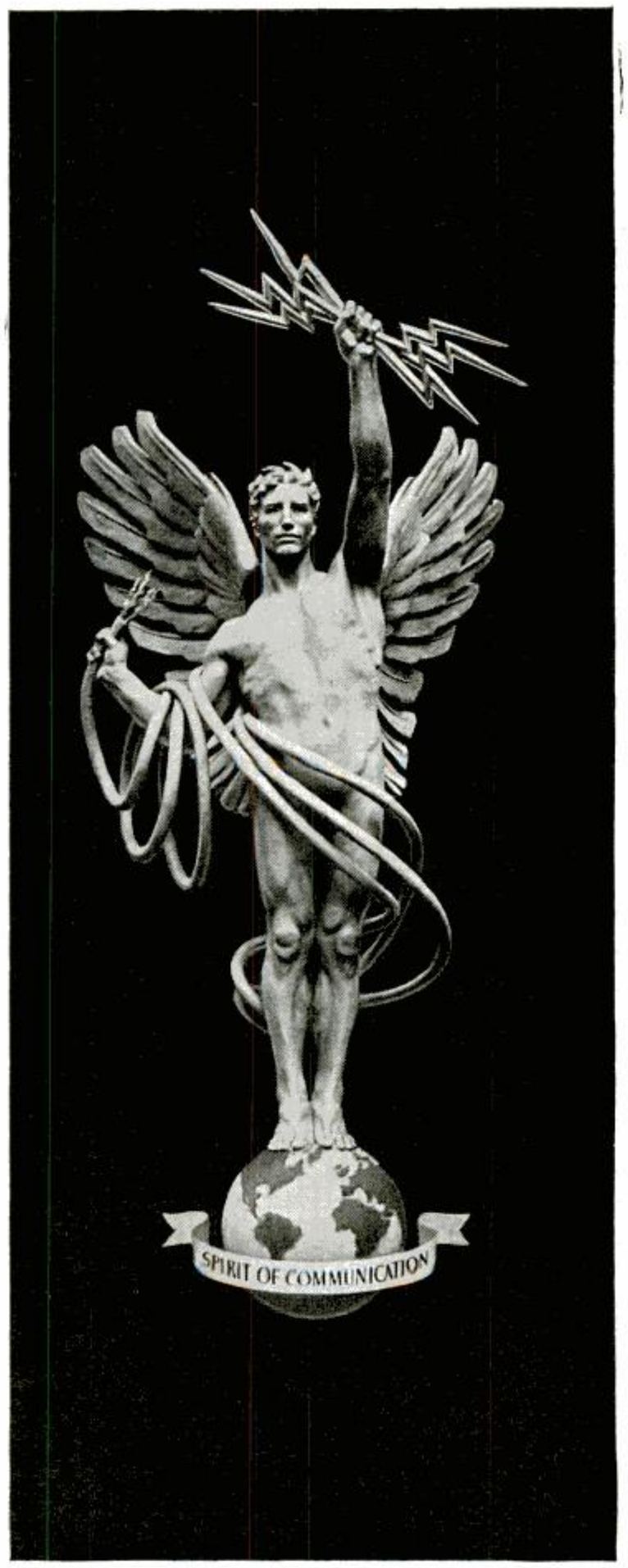
This new resource is the research laboratory. Today, in hundreds of industrial and college laboratories, trained minds are expanding the world's knowledge, and applying the results of research to industry and to war.

In the Bell System, research has always been a fundamental activity. The telephone was invented in a research laboratory. And for years Bell Telephone Laboratories has been the largest industrial laboratory in the world.

Underlying modern research is the realization of vast latent values in nature. Although the lone genius does from time to time bring to light some part of these hidden values, only organized scientific research can assure the thorough exploration that will render the full measure of use for human welfare.

Research means imagining and experimenting. It means the searching out and bringing together of facts. It means clear statements of problems, precise measurements and keen analysis. It means tenacious following along unexpected paths.

These are the procedures of research. Its consummation is the grasping by subtle



minds of relationships in nature no one has previously known. And on the basis of the broader knowledge so established are built new materials, new methods and new structures to serve the people of America.

The Bell Telephone Laboratories has now concentrated its efforts on communication systems and equipment for the armed forces. When the war is over its researches in communication will again be applied to an ever-improving telephone service in America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

This One
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AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



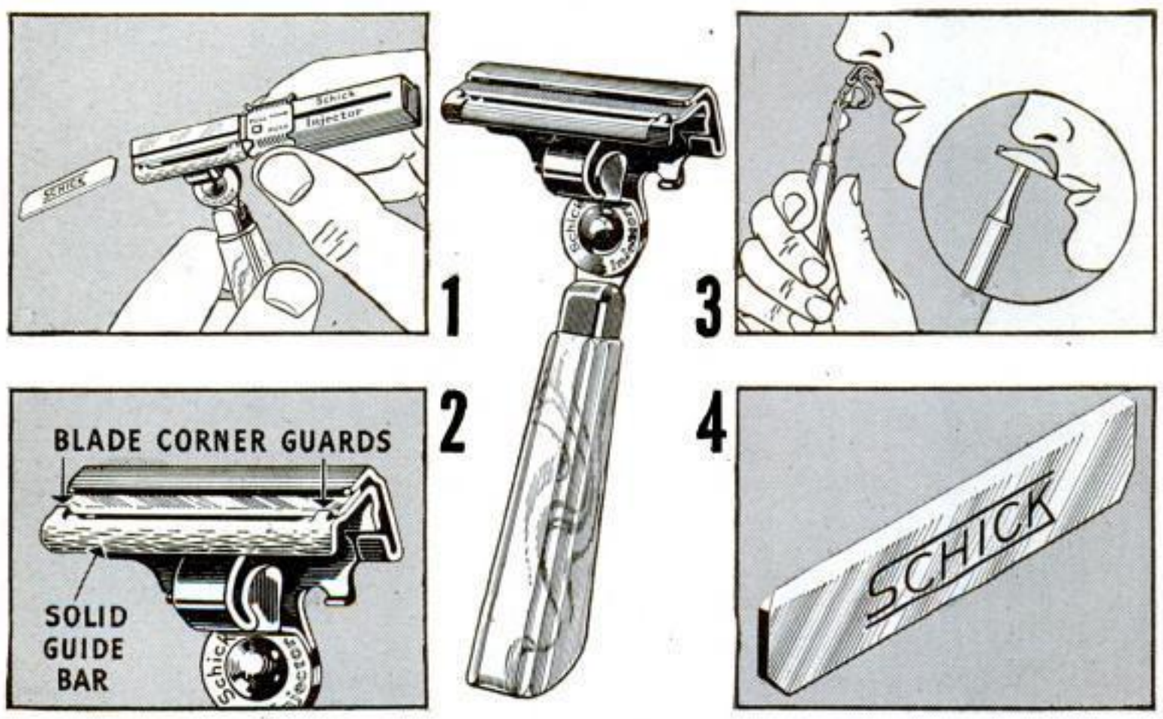
These quick shaving, easy going Schick Injector Blades Are Back

If you own a Schick Injector Razor, you're all set. There are enough blades . . . from now on . . . to keep it shaving!

Tell your friends that Schick Blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give or lend it to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury.

You see . . . although there are enough blades to go around, now that we're able to meet both military and civilian needs—we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.

Anyway, it's mighty good news . . . and worth repeating . . . that keen-edged Schick Injector Blades are back!



Back to work for the razor that made shaving history

It's been too long between luxury shaves . . . the kind that Schick Injector design makes possible. Discover again these revolutionary Schick Injector features . . . the only basic improvements in safety razor design in 40 years.

1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change** . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.

2 **Shave skin-close—with comfort** . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.

3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots** . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.

4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again** . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

Sirs:

I suggest that Fred Wren's drawing, "Americans were forced to bury other



NATIONAL POSTER?

Americans alive . . ." be used as a nationwide poster.

OTIS BUELL ZIRKLE SR.
Brownton, W. Va.

Sirs:

Could you give me the address of Lieut. Colonel S. M. Mellnik or any of the other men? My husband was on Bataan and I am desperately anxious to find out if any of them might have known him.

MRS. WILLIAM C. SCHULTZ
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

● This letter, together with many similar ones which LIFE has received, has been forwarded to Commander McCoy who will answer to the best of his ability. Insofar as possible LIFE will also send copies of the pictures printed with "Death Was Part of Our Life" to those people who recognized relatives in them.—ED.

BLIND NISEI

Sirs:

I read your article on the Jap atrocities in the Philippines with a great deal of interest, having served in a losing and retreating army for 75 days in France in 1940. But I don't understand your printing such an article and then completely refuting its moral by publishing a sob picture of a blind Nisei.

It is my belief that you have given every muddleheaded American in this country who is afraid to face the fact of evil a chance to feel that, after all, Japs are not so bad because some are fighting with us.

PAUL T. MARTIN
Ex-Lieut. French Foreign Legion
New Orleans, La.

● Legionnaire Martin fails to see the highest moral of LIFE's story of the Japanese atrocities; to promote and extend a just and democratic society. Of this, the picture of Yoshinao Omiya is no refutation.—ED.

Sirs

Your full-page picture of Yoshinao Omiya is a fine answer for the California race-baiters.

W. C. CARR
Los Angeles, Calif.



YOSHINAO OMIYA

Sirs:

Thanks for the picture of the blind Nisei. When Japan struck Pearl Har-

(continued on p. 6)



ELIMINATE

unpleasant scalp itching, unsightly flecks of loose

DANDRUFF

Keep your hair well-groomed by massaging every day with

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

Casual in the California Manner

HOLLYWOOD

Rogue Shirt



At Better Stores Everywhere

The comfortable casual shirt for your well-deserved hours of relaxation. Just as good looking worn inside or outside your slacks. Two pockets (at bottom of shirt).

HOLLYWOOD ROGUE SPORTSWEAR
1041 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
$5.00 to $12.50

THE B. V. D. CORPORATION
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.
$2.50 to $4.50

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True Yesterday—

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "R

In Trust for Tomorrow

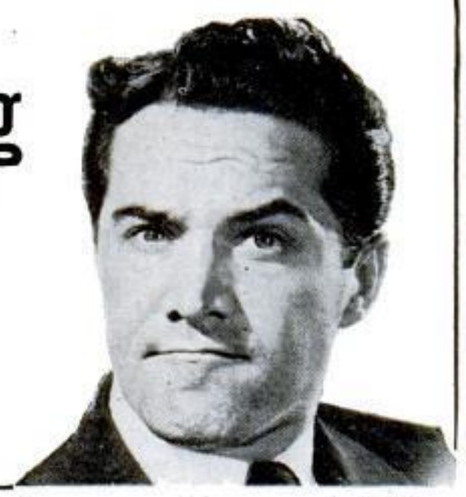
DESIGN is the foundation of a great car. Sound pioneering work on drafting boards ensured the quality of the three million pre-war Plymouths now serving owners so superbly. Today the stream of Plymouth excellence is channeled into war production. The Plymouth car design department is closed, but Plymouth's genius for design is a living tradition. And Plymouth dealers are giving new meaning to the word, Service. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

BUY WAR BONDS!...LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK

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There's nothing wrong with MY eyes!

. . . or is there?



1. When nerves are frayed and temper is short, don't be too sure that eyestrain isn't causing the trouble. Certainly *all* eyes today need periodic, professional examination.



2. Headaches from overwork . . . or from overworked eyes? Glare may be the culprit. Sharp shafts of reflected light are a constant shock to vision. Soft-Lite Lenses are often prescribed to absorb them.



3. Squinting, frowning are other danger signals. And when reading becomes difficult and tiring, it isn't just because your eyes are tired. It's because your eyes are crying for help. Have them examined!



4. Each day makes new demands on your vision—with more work, more reading . . . more light. If your eyes can't meet these demands . . . if they are oversensitive to light . . . Soft-Lite Lenses may be prescribed. They are made by Bausch & Lomb solely for the Soft-Lite Lens Company, add the comfort of glare-free vision to the prescribed correction your eyes need.

Don't take chances with the only pair of eyes you'll ever have . . . *have them examined regularly!*

If there is delay in filling your prescription for Soft-Lite Lenses, please be patient. Skilled optical craftsmen who make and grind them are busy on war work too.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

bor we Nisei lost the faith and trust of our American friends. But we are determined to get that trust back. When the War Department asked for volunteers for a special Japanese-American combat unit, thousands of us answered to prove our loyalty.

MASARU "CHICK" UNO
Hyde Park, Mass.

"GUNG HO"

Sirs:

"Gung Ho" is the motto of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives (C.I.C.) movement, not the Chinese Red Army as stated by LIFE in the issue of Feb. 7. The combined Chinese writing of these two characters is used as the trademark for the goods produced



C.I.C. TRADEMARK

by the cooperatives. It is reported recently that Gung Ho had to be copyrighted by the C.I.C. in China because private merchants were taking advantage of the goodwill behind the trademark by stamping their own goods with the red and white triangle!

MARTIN C. YANG
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

How about "Gung Ho Will Win the War in '44?"

PVT. MILTON M. SHAFFNER
Camp Stewart, Ga.

TRAPPER

Sirs:

I read the article "Trapper" in the Feb. 7 issue and scanned the pages in vain to find some outcry against the utter barbarity depicted therein—wild creatures suffering days of torture, chewing off their feet and starving to death, so that women may have their furs.

Since furs seem to have become a "must" in milady's wardrobe, it is time we demand that they be obtained in a humane manner. The use of the steel trap and similar devices is a blot on our civilization.

MARGARET R. OSBORN
Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

You state that a wolf taken in one of Anderson's traps "has probably been in trap for a few days." This is a bit unfair to the profession as no trapper leaves any animal in his traps to suffer longer than absolutely necessary. Trappers try to go over their trap lines every 12 hours (this is a law in some states) or 24 hours at the longest, unless prevented from doing so by a storm.

DAVID E. FISHER
North American Trappers Assn.
Canton, Pa.

"THE REPUBLIC"

Sirs:

You have done many fine jobs in LIFE but nothing seems to me more constructive than the serial publication of parts of Charles Beard's *The Republic.*

This is a great service to the nation, and I just wanted to tell you both Eugene and I thank you for it.

MRS. EUGENE MEYER
Washington, D.C.

(continued on p. 8)

MOTHERS TEACH CHILDREN



How to relieve chapped sore lips

You save yourself a lot of winter worries if you teach youngsters to use Roger & Gallet Lip Pomade *regularly*. It's the quickest way to help heal chapping—the simplest, surest precaution against dryness and cracking. Smoothed over lips quickly, this original Lip Pomade puts a healing, invisible film over sensitive membranes. Childish tears vanish at the pleasant touch of this gentle medication. And don't forget your boy or girl in the Service. They'll be grateful for Lip Pomade, too.



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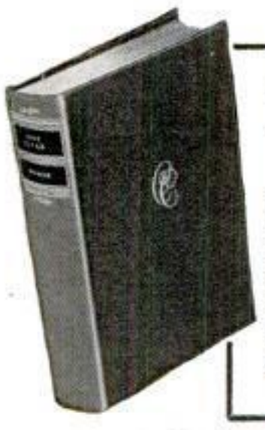
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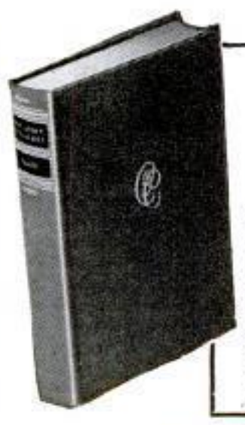
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Each of the six selections offered here, for your choice, is a masterpiece that the years have proved to be a genuine classic; a "key volume" that has won its right to an important place in your lifetime library—for yourself, and for your children. Each of these books was unanimously chosen by the Selection Committee as one of the greatest of all time. And now you may have your choice of *any one* of these master volumes *free.* Choose the one you want. Let us send it to you now—as a gift.



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For nearly three thousand years this majestic epic of unforgettable people, mighty adventure, and profound wisdom has stirred mankind. Now, in this clear, delightfully readable Samuel Butler translation, you'll feel the excitement of this drama as though you were there — through the magic of Homer, the "blind bard" whom other writers for centuries have tried to match.



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FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

Much of man's thinking has been founded on this one book. In these fresh, humorous, informal conversations between friends, you have "philosophy brought down from heaven to earth." Included are the *Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium,* and the *Republic,* in the famous Jowett translation, edited and with notes by Louise Ropes Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College.



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SELECTED ESSAYS

Montaigne sits down with you and discusses everything under the sun—friendship, idleness, education, freedom, joys of living. He gives you so intimate a picture of himself that you find the image of yourself! This delightful volume of the Essays has been newly and brilliantly translated into *modern* English, with introduction and notes by Dr. Donald M. Frame of Columbia.



THE RUBAIYAT
of OMAR KHAYYAM

Delight again and again over this wise old Persian's verses; you can never exhaust their pleasures! They carry you far beyond the four walls of everyday life—singing with sheer beauty of love, and life's riches. *Five* translations of Fitzgerald; "greater poet than Omar himself."



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ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

Nature, art, drama, morals, psychology —Aristotle went to the heart of each so masterfully that today his works are an exciting, eye-opening adventure! This volume contains the five great works that are the keystones of Aristotle's thinking. Louise R. Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College, has written the fascinating new preface and notes, and edited the translations for even greater readability.



ERASMUS
THE PRAISE OF FOLLY

Hitler burned this book, smashed its author's statue — but the laughter and scorn that lash out from it will never be stilled. Hendrik Willem van Loon has contributed a delightful 85-page sketch of Erasmus's life; and more than 50 of his inimitable drawings add zest to your enjoyment of the text.

The Selection Committee of The CLASSICS CLUB



JOHN KIERAN — Well-known writer and expert of "Information Please," this connoisseur of good reading amazes millions of listeners with his inexhaustible store of knowledge.



HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON—The brilliant artist and scholar who made history, art and literature fascinating to millions when he wrote *The Story of Mankind, The Arts,* and other great works.



PEARL S. BUCK — Only American woman to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature, awarded for the body of her work. She also received the Pulitzer Prize and the Howells Medal for *The Good Earth* particularly.



The late **WILLIAM LYON PHELPS** — Long the best loved literary figure in America; author, critic, lecturer and, for 41 years, Professor of English Literature at Yale University.

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I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

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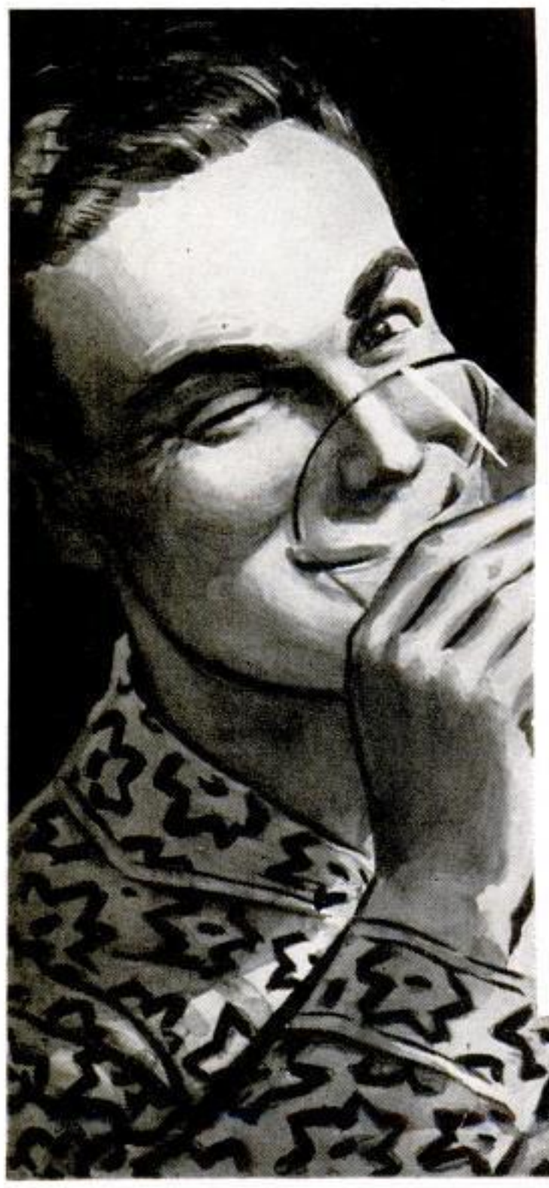
I prefer (please check): ☐ **Regular Edition** ☐ **De Luxe Edition**

Your FREE copy of the book you choose from the six offered above will come in whichever edition you check.

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SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!
THIS NEW NATURAL WAY TO KEEP REGULAR





JUICE OF ONE LEMON



IN A GLASS OF WATER



FIRST THING ON ARISING

Lemon and water, when taken this way, assures normal regularity for most people. And it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins and builds resistance, too.

More than 8,000,000 now take lemons for health!

This simple health drink, lemon and water, in most cases makes harsh laxatives wholly unnecessary.



If you are like most people, you'll find that lemon and water, *taken first thing on arising,* insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!



A healthful habit. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (citrin) and supply valuable amounts of B_1. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Lemon and water has a refreshing tang, too—clears the mouth, wakes you up, starts you going.



Try this morning health drink ten days. Juice of one lemon in a glass of water *first thing on arising.*

P. S. Some prefer the juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

"INNER SANCTUM"

Sirs:

We, the Freshman Class of the Duke University School of Medicine, now studying anatomy, have unanimously chosen Miss Virginia Gilmore, appearing in your *Inner Sanctum* story of the Feb. 7 issue, as "The Body We Would Most Like to Dissect."



MISS GILMORE

THE FRESHMAN CLASS
School of Medicine
Duke University
Durham, N.C.

P. S. Our intent is purely hypothetical; we mean no harm to Miss Gilmore.

Sirs:

Inner Sanctum is one of the best programs of its kind on the radio, but for those of us who like our mysteries straight, Raymond, "your host," with his silly remarks and inane wisecracks ruins the show. Who wants to be told at the most thrilling moment, "Don't get nervous, folks—it's all in fun" or "nice gory mess, we have around here, haven't we—ha! ha!" For four long years, I have been praying that some dark night the killer would get Raymond.

GERTRUDE BRADFORD
Oxford, N. C.

Sirs:

Woe to LIFE for a gruesome anachronism. Take another look at Mr. Laird Cregar in a 19th Century costume and in the background a complicated all-glass apparatus of 1944 chemistry.



ANACHRONISM

DR. FREDERICK C. NACHOD
Haddonfield, N. J.

THE "MISSOURI"

Sirs:

The Picture of the Week in the Feb. 7 issue of LIFE, showing the U.S.S. *Missouri* ready for launching with the caption ". . . Overhead the winter

(continued on p. 11)



When You Garden for Abundant Food

PLANT FERRY'S SEEDS

When folks garden for *food* they want results in the form of bountiful crops. High productivity starts with good seeds—without them the good earth cannot produce.

For 87 years, Ferry's Seeds have been known for their dependability and high productivity. Thousands of trials for trueness to type and tests for germination are made annually to check the ability of Ferry's Seeds not only to grow, but to produce vegetables high in flavor and yield.

Plant Ferry's Seeds for abundant food. On display at your local dealer's.

FERRY-MORSE SEED CO.
Detroit San Francisco



CUT...in home production



QUICK...

THE IODINE BOTTLE!

• When home mishaps occur—small cuts, scrapes, scratches—look out for infection. Don't take chances. Do as Doctors do—"paint" the area of the small wound with Iodine.

Keep two bottles handy, one in the medicine cabinet; one in the kitchen...always!

IODINE
Foe of Infection

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PONTIAC

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

It takes a lot of **HARD WORK** to Win a **WAR!**

"IT TAKES A LOT OF HARD WORK TO WIN A WAR"

Tired muscles, taut nerves, strained hearts are part and parcel of the job of waging and winning a war. On many a front and on many a sea—wherever American youth is on the march, on the move or on the wing—they know "It Takes a Lot of Hard Work to Win a War."

And when we at Pontiac assumed the task of producing fast-firing, hard-hitting 40-mm. automatic field guns as one of our six war assignments, our craftsmen, supervisors, engineers and executives all were fully conscious of the fact that on the home front, too, "It Takes a Lot of Hard Work to Win a War."

That's why reminders, such as the one reproduced at the left above, began appearing on our plant bulletin boards. And because the need for work—unrelenting work—was inescapable, 40-mm.'s were soon rolling out to meet the Army's need. It meant "bearing down," of course. But how insignificant our efforts seem when compared to the *supreme* effort offered—and made—by our sons, husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts in service!

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



Oerlikon 20-mm. Anti-Aircraft Cannon



Aircraft Torpedoes for the Navy



40-mm. Automatic Field Guns



Diesel Engine Parts



Axles for M-5 Tanks



Engine Parts for Army Trucks



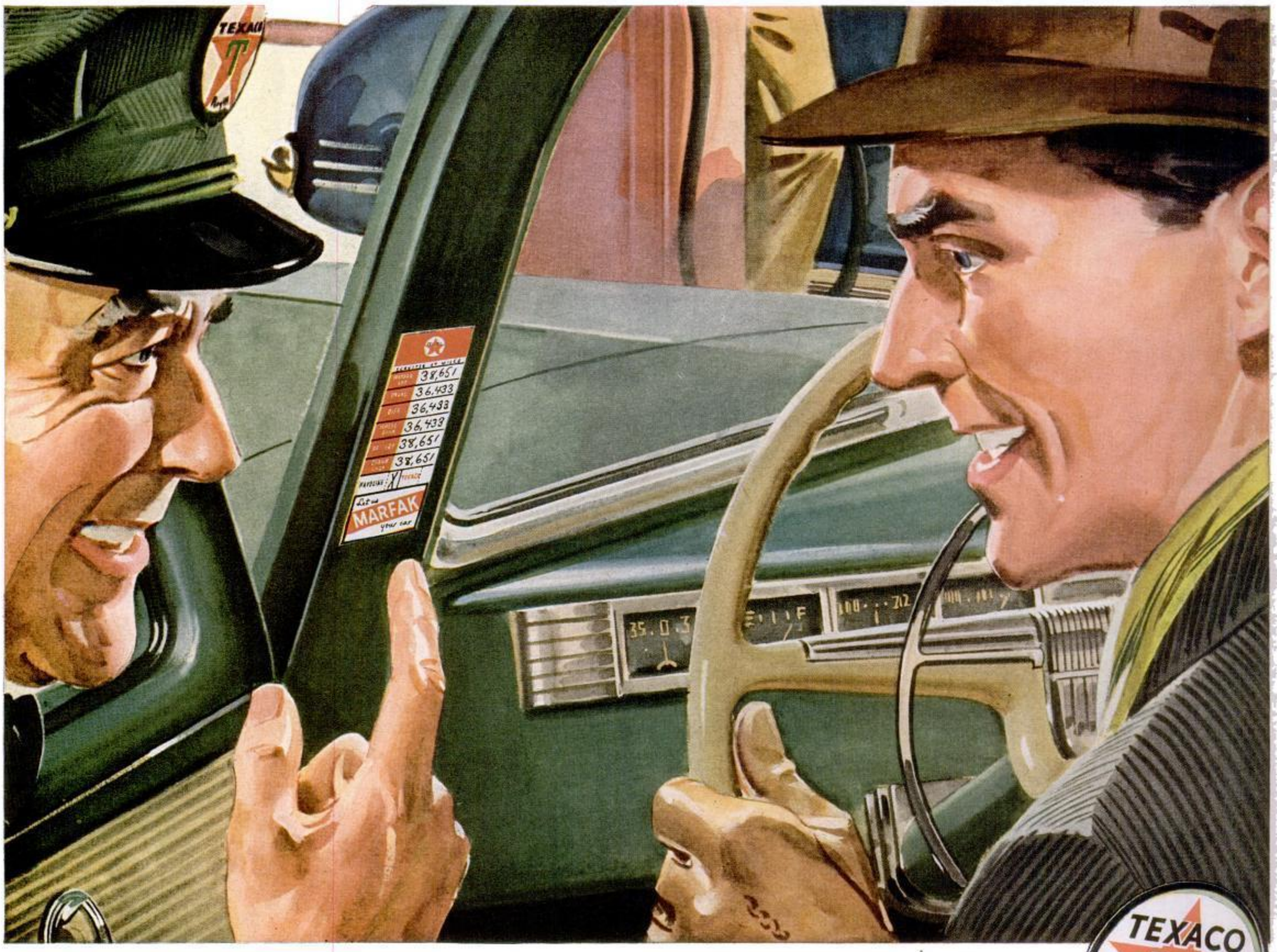
BUY WAR BONDS

AND STAMPS

KEEP AMERICA FREE!

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"Yes, sir! She's good for 40,000 more miles *if you give it regular care!*"



WILL my car last for the duration? This is the question in everyone's mind who depends on a car for daily transportation. Well, the chances are that it *will* . . . provided it gets the *right kind* of attention.

Your Texaco Dealer has serviced many cars that have clocked over 70,000 miles. And he'll tell you how they do it. The secret is *regular care!*

So get the car-care habit. See your Texaco Dealer *regularly* — every 60 days or every 1000 miles, whichever comes first.

Give him time to go over the car carefully — to recommend the things it needs to keep it in top condition. That is how to keep little troubles from becoming big ones.

Use Insulated Havoline Motor Oil and prevent needless engine wear — lubricate your car regularly with Marfak, the chassis lubricant that sticks to its job.

Start now! See your Texaco Dealer today!



For Your Enjoyment . . . 2 Great Radio Programs



FRED ALLEN: Every Sunday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.



METROPOLITAN OPERA: Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon. See your local newspaper for time and station.



Symbol of top quality motor oil. A leader for 40 years — proved in all 48 States. The Havoline can has gone to war, but the quality of the oil is still 100% pre-war!

You're Welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE AND WASTED GAS

Copyrighted material



The pipe that's seldom in the rack

We'll wager that once you smoke this *different* pipe, you'll seldom leave it in the rack. For it's one pipe that gives a fresh, sweet smoke from morn to night—day after day.

Smokemaster needs no "drying out" period to sweeten it up. An ordinary pipe cleaner in the stem keeps it free from rank moisture. You always draw through a clean, dry passage. And what a difference that makes in smoking pleasure!

At leading dealers

Smokemaster Custom-made $1.50
Smokemaster Standard $1.00

In all popular models

BRIARCRAFT, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N.Y.

Pat. No. 2,166,537

Moisture is absorbed by an ordinary pipe cleaner inserted in the stem.

Briarcraft
Smokemaster
The pipe men tell their friends about

OUR TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



America's Most Famous Jacket
A MASTERPIECE of CRAFTSMANSHIP
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
FULL LINED WITH BRYBRO RAYON
OTHER STYLES, COLORS and LININGS
JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

clouds were dark, but the moment the great stern began to float the sun came out. . . ." was very pleasing to us Missourians.

That mighty ship must be "Mizzoora" from its prow to its stern when it can attract such typical Missouri weather to its launching.

The Navy needn't worry about anything now. Whether it's a person, a battleship, a mule, a dog or a lowly corncob pipe if it's Missouri clear through it'll get along some way or another. If Admiral King wants to see something he's never even imagined in the line of navigation and battle action all he's got to do now is man her from cabin boy to captain with a Missouri crew.

BILL BURTON
St. Joseph, Mo.

PORTRAITS BY KARSH

Sirs:

Congratulations on the very excellent portraits by Yousuf Karsh of the leaders of Britain (LIFE, Feb. 7). They are masterpieces of photography as well as portraits of some of the greatest and finest men in the world.

CONSTANCE FOSS
Milton, Mass.

Sirs:

One word for the Bernard Shaw cover portrait by Karsh—superlative!

EARLE CRAMER
Orient, Ill.

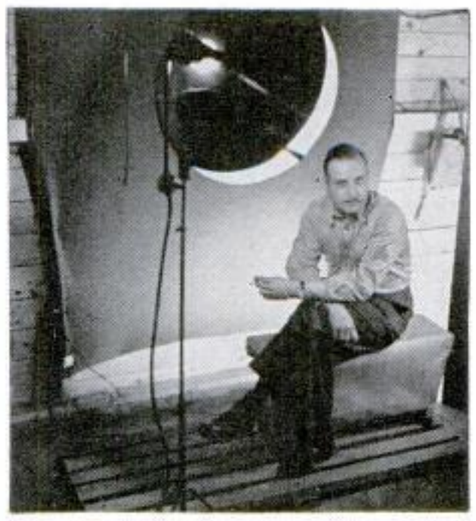
Sirs:

I should like to repeat what every Ottawan is saying about Karsh—"That's our boy."

PERCY PALEF
Canadian Broadcasting Co.
Ottawa, Canada

Sirs:

Your presentation of Yousuf Karsh's excellent portraits proved what photographers at our base have been telling soldiers for months—that blankets make an excellent backdrop for pictures. We



BLANKET BACKDROP

can now point to Karsh's portrait of King George VI which hangs in our lab.

This picture of Sgt. George Schleunning, New York City artist, shows an Army woolly in action as a portrait backdrop.

BOB McLAUGHLIN
Walterboro, S. C.

Time, LIFE, *Fortune* and the *Architectural Forum* have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS
Guarantees* You a Clean, Comfortable Shave with
NO RAZOR BURN!



1 Palmolive Brushless spreads evenly—easily. Wilts whiskers like a flash. They come off clean. Leaves your face cool, comfortable, younger looking.

2 Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin with real olive oil. Your razor simply glides along, with no irritation—no scraping, stinging or scratching—No Razor Burn.

3 Throw away your shaving brush and get Palmolive Brushless in the big, money-saving jar. It guarantees the cleanest, most comfortable shave you ever had.



*** YOUR GUARANTEE OF NO RAZOR BURN**

Buy Palmolive Brushless. Use it day after day. If you don't agree it gives you the cleanest, most comfortable shave you ever had—with No Razor Burn—mail the carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, N. J., and we will immediately refund your money!

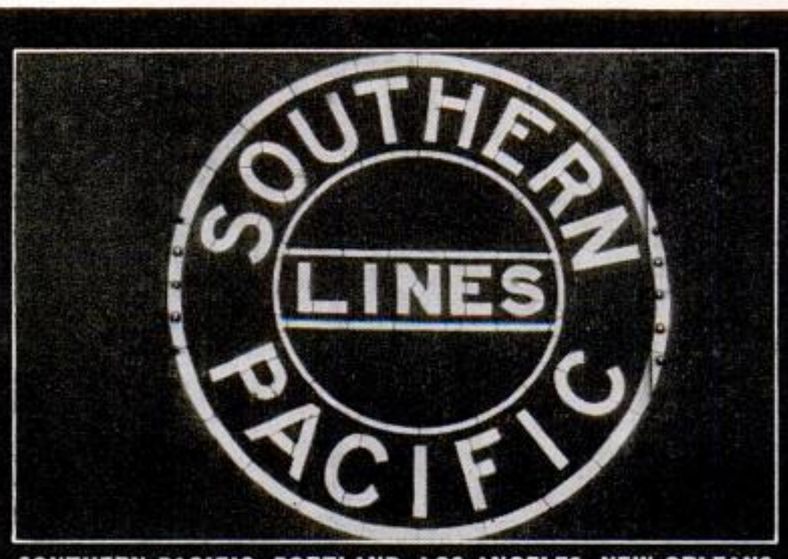
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE ARE EMBLEMS OF NATION'S BUSY RAILROADS



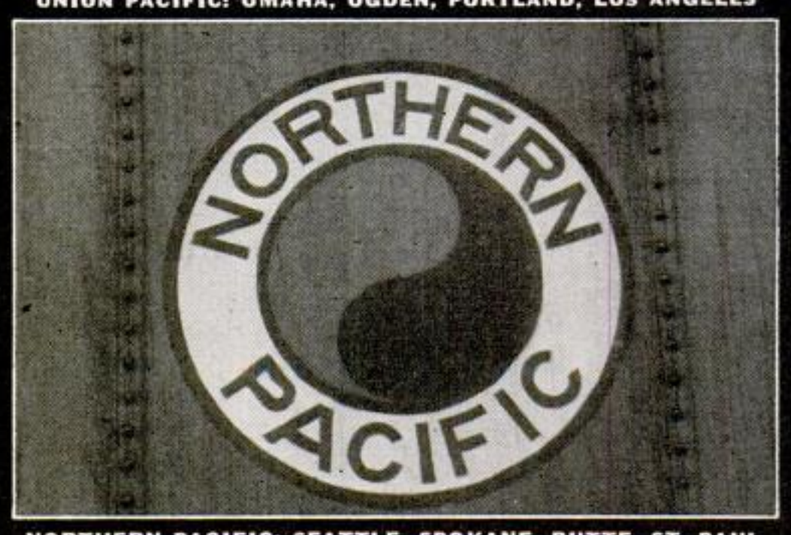
UNION PACIFIC: OMAHA, OGDEN, PORTLAND, LOS ANGELES



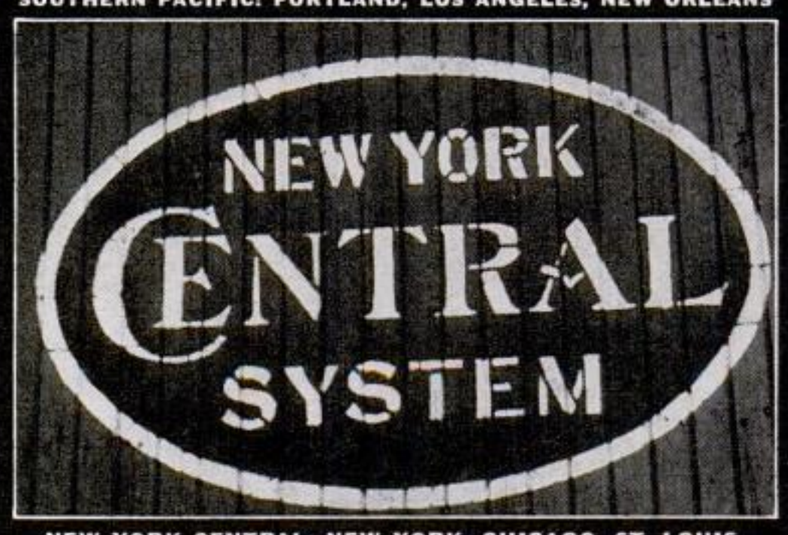
SOUTHERN PACIFIC: PORTLAND, LOS ANGELES, NEW ORLEANS



SEABOARD: RICHMOND, JACKSONVILLE, TAMPA, MIAMI



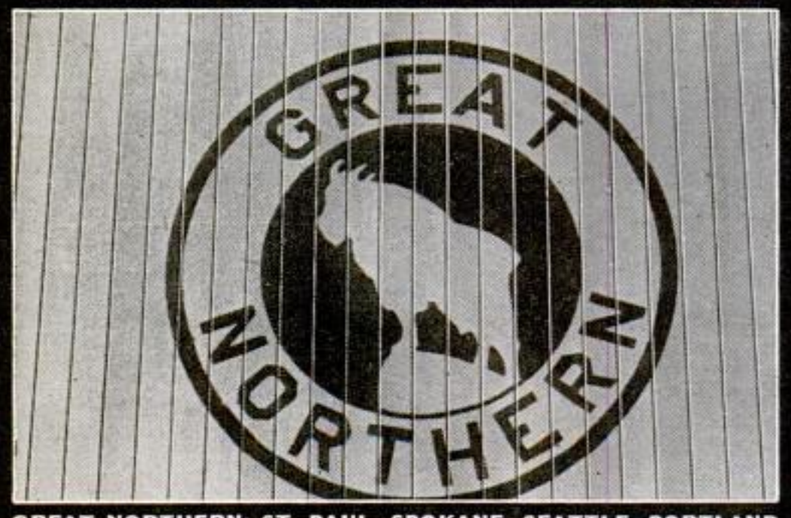
NORTHERN PACIFIC: SEATTLE, SPOKANE, BUTTE, ST. PAUL



NEW YORK CENTRAL: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS



MISSOURI PACIFIC: ST. LOUIS, OMAHA, LITTLE ROCK



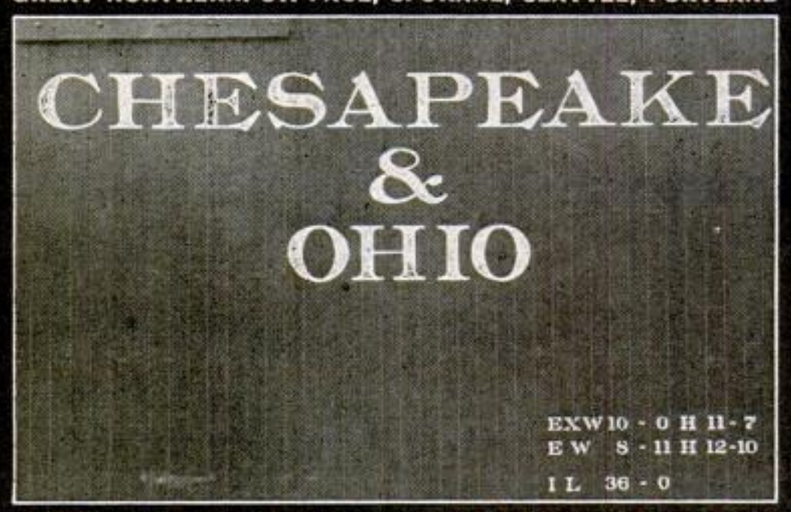
GREAT NORTHERN: ST. PAUL, SPOKANE, SEATTLE, PORTLAND



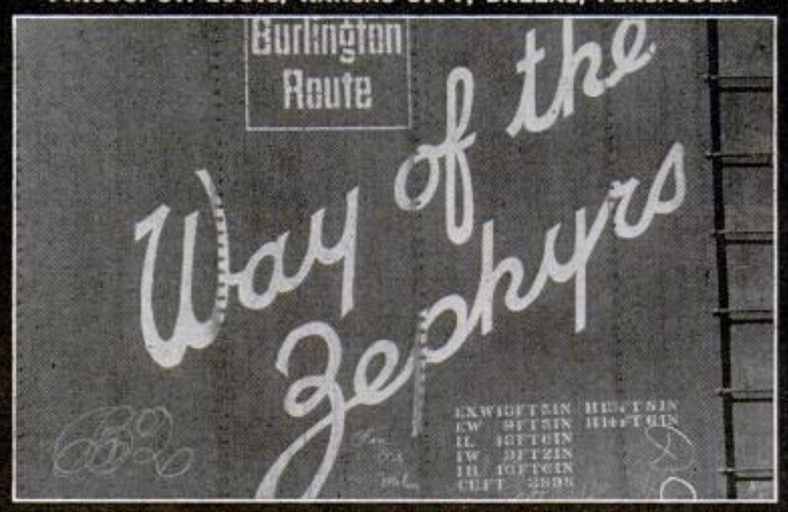
FRISCO: ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, DALLAS, PENSACOLA



ERIE: JERSEY CITY, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO



CHESAPEAKE & OHIO: WASHINGTON, LOUISVILLE, CHICAGO



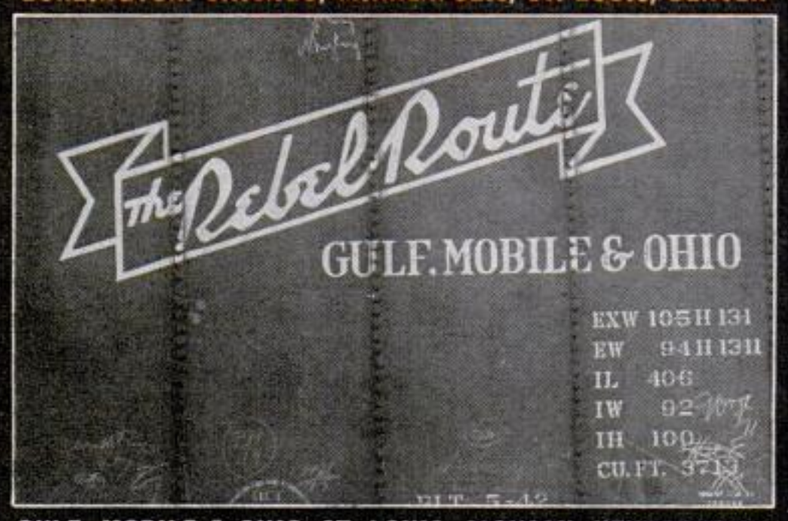
BURLINGTON: CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. LOUIS, DENVER



BOSTON & MAINE: BOSTON, MECHANICVILLE, PORTLAND



WESTERN PACIFIC: FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SALT LAKE CITY



GULF, MOBILE & OHIO: ST. LOUIS, JACKSON, NEW ORLEANS



SOO LINE: SAULT STE. MARIE, ST. PAUL, WHITETAIL

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Freight traffic in U. S. has reached a wartime high of 67,000,000,000 ton-miles a month. Freight cars are working 150% harder than in peacetime. And this record has been hung up in spite of the growing shortage of cars, locomotives and manpower.

Here are the emblems of some of the lines that are making the record. All were photographed at Chicago's busy Proviso Yard, on the sides of cars that may contain anything from guns to eggs. The captions indicate lines' principal terminals. The 136 class 1 railroads now have a total of 1,755,659 freight cars, with an irreducible minimum of about 3% in the repair shops. The rest are loaded to capacity and kept constantly moving. This has had the effect of adding more than 100,000 cars to the nation's rolling stock.



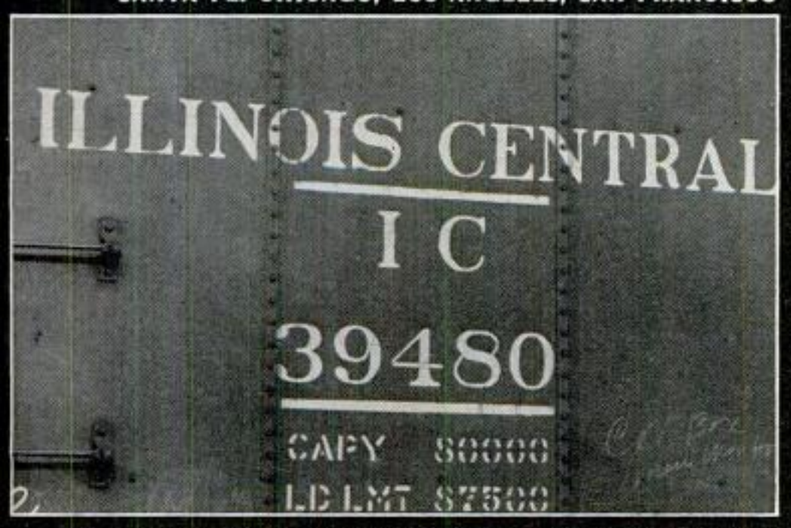
SANTA FE: CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO



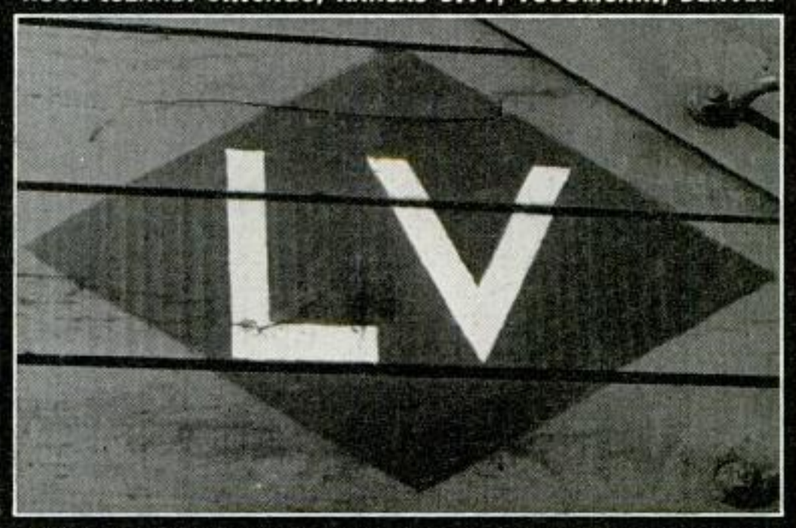
ROCK ISLAND: CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, TUCUMCARI, DENVER



PENNSYLVANIA: NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS



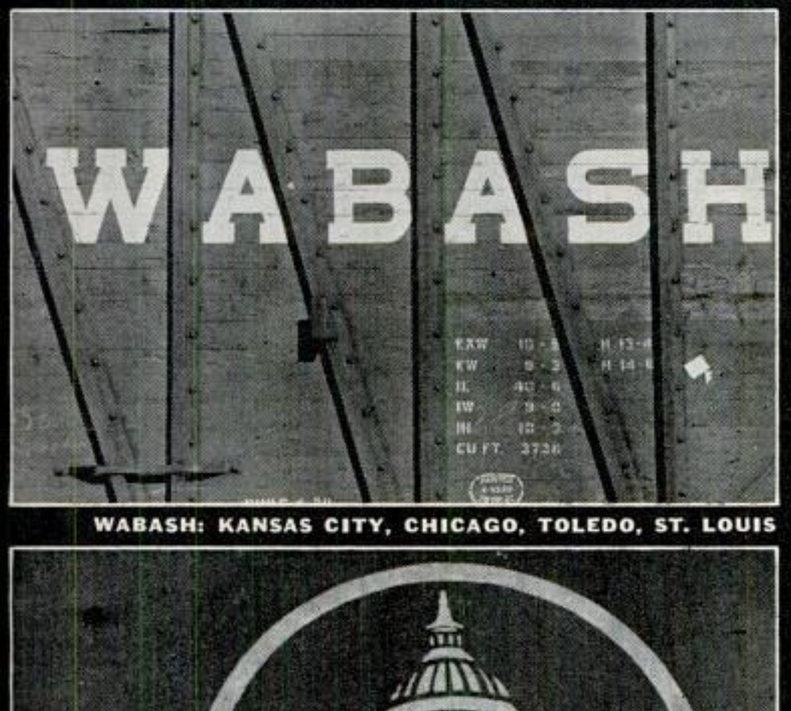
ILLINOIS CENTRAL: CHICAGO, CAIRO, NEW ORLEANS



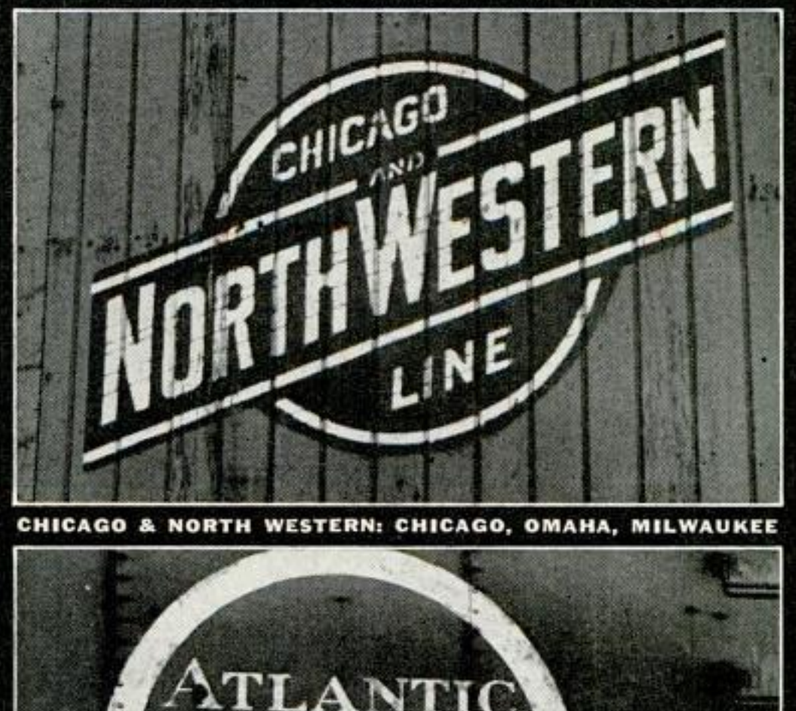
LEHIGH VALLEY: NEW YORK, BETHLEHEM, GENEVA, BUFFALO



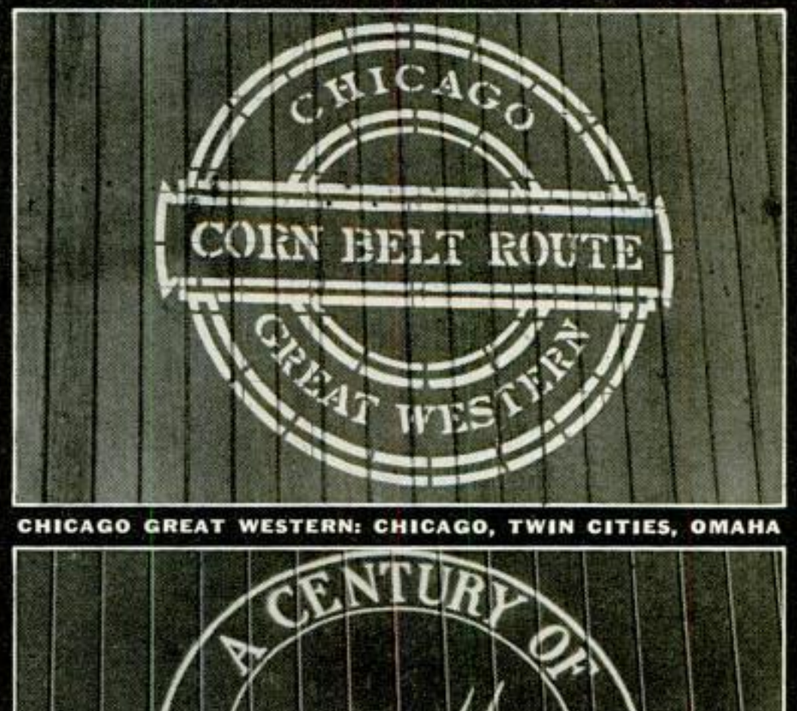
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL & PACIFIC: TO SPOKANE



WABASH: KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, TOLEDO, ST. LOUIS



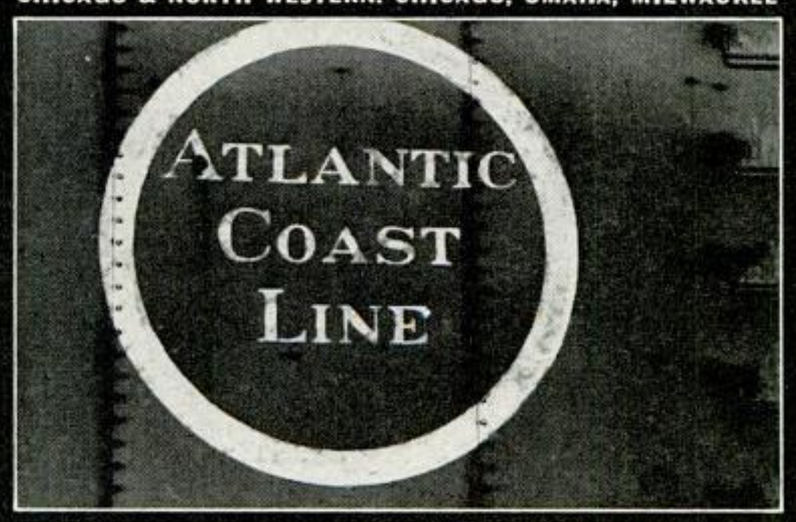
CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN: CHICAGO, OMAHA, MILWAUKEE



CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN: CHICAGO, TWIN CITIES, OMAHA



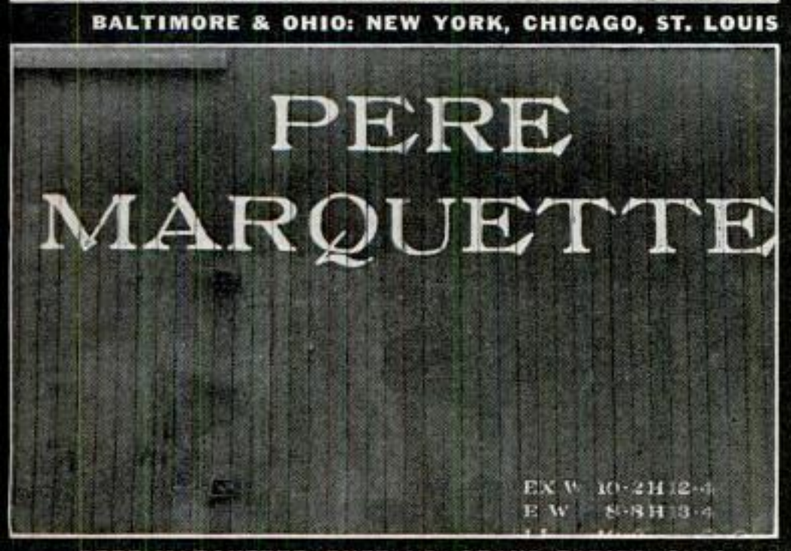
BALTIMORE & OHIO: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS



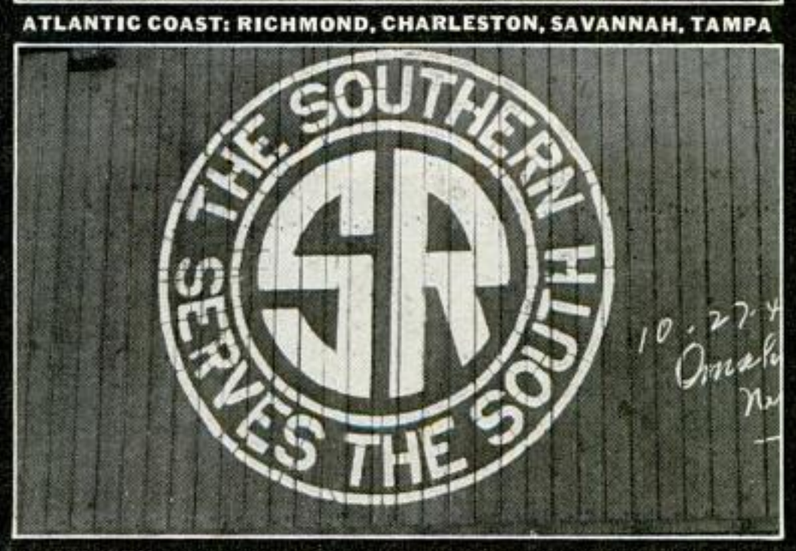
ATLANTIC COAST: RICHMOND, CHARLESTON, SAVANNAH, TAMPA



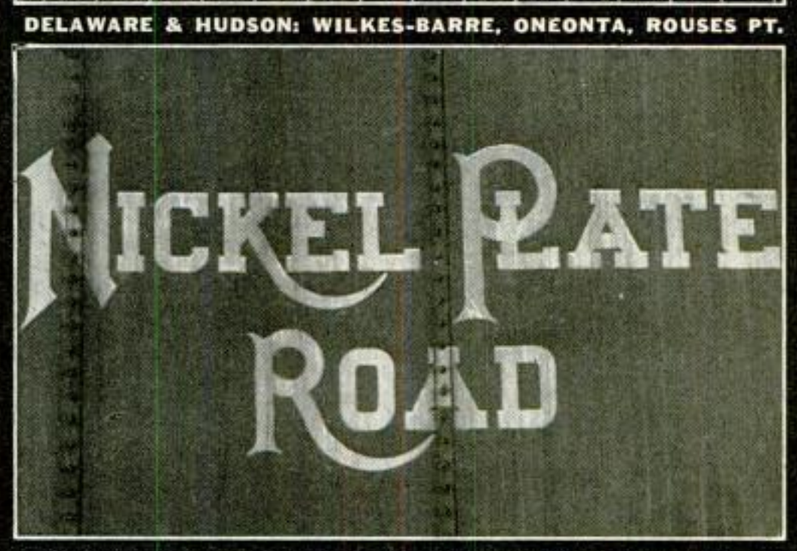
DELAWARE & HUDSON: WILKES-BARRE, ONEONTA, ROUSES PT.



PERE MARQUETTE: BUFFALO, GRAND RAPIDS, CHICAGO



SOUTHERN: WASHINGTON, DANVILLE, ATLANTA, NEW ORLEANS



NICKEL PLATE: BUFFALO, CHICAGO, PEORIA, ST. LOUIS

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"But, sugar, you're not reviewing me !!!"



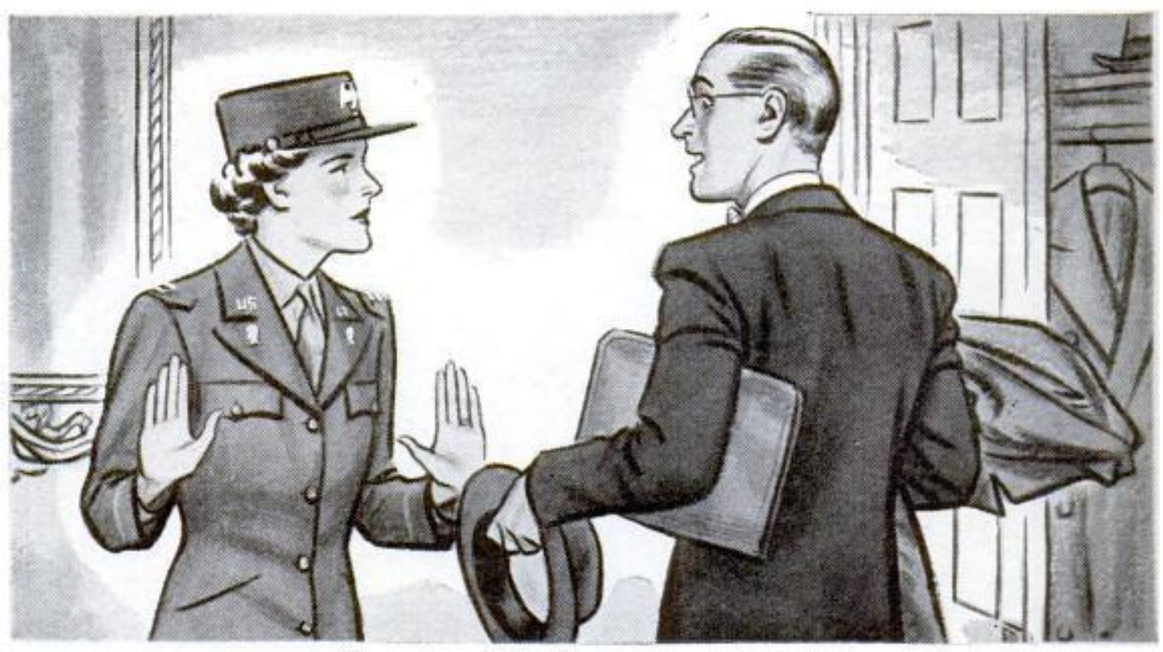
1. ANN: And a good thing for you, my sweet! For if you lined up for inspection in *my* company—with that shrunk-up shirt—you'd be *mighty sorry!*

ED: But, Captain—I mean honey—would you slap your ever-loving husband into the guardhouse for one shrunk-up shirt? After all, I can always buy another.



2. ANN: Now look, my treasure. Buying new shirts every other week is a shameful waste. Remember, it takes scarce-as-gold materials, plus manpower, to make shirts.

ED: So, my uniformed lollypop, you're a secret agent of the OPA! You want me to shuttle to Washington in a shirt which is first cousin to a guillotine!



3. ANN: Not at all, darling! But haven't you—a key man—ever heard tell of the "Sanforized" label? With that label on your shirts, they can't shrink over a measly 1 per cent by the Government's Standard Test . . . EVER!

ED: Sa-ay, they really teach you something in the WACs besides "Hut, two, three, four!" don't they? Tomorrow, sir—er, hon, I'm off for an armload of "Sanforized"-labeled shirts.



4. ANN: Not if I have to call out the guard to stop you, my sweet! For it isn't patriotic to buy "armloads" of *anything* today. If you really need a shirt—get it. But promise me you'll *never* buy a shirt—or *anything* shrinkable unless it has the "Sanforized" label.

ED: Something tells me that I'll be the first man to have a General for a wife!



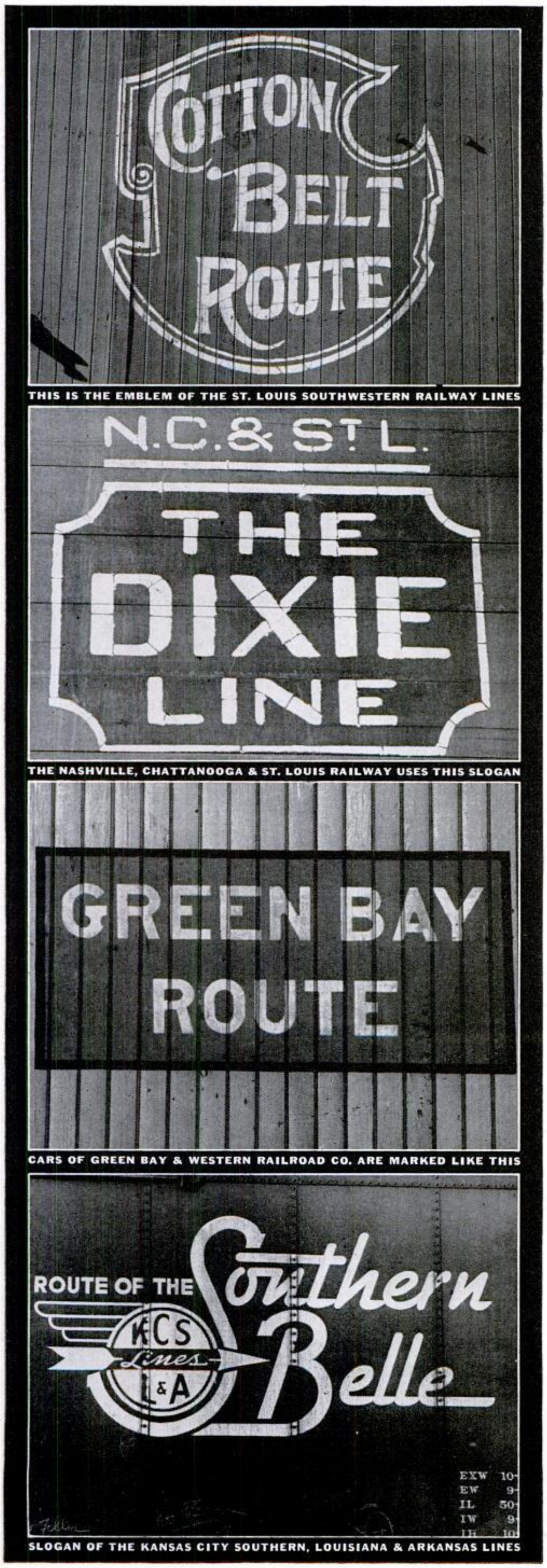
5. Look for the "Sanforized" label ***on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink more than 1% in men's and women's work clothes . . . men's shirts, shorts, pajamas . . . women's sportswear, housedresses, slips . . . washables for boys and girls . . . slip covers, drapes. Be patient if your store doesn't have it. But don't ever stop asking for it by name.***

AVOID WASTE...GET PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



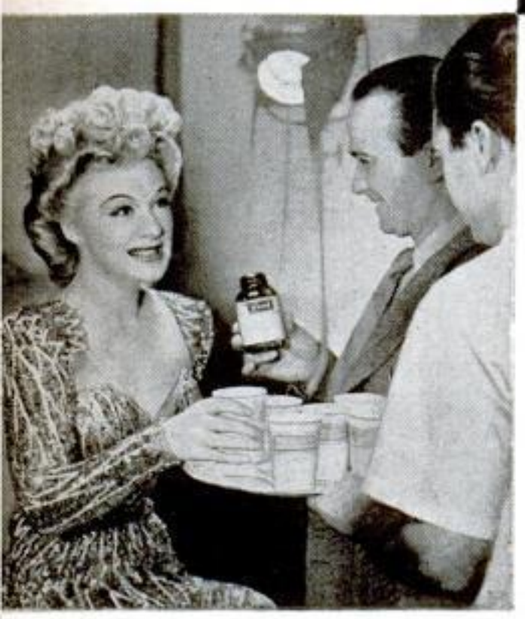


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WHAT KEEPS BETTY RIDIN' HIGH? Euphoria!



BETTY HUTTON
star of the Paramount picture,
"THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"



EUPHORIA! A doctor's word for *good* good health! Betty Hutton needs Euphoria to lead her wartime double life—(long days before the camera plus evenings entertaining boys in service!) A wise girl, she knows that to have lots of energy you need enough B Vitamins. So Betty fortifies her regular diet with *Bexel Vitamin B Complex Capsules* daily.

WORKING HARDER? You, too, may need extra amounts of B Vitamins. 85% of all workers on the Paramount lot now take Bexel Vitamin B Complex Capsules twice daily. You may well profit by their example.

Now—more BEXEL Capsules are sold than any other Vitamin B Complex preparation

Even a slight Vitamin B deficiency may induce *worry, fatigue, "nerves," a below par feeling.* That is why millions of sensible people are today supplementing their diet with a Vitamin B preparation. The most popular Vitamin B Complex preparation is *Bexel* Vitamin B Complex Capsules. Why Bexel? Well—read below the five advantages Bexel offers!



5 BEXEL ADVANTAGES

1. Five B Vitamins. Authorities agree results are best when these vitamins are taken together.
2. *Double* the minimum requirement of important B_1 when taken as directed.
3. A capsule for protection against light, air, moisture.
4. A money-back guarantee.
5. *Made by a famous laboratory* — McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

BEXEL VITAMIN B COMPLEX CAPSULES

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

LIFE'S REPORTS

REPORT FROM THE NATION

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

The following article has been condensed from special reports that were written by 25 "Time" and LIFE correspondents, telling about what people said, thought and did all over the U. S. during the month of January 1944.

The first weeks of 1944 saw a wave of unseasonably warm weather sweep across almost all the U. S. It was like June in central Iowa; bees buzzed over the fields and houseflies settled on the farmers' window sills. Some people actually cut hay in January, and in Waukon, Iowa, a blue racer snake came out and sunned himself in the village park. Kentucky had the warmest January on record, accompanied by bursting maple buds and hyacinth tips pushing up above the soil. Montana had only a little snow and the thermometer rose as high as 57° in Minnesota. A happy householder in Madison, Wis. boasted that he had burned only three tons of coal. The abnormal lack of snow threatened a water shortage in Nebraska, but toward the end of January a light fall broke the long dry spell and also put an end to the gorgeous red-dust sunsets that Nebraskans had been enjoying. All over the country it got colder as the calendar moved on into February, and the people realized that spring was still far off.

During those warm early weeks of the year people back home in the U. S. talked about a great many things: about politics and Willkie and Dewey and Roosevelt, and about the Japanese atrocities and how they couldn't buy whisky or Camel cigarets or little girls' rubber panties, in some places, and about the change-over of factories to peacetime production. People in Louisville heard of one plant that got permission from Washington to make 30,000 minnow buckets and another that was allowed to start 250,000 new compacts. Detroit auto makers suddenly blossomed out with a series of statements indicating that if the war ended at noon tomorrow, they could start the new cars rolling right away. Benjamin F. Fairless, the president of U. S. Steel, made a speech in Pittsburgh warning that city it might lose out in the postwar battle for steel supremacy. There was lots of prosperity everywhere. The Mississippi State Legislature was salting away $21,000,000 to wipe out the state debt completely and in Madison, Wis. the War Chest announced it had saved $204,330 for "postwar charities." In Portland, Ore. two women fainted and had to be carried away in ambulances when they saw the size of their March 15 income-tax payments.

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Already the wartime look of the country was changing in many ways. Over Seattle new Boeing B-17 bombers left off their coats of camouflage paint and flew over the city with the sun glinting from their silver sides. War plants were closing and even being torn down; near Rosemount, Minn., wrecking crews tackled the multimillion dollar Gopher Ordnance works with orders to level it to the ground. Ordnance plants closed in Geneva and Williamsport, Pa., St. Louis and elsewhere. Indianapolis went off the critical manpower-shortage list and in Oklahoma migratory workers again began applying for relief in numbers, as jobs seemed to grow scarcer. In Mississippi, where 350,000 soldiers and sailors were training a year ago, there were less than 100,000 left. The rest were overseas or on their way. But the pressure for fighting men seemed greater than ever; in many cities the draft of pre-Pearl Harbor fathers was the main topic of conversation. President Roosevelt's call for a universal service draft, however, caused almost no excitement; people in Georgia, according to one reporter, talked about it as "something that came out in the papers, like the Bolivian revolution."

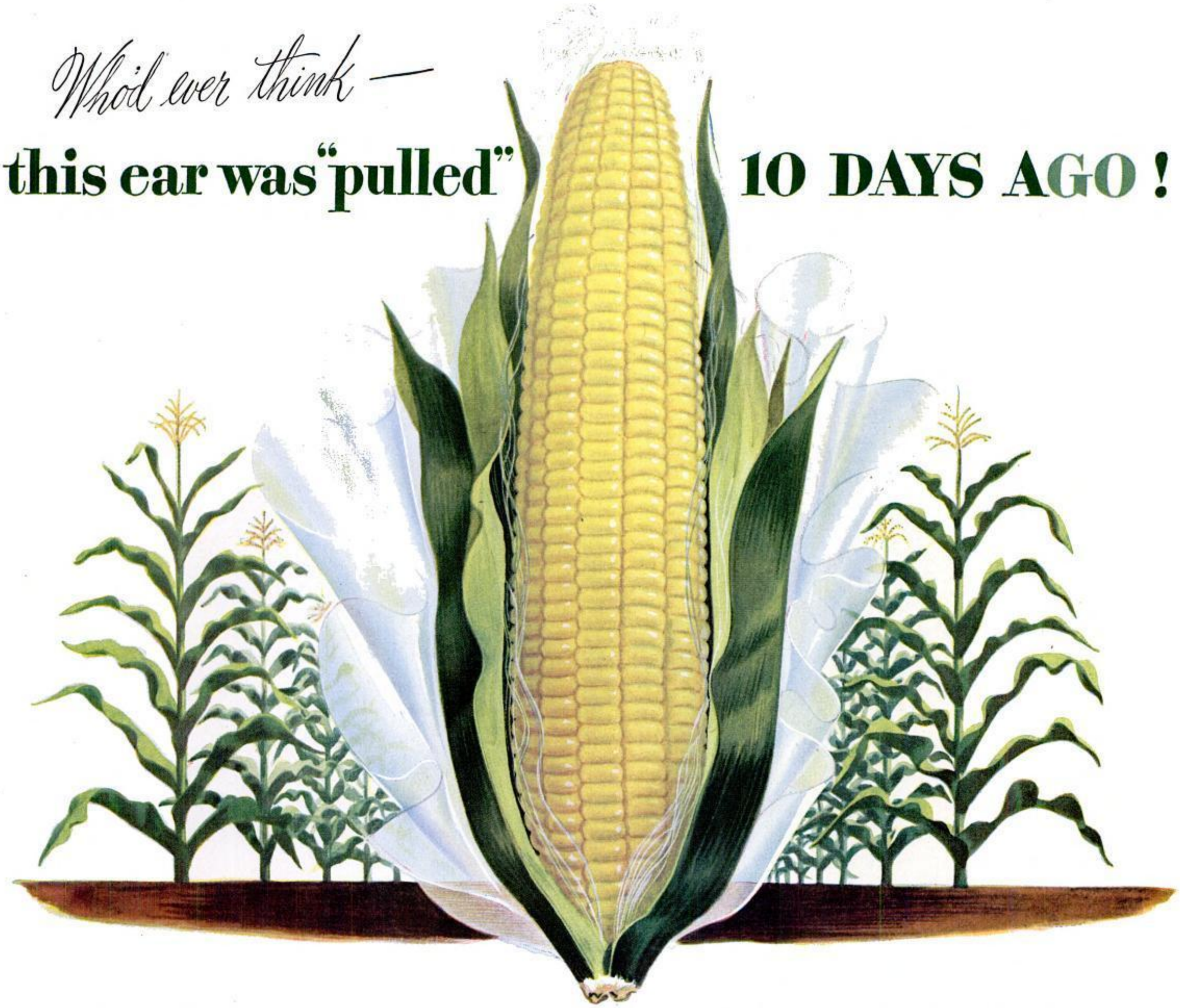
The long-delayed reports on Japanese atrocities against U. S. prisoners in the Philippines were the sensation of the month. People walked around cursing the Japs in a boiling, seething, frustrated rage. But a considerable number thought the news had been released late in order to help the Fourth War Loan drive. People said that in New Haven and Minneapolis and Harrodsburg, Ky., one of the small American towns that lost a whole national guard company on Bataan. The Harrodsburg relatives said they just couldn't believe the stories at all—that even the Japs weren't that bad. They couldn't admit it, even to themselves. And there was talk that the loss of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

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Who'd ever think —

this ear was "pulled" 10 DAYS AGO!



Like corn? *Fresh* corn on the cob?

If you do, you probably know how important it is to pop the ears into the boiling kettle minutes, only, after they're pulled and husked.

You say you can't get corn as fresh as that in the market?

Oh yes you can — or soon, anyway — *wrapped in* **PLIOFILM.** Just wait till the war's over!

Then, even if it's *10 whole days* from field to kettle, your corn will be fresh as the minute it was pulled.

And this moistureproof, spoilageproof, flavor-tight **PLIOFILM** protection applies not only to the freshness of corn—but also to many fruits and vegetables—oranges, grapefruit, apples, carrots, broccoli, cabbage, celery, for instance. And to other foods too—coffee, cheese, tea, meats, bakery goods and soups—to name just a few.

Right now **PLIOFILM** is doing war duty — *exclusively*. But some day one of its jobs will be to keep your table supplied with garden-fresh vegetables and tree-ripened fruit. You'll see!

P.S. Pliofilm is not just for foods alone. It has literally thousands of applications as low-cost protection for pharmaceuticals, chemicals, tobacco, precision instruments, cables and all moisture-sensitive products, as well as in the manufacture of food savers, lampshade covers and garment bags.

Pliofilm

Pliofilm—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

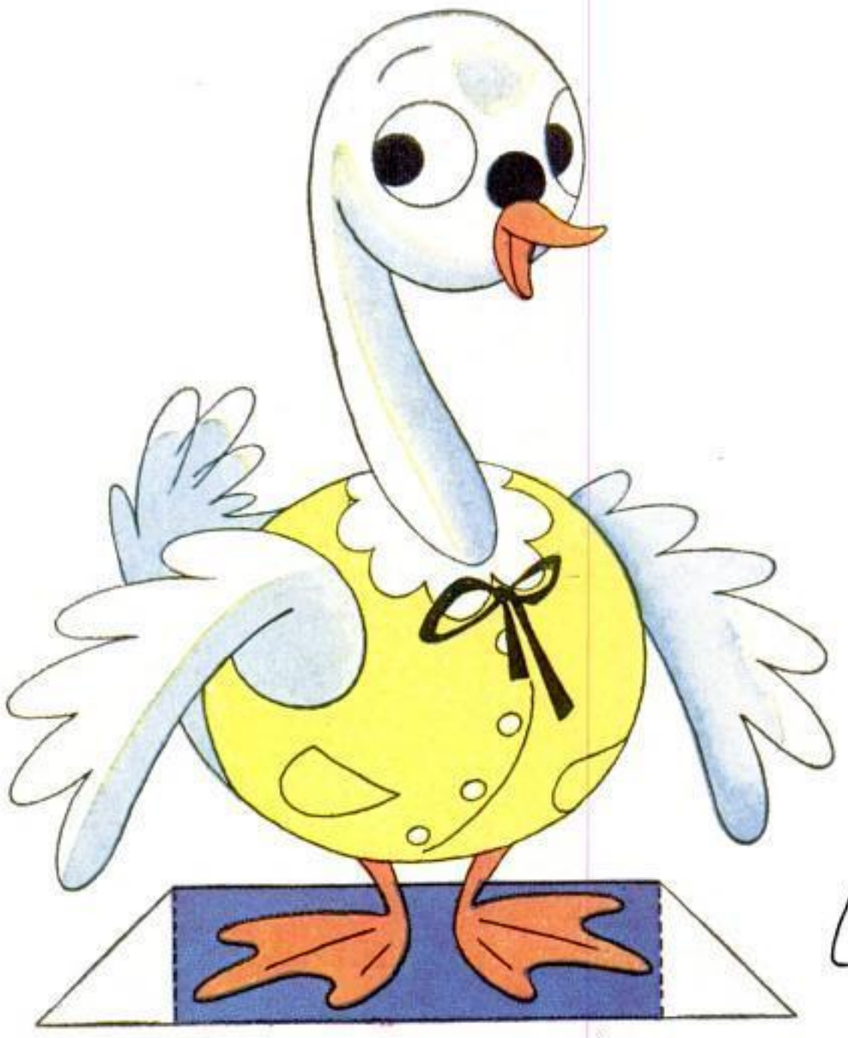
GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

★ LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS ★

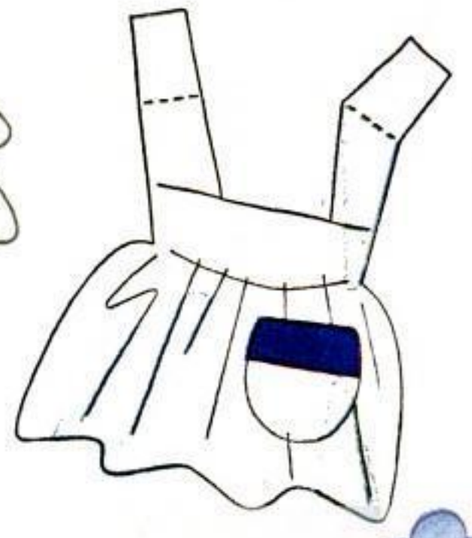
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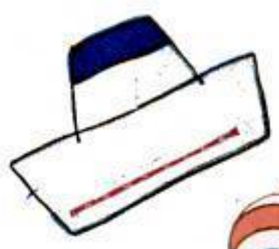
SWAN'S CUT OUT FOR 4 BIG JOBS

A page for mamas—that little girls will like, too.



See what fun these cutouts are!
And see what fun Swan Soap can be!

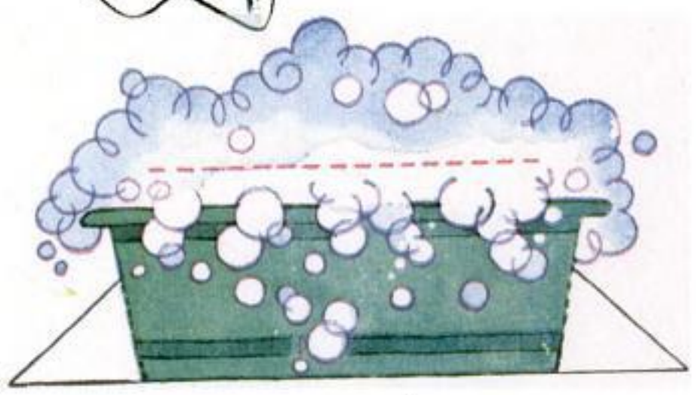






SWAN THE BABY!

1. What makes a baby jollier than a lovely Swan bath? Loads of foamy, white suds! Pure as fine castiles! Swan's a boon to war babies now that imported castiles are gone.



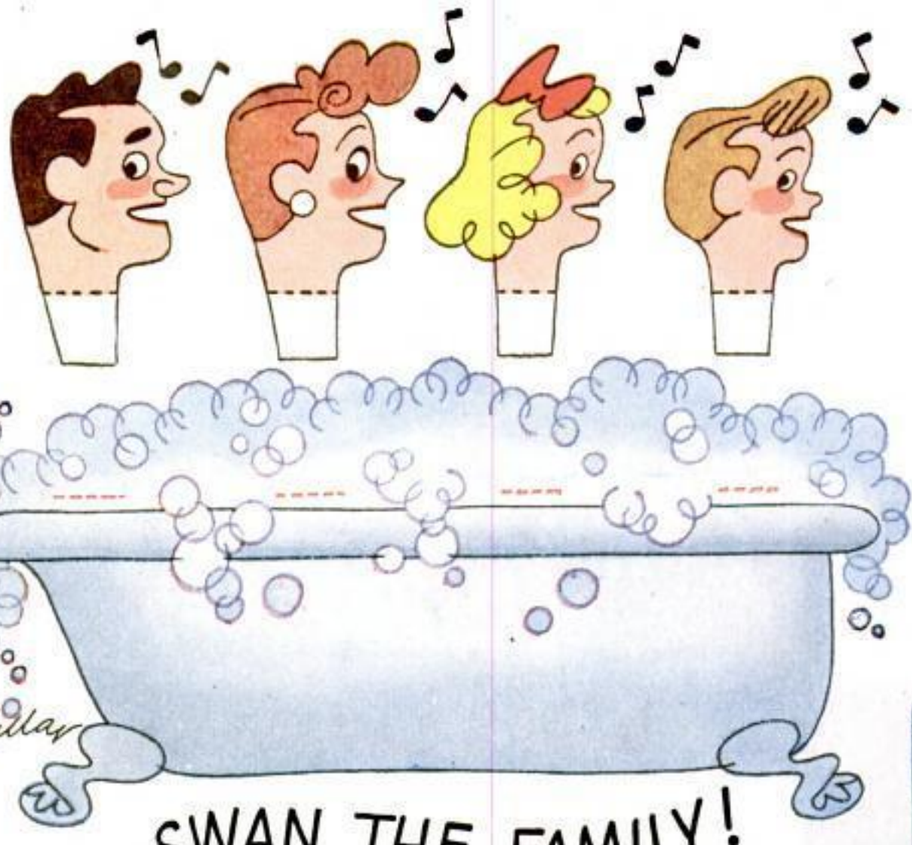






SWAN THE DISHES!

2. What makes a mama happier than a fast, sudsy dish soap that's kind to her hands? She's counting on Swan more than ever these days—now that a war-working family means more dishes and pots and pans.



SWAN THE FAMILY!

4. What keeps the family singing in the tub? Swan, of course! It's a wonderful fast-latherer! Swan's firm, too. Lasts and lasts! You'll find pure Swan is almost all the soaps you need—4 swell soaps in *one!*

CUT OUT THESE HINTS
DON'T WASTE SOAP!

1. Don't leave soap in water. Don't make more lather than you need.
2. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.
3. Wipe off grease and rinse all dishes *before* washing.
4. Save soap slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly; use for dishes, shampoo, etc.

SWAN YOUR DUDS!

3. What keeps nighties and slips and baby's rompers lovelier than a gentle Swan bath? So mild! So kind to colors! Swan will help your treasures last longer—and that's important these days.

GRACIE ALLEN SAYS:
"CUT THIS OUT TO REMIND YOU TO TUNE IN—"
George Burns & Gracie Allen
CBS, Tuesday Nights.

Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular



MADE BY LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SWAN IS 4 SWELL SOAPS IN ONE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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Bataan and the way the prisoners' story had been handled would affect the way some people vote in 1944, although no one came right out and said it was a political issue. In New Orleans unprintable atrocity stories involving Red Cross nurses circulated by word of mouth, and in Arizona people gathered at the gates of Japanese internment camps to "demonstrate." A blonde stenographer in Seattle said: "I'll tell you what the girls in business say. They say kill the little yellow bastards, each and every one. Kill the big ones, kill the little ones, kill the medium-sized ones." But out in the Marshall Islands, where Americans actually laid hands on Japanese prisoners for the first time after the atrocities were published, they didn't kill them—they fed them and gave them medical attention.

Farmers in the Far West wanted more prisoners (not Japs) to come and work for them and ease the labor shortage. In California, Italian soldiers were happily picking oranges in the shadow of Henry Kaiser's new Fontana Steel Plant. Montana heard it was getting 7,000 prisoners for this year's wheat and beet crops. It looked like another great bumper year in the Middle West breadbasket, but most farmers expected lower prices for hogs and corn. Oklahoma wheat bins which have been holding a surplus for years, suddenly stood empty because of the demand for grain feed, and flour mills had to close down for lack of wheat. There were all kinds of food available in Iowa, lots of butter and meat and canned goods; outside Cedar Rapids the Fruehauf Brothers, Roy and Harvey, who have made millions building truck trailers, went into the hog-raising business in a big way, with an air-conditioned hog house that is supposed to be the biggest and fanciest in the world.

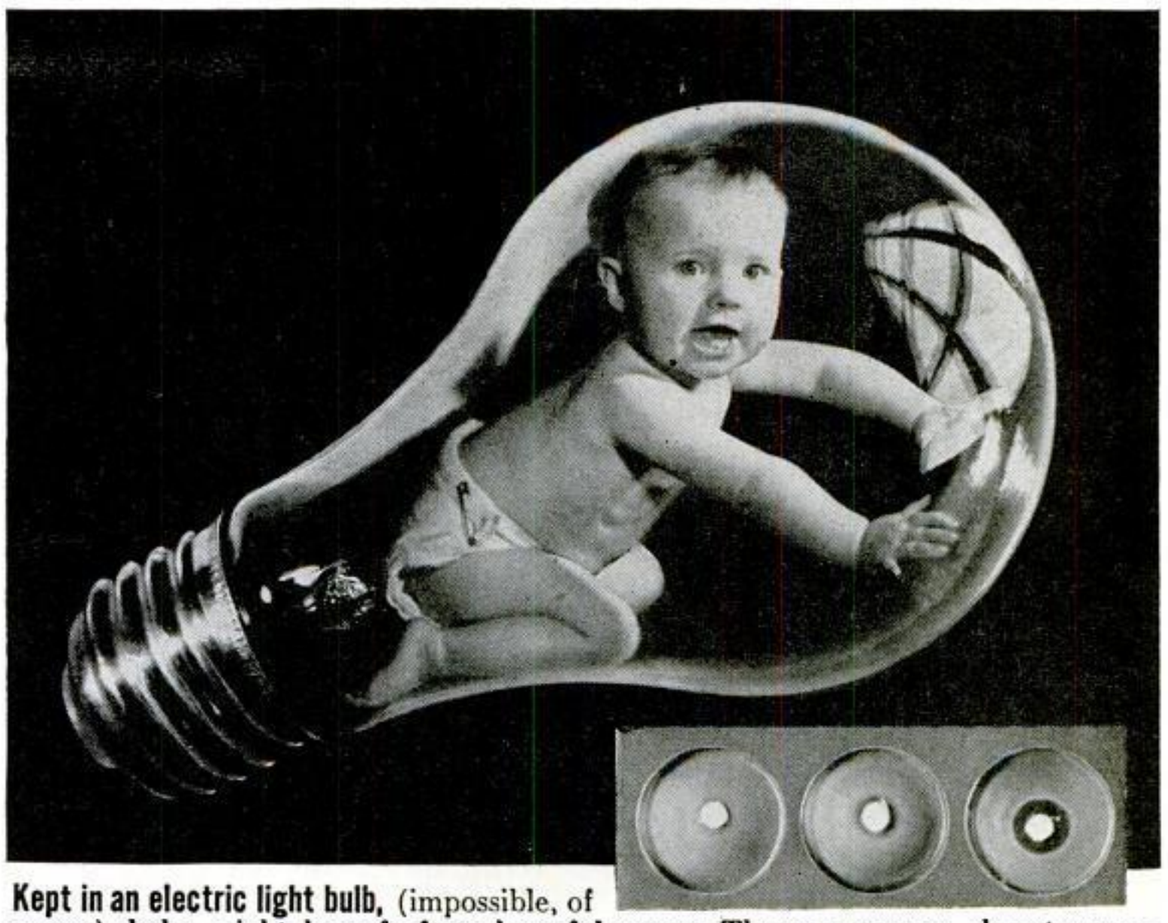
In cities like New Orleans and Pittsburgh and Jersey City people had to worry about garbage collectors' strikes, and in most cities this kind of municipal service was deteriorating because of a labor shortage. Women war workers made news in several places; in Oklahoma City Mrs. Amy Lee Jones gave birth to a baby girl 11 hours after coming off the swing shift, and in Seattle a girl aircraft worker got 39 orchids from her husband, a marine who hasn't seen her for two years. It was the 39th month they had been married. Up in Boston a judge refused to turn over three children to their mother in a divorce case unless she promised to quit her war-plant job and take care of them.

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In politics people noted that Governor Tom Dewey of New York was picking up strength, especially in the Middle West, and Wendell Willkie seemed to be losing it. Governor Dwight Griswold of Nebraska, who is friendly to Willkie, said that if Willkie lost the Nebraska primary in April he was through, and many agreed with him. Pennsylvania politicians seemed mildly interested in Governor John Bricker of Ohio who crossed the line and made a campaign speech, and Bricker was also leading among Republican professionals in Tennessee. In Minnesota, ex-Governor Harold Stassen was being talked about most widely, but a strong MacArthur for President Club was also functioning, headed by an ex-Army officer who said, "We're thinking of America in terms of America" and declared that Harold Stassen was a "brat." In Tennessee, Roy Acuff, a hillbilly singer on the radio who is supposed to make $50,000 a year, got ready to run for governor as a Democrat, but stepped aside after Boss Ed Crump of Memphis disowned him. In Indiana, Homer Capehart, who makes radios but doesn't sing over them, said he would run for the Senate as a Republican. State legislatures in several places passed soldier-vote bills and did other things that made people talk a little. The South Carolina Legislature considered bills to abolish capital punishment, establish prohibition, make divorce easier and repeal the restrictions on imported grits, which now have to be enriched before they can come into the state.

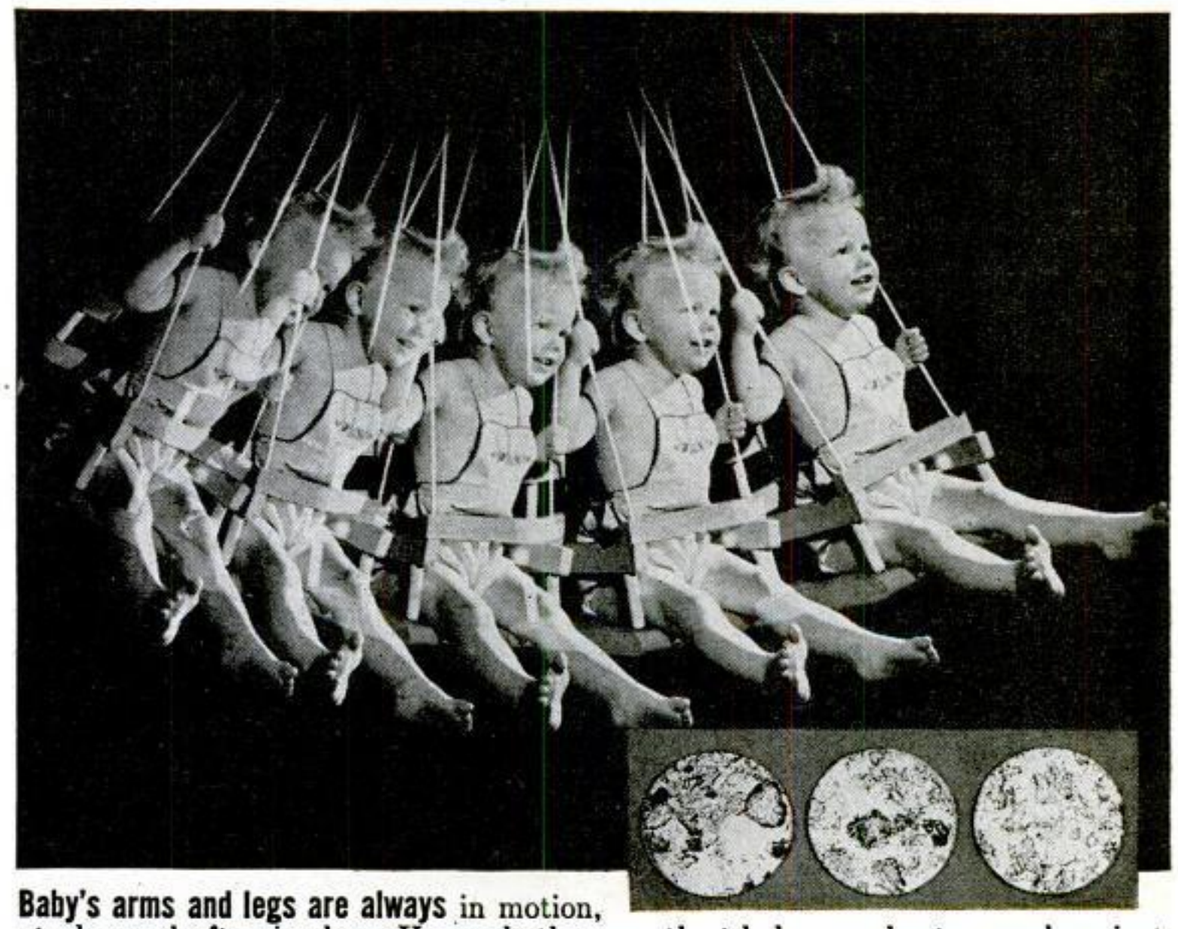
In Madison, Wis. people were talking about one of the strangest amnesia cases on record. The Rev. Alfred W. Swan of the First Congregational Church went skating one day, fell down and cracked his head, and turned up hours later at his own front door in his stocking feet, with no recollection of how he got there. He couldn't have walked because his feet were dry, and he couldn't have driven because his car was still parked 10 miles away, where he had left it. Somebody fired a bullet through the window of the Potter County Ration Board in Texas, and a clerk declared, "If the OPA has an enemy, we don't know it." Tom Bailey, the new governor of Mississippi, rode to his inauguration in a victoria with a fringe on top, and a lot of important state politicians rode alongside him on horseback, just as in the days of Andrew Jackson; there were no automobiles at all in the procession. Editor Fred Sullens of the Jackson, Miss. daily *News* put a loaded pistol on his desk after having a couple of fights with politicians, and all over the country people went slightly crazy singing and hearing a new gibberish song called *Mairzy Doats*, or

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Kept in an electric light bulb, (impossible, of course), baby might be safe from harmful germs. These germs are almost everywhere, often cause skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive;* but in dark band around *Mennen* powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

Startling differences in baby powders!



Baby's arms and legs are always in motion, at play and often in sleep. He needs the *smoothest* baby powder to guard against chafing! Which powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the *best* protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier.*



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's MENNEN.

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"*Looking at my hands made me feel as old as* ***METHUSELAH!***"





"ME, I was the starry-eyed bride. Right out of the story book, the way I loved to keep house. Even the greasy pots and pans had glamor. But what housework did to my poor *hands!* They grew rough. Red. When I looked at them, I felt older than Methuselah!"



"I remembered that old saying, 'A woman's age shows in her hands,' and mine certainly were libeling me! How could I get them soft, white, 'young-looking' again? I tried so many things..."



"Happy ending! A friend who is a nurse told me about fragrant, creamy Pacquins. And now my hands are soft, 'young-looking' again. Pacquins left them white and velvety. 'Bridey' as ever, if I do say so, in spite of their daily housekeeping beating! *Wonderful!*"

DO YOUR HANDS ROB YOU OF "THAT YOUNG FEELING"?

Of course you hate rough, red, "old-looking hands"! Try Pacquins! Originally designed for doctors and nurses, who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. See for yourself if Pacquins doesn't make *your* hard-working hands smooth out *faster,* feel smoother *longer!* Non-greasy—you can use it on elbows, wrists and knees, too.



Pacquins **HAND CREAM**

At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

"*mares eat oats.*" In Louisville the public library nominated as most thoughtful soldier of the war a man who sent back from Hawaii a volume of Tennyson he had drawn out of the library two years before.

People talked about these things, and a lot of other things that were important, or funny, or unusual, or just close to home. But underneath all their talk was a feeling of uneasiness, doubt and worry that they found hard to express. They talked about when the war would end, of course, and they asked each other endless questions, most of which started: "What do you think of . . . ?" The way they felt and talked was pretty well summed up by a LIFE correspondent who had supper one night with Girstle Hague, a mailman in Indianapolis who has about 300 families and business houses on his route. Hague and his wife and his two boys, John, 14, and Glen, 11, and the correspondent ate Swiss steak and gravy, mashed potatoes, green beans, pickled beets, cookies and milk. Like most Americans they ate all they felt like, and when they got up from the table they all felt a little stuffed. The Hagues have a lot of canned food from their last year's victory garden and ration points to spare; the only thing Mrs. Hague is ever a little short of now is sugar. The war hasn't hit them hard; Mrs. Hague now works four hours a day at a bank where she had a job before she was married, just to help out her old employer, and the money she makes meets the higher cost of living.

After supper that night Mr. Hague talked about the war and politics and other things. The people on his route will mostly vote Republican this year, he said, and they mostly favor Dewey instead of Willkie. They are especially angry at the Roosevelt administration over the taxes they have to pay. They are drinking more in wartime than they did during peace; he can tell from the number of whisky bottles thrown out with the trash along his route. There seems to be more "fast living" now, and the children especially don't know what to do with themselves. Not many people talk about religion, or going to church. Almost everyone thinks the war will be over this year; some even say by Easter. But Mr. Hague, the mailman, is disturbed by that kind of talk. "Down deep in my heart," he says, "I know the worst is yet to come and that the war is far from over."

Hear Hildegarde on "Beat the Band." NBC Wed. nights



The Glamorous Hildegarde, Cafédom's greatest personality, now starring at the Empire Room of the Palmer House, boasts about her Cannon Rayons. "My word—but they are flattering!" she says. "Smooth. sheer, dull—and how well they fit!"

Glamorous Hildegarde is practical, too! "I love Cannon Rayons twice as much because they're bears for wear," she admits. "But you must *handle all rayons with care* when they're wet. Give them 36 hours to dry—then they'll wear and wear!"

Cannon Hosiery
HI-TWIST RAYON

Made by the makers of famous Cannon Towels and Sheets

TRADE MARK CANNON

Be Sure It's a FORTUNA
TRADE MARK REG
Girdle or Pantie



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The new Fortunas don't stop at making you look slimmer! Fortuna girdles and panties are designed to provide healthful body support that helps you work or play long hours without fatigue. *At leading stores.*

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"...and I'll live like a queen in a house that takes care of itself..."



IT'S A DREAM, of course! Even your home of tomorrow won't completely "run itself"! But it will be easier to manage, more fun to live in than any house you ever hoped for! In fact, here are a few of the things which engineers in the laboratories of the Gas industry are planning for you *right now.*

AN ALL-YEAR-ROUND PERFECT CLIMATE—Your new Gas air-conditioning system will keep your home warm in winter, cool in summer... give you fresh, clean, balanced air at a moment's notice—all from one simple, compact unit operated by the spotless fuel, GAS.

A WONDER KITCHEN—Marvelously cool, marvelously clean—where a new Certified Performance Gas range, equipped with *new heat controls,* will not only give you "precision cooking"... but *better* meals... with less drudgery!

HOT WATER GALORE—Your new automatic Gas water-heating system will give you oceans of hot water whenever you want it—make all housekeeping easier.

MAGIC REFRIGERATION—Your new silent Gas refrigerator, with greater storage facilities, will make it easier to keep all kinds of food fresh longer—meats, vegetables, even frozen foods... will save you hours of marketing time, give your family greater variety.

Our dreams of a better world are indeed coming true. It is a world worth planning and saving for — with every War Bond you can buy.

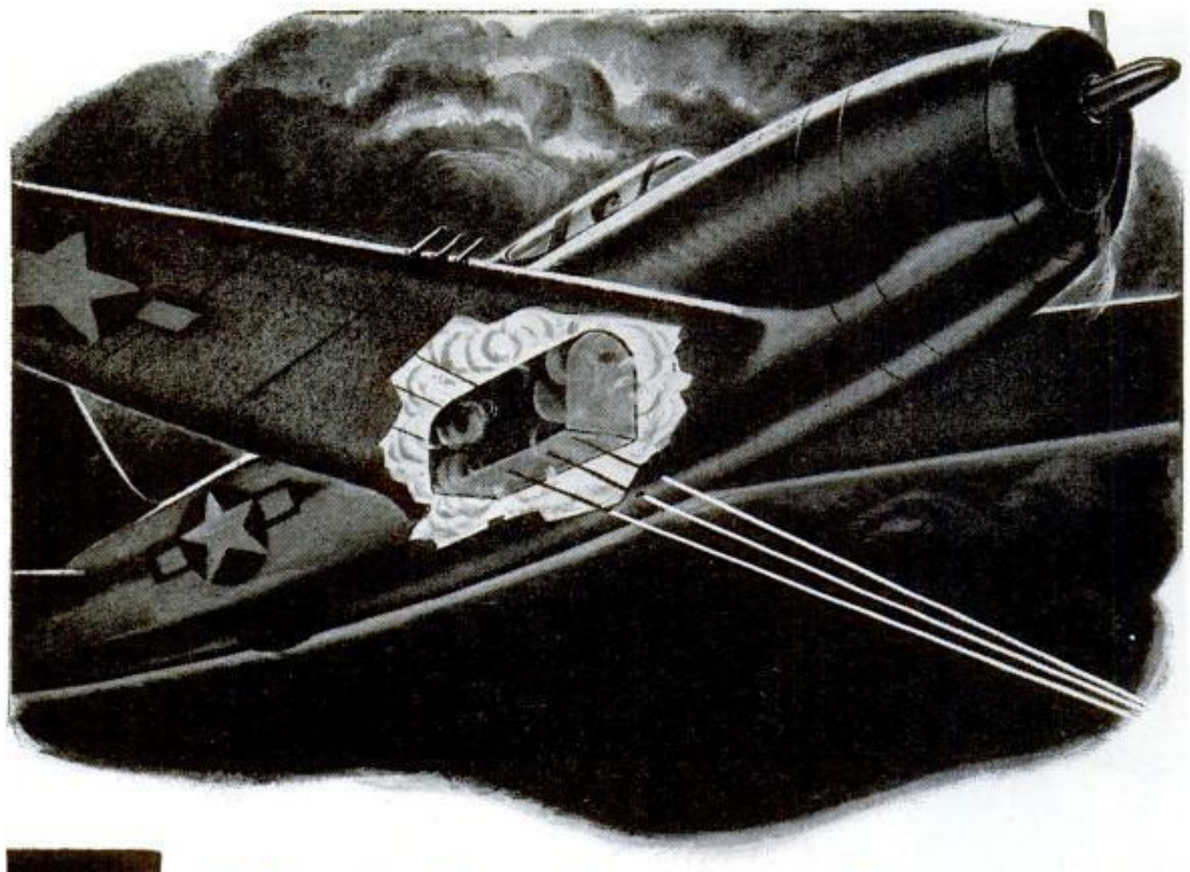
Remember... Gas today speeds war production. Use it wisely. Tomorrow it will bring you new ease, new leisure, better living.

THE MAGIC FLAME THAT WILL BRIGHTEN YOUR FUTURE

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Explosive fumes from gasoline tanks, ignited by tracers, could easily blow up, send plane crashing in flames. So our pilots flood area around tanks with carbon dioxide gas from Kidde cylinders. The fire-smothering carbon dioxide replaces dangerous vapors, robs enemy tracers of incendiary effect.



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Walter Kidde & Company are marketers of ingenious devices for putting the discoveries of modern science to work. Harnessing gases-under-pressure is one example. War products now confidential promise peacetime applications. Other completely new products are on our drawing boards.



WALTER KIDDE & COMPANY, INC., BELLEVILLE, N. J.



LIFE'S COVER: Ella Raines, who has a star role in *Phantom Lady*, a new Universal film, has also worked in *Corvette K-225*, *Cry "Havoc"* and *Hail The Conquering Hero*. Having left college too early to graduate, she is now working for her diploma by writing a thesis in her spare moments. For more about Miss Raines and scenes from *Phantom Lady*, see pages 63-68.

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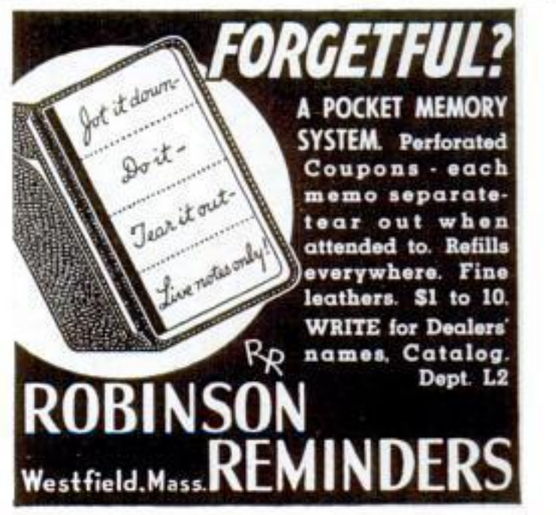
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4 varieties...1) WEJ-CUT CREAM CHEESE plain, 2) with CHIVES, 3) with RELISH, 4) with PIMENTO.

Say! The things you never knew about cheese!!!



FOR INSTANCE... Did you ever zing up a scrambled egg with Borden's Grated American Cheese?

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Did you know how tantalizing vegetable casserole could be with Borden's Chateau Sauce?

Or the *hundred and one* other ways to use Borden's Fine Cheeses?

And, lady, lady! The point cost is low for the wonderful food value you get! Cheese is jam-packed with *concentrated* milk goodness! It's rationed, yes! So you get your share of one of the most nourishing of all foods!



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LIFE

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February 28, 1944

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LIFE'S PICTURES

In this week's LIFE, Photographer Edward Clark demonstrates his versatility by his pictures of that American phenomenon, a pre-convention tour of an aspiring presidential candidate (pp. 27–29), and of a cosmopolitan spectacle, the international set making merry in Mexico City (pp. 77–85). Clark himself is strictly American. He learned his craft doing photography for newspapers. He has traveled all over the land on assignments, but is most familiar with his native South.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (*left to right, top to bottom*) and line by line (*lines separated by dashes*) unless otherwise specified.

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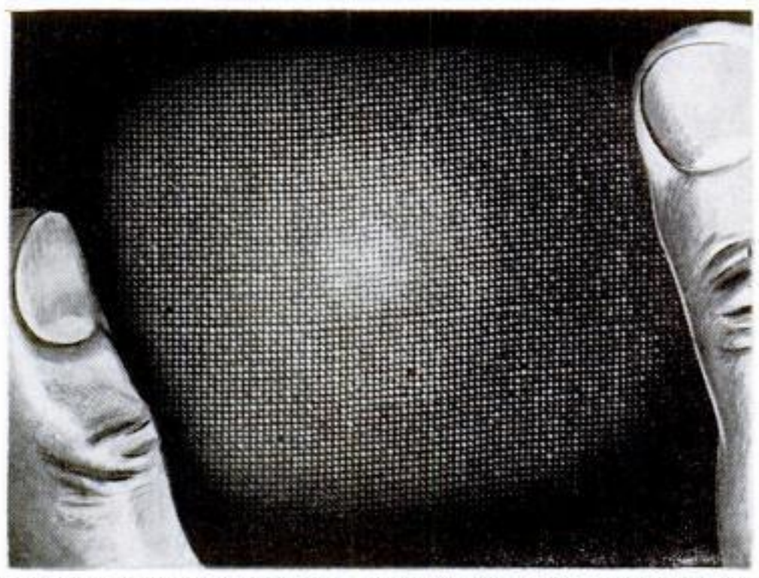
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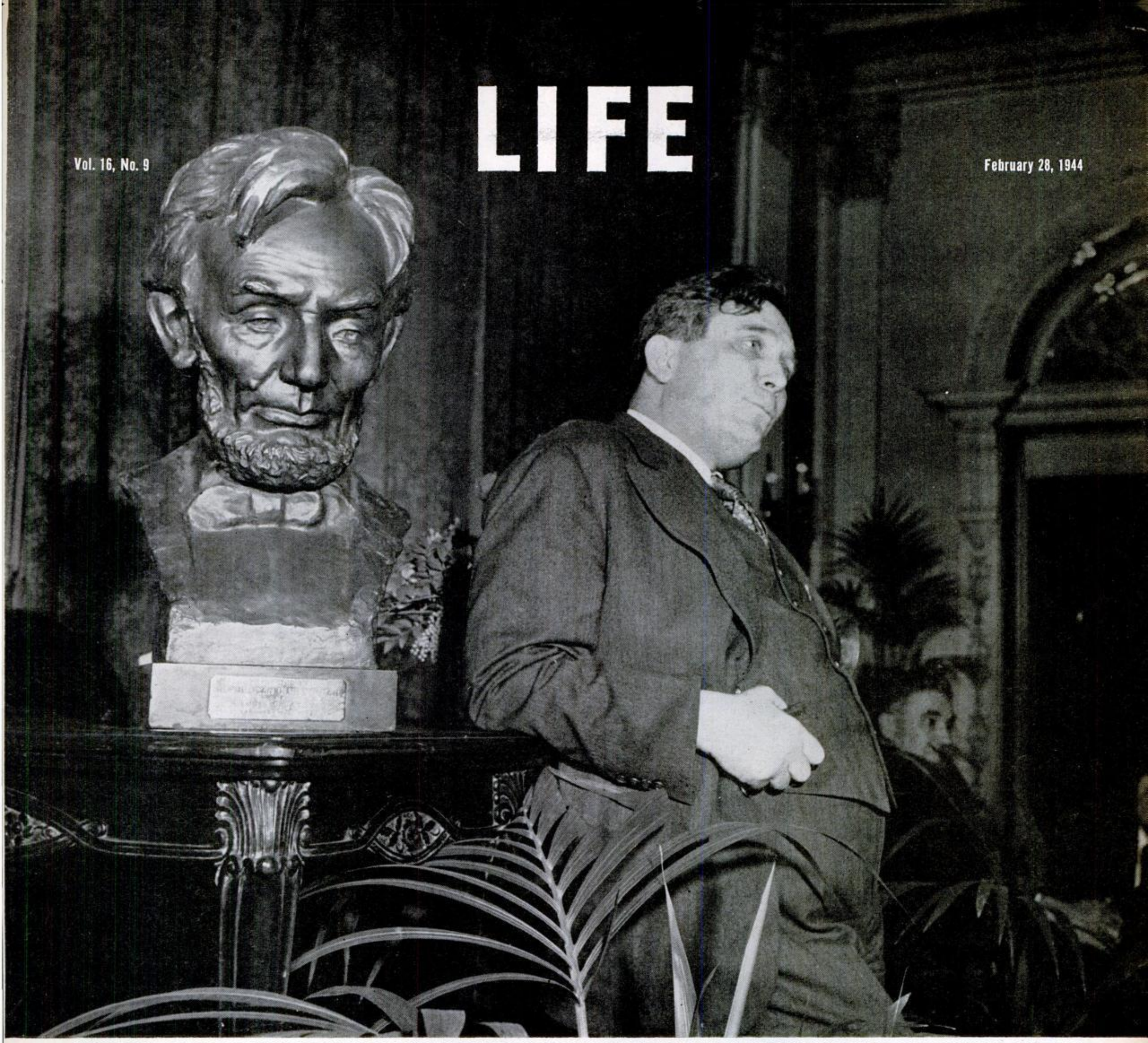
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WILLKIE IN UTAH: "ALL I AM TRYING TO DO WITH REFERENCE TO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IS TO MAKE IT WORTHY OF THE HIGH TRADITIONS ABRAHAM LINCOLN GAVE TO IT"

LINCOLN DAY OPENS G.O.P. CAMPAIGN

In 2,000 U. S. banquet halls, Republicans assembled last fortnight to honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln. For half a century, the birthday of the party's first president has provided a formal occasion for airing party philosophy. Every four years, however, Lincoln Day acquires added significance as the date on which the ferment of Republican presidential candidacies really begins in a big way.

Weekend of Feb. 12, 1944 initiated a four-month race that will terminate at the Republican convention in June. On hand at the start were three notable competitors who, in three separate cities and three individual styles, started eagerly down the track. Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who has never admitted his candidacy, denounced the Roosevelt administration at a Lincoln Day dinner held in the heart of his own bailiwick, in New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Roaming far afield on an avowed campaign trip to the West Coast, Wendell Willkie pleaded for unity within the nation and within the Republican Party in a Lincoln Day address in Tacoma, Wash. And in the nation's capital, Lincoln Day diners heard Ohio's Governor John W. Bricker discourse soberly on taxes.

If polls accurately reflect national sentiment, Dewey, for all his reticence, commands almost as many votes as Willkie, MacArthur and Bricker put together. Last month's returns from Gallup Institute of Public Opinion give New York's semisilent governor 42% of the Republican ballot, Willkie 23%, MacArthur 18% and Bricker 8%. Since last autumn Dewey's popularity has steadily climbed while Willkie's has as steadily dropped. It appeared possible last week, however, that Dewey's continued reluctance to announce himself might cost him wavering delegations. And Willkie's western excursion proved once again that his galvanic campaign presence could win him not only rank-and-file but professional party support.

With Bricker weak and MacArthur remote, the race seemed likely to develop into a Dewey-Willkie conflict. Should this conflict become a feud, there was danger ahead for the Republican Party. For as Walter Lippman wrote last week: "If they become deadlocked in one of those bitter contests which we have all seen in American conventions, the chances are that another Harding will be finagled into the nomination. This would be nothing less than a tragedy." Who the Harding might be, was anybody's guess.

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WILLKIE

HE MAKES FRIENDS AND IMPROVES FORTUNES IN QUICK TOUR OF WEST

The political fortunes of Wendell Willkie were on the mend last week. His hop-skip-and-jump reconnaissance of western states from Feb. 5–18 had won him new supporters, dissipated some opposition, brought him campaign contributions. As he pulled out of Boise, a supposed Dewey stronghold, he remarked: "As long as I draw crowds like that they can't ignore me." In Portland on Feb. 14 he appointed Ralph H. Cake (*below*) his preconvention campaign manager, declared: "I hope to seek the nomination at the Republican National Convention. Everybody knows that anyway."

Mr. Willkie's first avowed campaign tour of the year produced plenty of surprises. Salt Lake City appeared disinterested if not unfriendly on his arrival Feb. 7. During his stay he defied political expediency by restating his conviction that taxes must go up. By the time of his departure the antipathy of many Utah Republicans had waned. Next day he invaded Idaho and in a major address at Twin Falls hammered away at his tax thesis and at the "myth" that President Roosevelt is indispensable in foreign relations. Commented Governor Bottolfsen: "Mr. Willkie has captivated the hearts of the people of Boise."

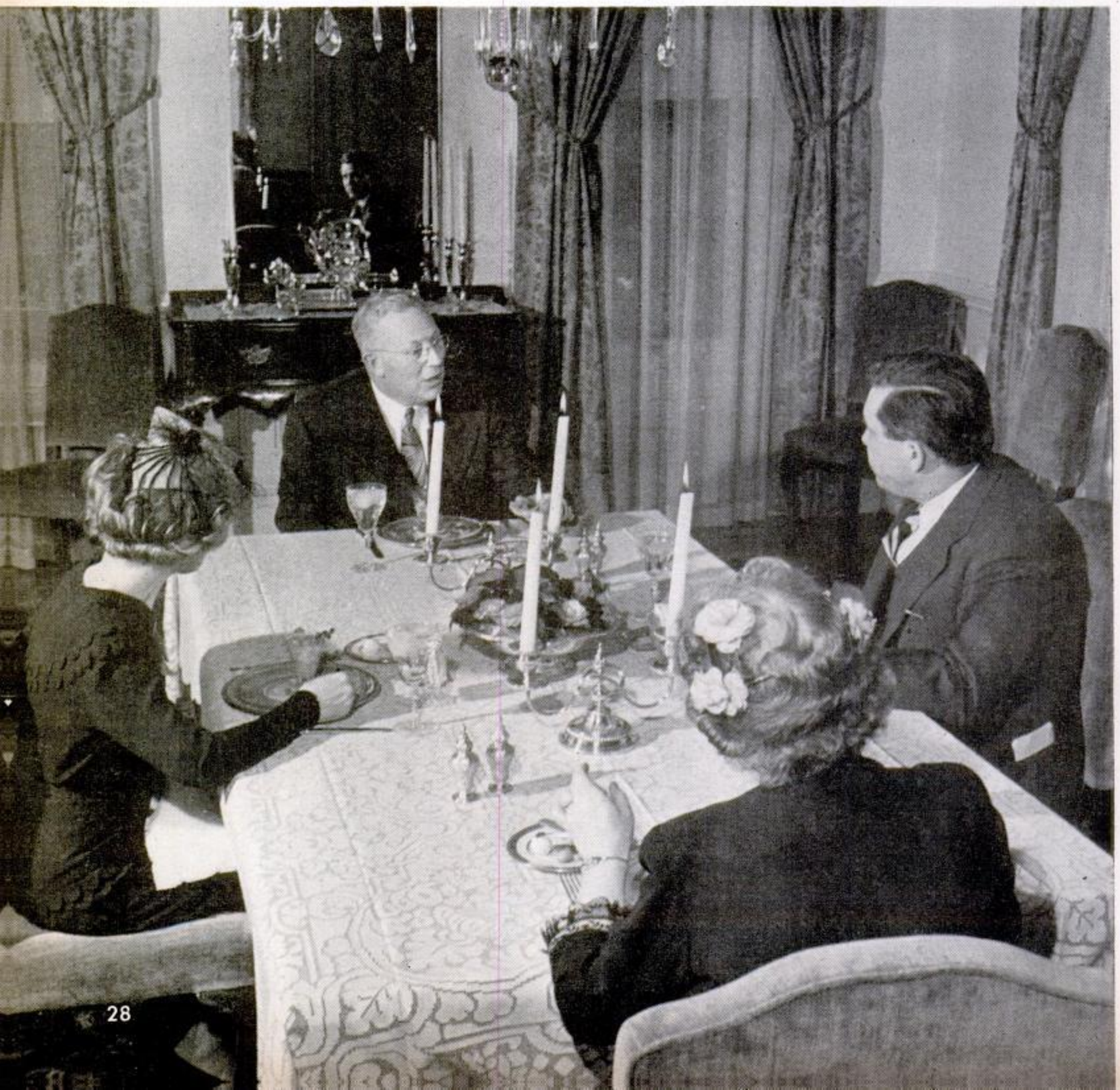
In Oregon, Washington and Montana the Willkie wagon gathered momentum. In his Lincoln Day address in Tacoma, Mr. Willkie delivered a sober plea in behalf of national unity, warning the Republican Party not to permit the forces of discontent and discord to write its platform and dictate its nominee. In speech after speech he declared that the U. S. people must face harsh realities before the war is won. "Why should you and I be comfortable," he asked, "when others are fighting and dying for us?"

Mr. Willkie's blunt campaign speeches, which some of his advisers believed suicidal, seemed to be paying political dividends. As always his personality won the rank and file. But more important, he managed to stir up some behind-the-scenes support. Two months ago the enmity of party bosses made his candidacy appear hopeless. Although political polls showed that he still had a long uphill fight to win the nomination, his western trip apparently had put him back in the running.



In Salt Lake City Willkie talks to 300 Utah party regulars, repeating his assertion that taxes must be increased now. "Someone must tell the American people the truth," he declared.

In Sacramento, the Willkies lunch with Governor and Mrs. Warren. Asked next day about California delegation, Willkie replied: "I know I am not going to have an unfriendly one."





CAMPAIGN MANAGER CAKE: WASHINGTON BOOSTER BAKER

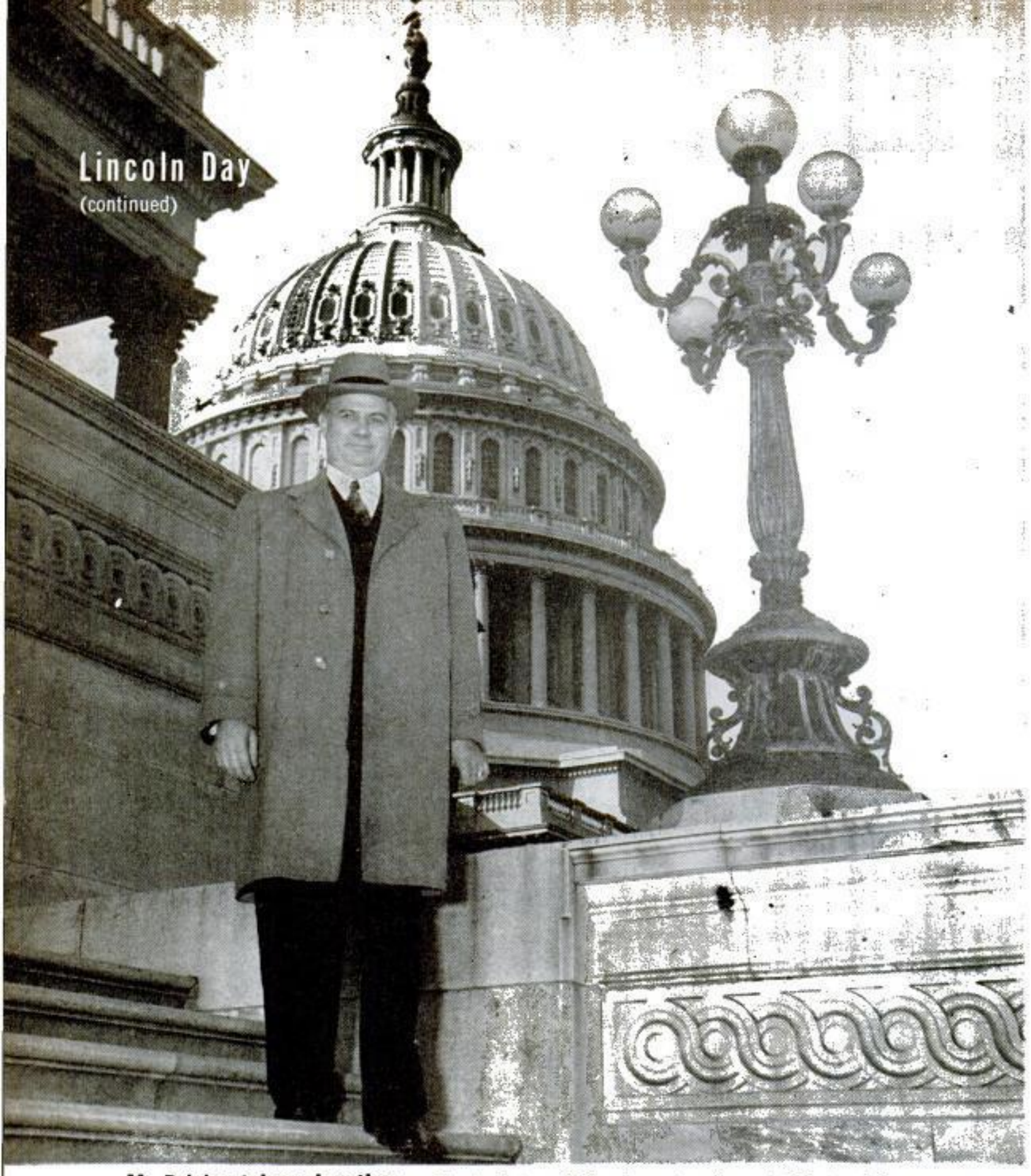
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Mrs. Edith Wilk Willkie and her husband drive from their hotel in Tacoma to Masonic temple where 4,000 people in three auditoriums heard Candidate Willkie give his Lincoln Day speech. A seasoned campaigner who accompanied her husband on his arduous tours in 1940, Mrs. Willkie was born in Nashville, studied at University of Indiana, was working as librarian in Rushville, Ind. when she met Wendell. Dainty, smartly dressed, sweet and loyal, she devotes herself on tour to dodging publicity and urging her indefatigable husband to eat, rest, get his hair cut. After his defeat in 1940, Edith Willkie confessed: "I can't help but say I'm relieved." The Willkies' son Philip, 25, is now on active duty with the Navy.

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Mr. Bricker takes a breather on Capitol steps following a two-hour talkfest with congressmen. Now he is mustering his forces for his Lincoln Day address, the climax of his Washington visit.



A press conference brings Mr. Bricker face to face with Washington's tart-tongued newsmen. Perched on a table in hotel room he answered questions deftly, came through the ordeal well.



BRICKER IS STAR OF LINCOLN DAY BANQUET. LEFT: JOE MARTIN, MRS. WALLACE WHITE

BRICKER

HE MAKES HIS BIGTIME DEBUT IN WASHINGTON

Lincoln Day was Bricker Day in Washington. Arriving with his attractive wife Feb. 10, Ohio's governor and favorite son, John W. Bricker, displayed himself before politicians and pressmen in a 36-hour round of luncheons, receptions and oratorical turns. To the pleased surprise of his backers, he acquitted himself well, emerged from the nation's toughest political ring still on his feet and with dignity to spare.

Mr. Bricker's big moment—the moment which had brought him to Washington—was his appearance as the guest of honor and star speaker at the Lincoln Day dinner at the Mayflower. Addressing 1,500 well-groomed and notable Republicans, Mr. Bricker confined himself to a discussion of domestic issues, chiefly taxation. His only observation on foreign policy was: "Time and again I have said that the U. S. should take her place in a cooperative organization among sovereign nations after this war. We want no super-government, no central world authority over us." In total effect Mr. Bricker's maiden effort in bigtime oratory was apparently satisfactory to his auditors. It drew 26 separate bursts of handclapping and 36 seconds of sustained applause at the finish. Despite his good performance, Mr. Bricker knew when he returned to Ohio next day that his political destiny lay in factors outside his personal control. Miles behind Dewey, Willkie and even MacArthur in public-opinion polls, he stood a chance of being nominated only as a compromise candidate. Another Ohioan named Warren Gamaliel Harding won the nomination that way in 1920.

Congressman Halleck, who nominated Willkie at 1940 convention, and Bricker at Capitol reception.



Congressman Ham Fish says hello. Throughout handshaking session Bricker was politely affable, managed to be nice to everyone.



Senator Robert Taft greets fellow Ohioan. Though his own presidential hopes may not be dead, Taft has pledged Bricker his support.



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Harriet Day Bricker and her husband pose for LIFE's photographer before the Lincoln Day banquet. Press women who interviewed Mrs. Bricker found her gracious, charming, intelligent, compared her with Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. Reared in Urbana, Mrs. Bricker attended Ohio State, taught in her hometown high school. She married John Bricker in 1920. Their only child, a daughter, died in infancy. Their adopted son Jack is now 13. As mistress of Ohio's executive mansion Mrs. Bricker manages efficiently without a housekeeper or a secretary, works for the Red Cross and talks occasionally to women's groups. Washington concluded at the end of her visit that Harriet Day Bricker would make a first-rate First Lady.

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Republican Governors Dewey of N. Y. and Edge of N. J. chat with Thomas J. Curran, president of National Republican Club (*right*) during calm before the oratory. Dewey noted New York and New Jersey were concurrently Republican for first time in 26 years.

DEWEY

HE SPEAKS OUT ON FOREIGN POLICY AT N. Y. DINNER



In New York on Feb. 12, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, with his cigaret holder pointed down, instead of up at a cocky angle (*see inset*), made his first appearance before a purely political organization since last autumn's state campaign. Although he has repeatedly declared that he is not a "candidate" for the presidential nomination, his address at the Lincoln Day dinner of the National Republican Club sounded remarkably like the utterance of a man who would not reject a chance to run. He did not demur when the toastmaster mixed his metaphor and observed that Dewey's star had "steadily risen in magnitude, casting a lengthening shadow across the national scene."

In his address Mr. Dewey had a good deal to say about foreign affairs and the role a Republican administration might play in the construction of a lasting peace. "The people of the United States were turning to the Republican Party even before the war . . ." he said. "They have been turning to it at an accelerated pace since we entered the war because they are so desperately anxious that we shall build well and strongly in international cooperation after this war. . . . They know that with a self-willed executive who wars with Congress they will have a repetition of the same catastrophe which happened in 1919. . . . The people realize that the only hope of America for world peace is that it be won by an administration which is not seeking power for the sake of power." Mr. Dewey's carefully maintained fiction that he is not a candidate has not hurt his standing in public-opinion polls (in which he leads the field). Unless his lead is reduced by Mr. Willkie's campaign efforts, he may preserve his silence down to Convention time and thus be drafted. To refuse such a draft, Mr. Dewey has said, would be an act of treason.



LINCOLN DAY DINNER PACKS BALLROOM OF WALDORF-ASTORIA WITH 1,380 GUESTS



STIFF-SHIRTED, EVENING-GOWNED REPUBLICANS LISTEN WITH ATTENTION TO DEWEY'S SPEECH

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Frances Hutt Dewey and her husband leave their hotel for Lincoln Day dinner. Shy, quiet, pretty Mrs. Dewey is, like her husband, vocally gifted. Born in Texas, she grew up in Oklahoma. As a young girl she directed a choir, gave piano lessons, sang (mezzo-soprano). In 1923 she went to Chicago to study voice, there met Baritone Tom Dewey. For the next five years, while Dewey turned to law, Frances continued her vocal lessons, sang in several musical shows. They married in 1928. Today, as the First Lady of New York, Mrs. Dewey is a competent hostess, who considers it her prime job to make Albany's grim executive mansion as homey as possible for her busy husband and two sons, Thomas Jr., 11 and John, 8.

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EDITORIAL

WORLD OIL AND WORLD POLITICS

WHAT DOES OUR GOVERNMENT WANT WITH A PIPELINE IN ARABIA? A HAND IN A POKER GAME

For a clear idea of what the postwar world will really be like, don't ask the professors, or the politicians; ask the businessmen. They may not "run the country" any more, but the smart ones are usually the first to figure out how it will be run.

Among American businessmen, none is smarter and more thoroughly American than the oil crowd. Whether you meet them in Texas, Rockefeller Center or the Persian Gulf, they all have one thing in common: the smell of the frontier. They may run vast companies from tall office buildings today, but they all wildcatted in their youth and they still believe in brains, luck, nature, courage, the U. S. A. and the horizon.

These American oil men have just led the U. S. Government into a revolutionary agreement on postwar policy. This agreement says more about the probable nature of the postwar world than all the speeches of Henry Wallace and Cordell Hull combined.

The agreement puts our government directly into the international oil game. The Petroleum Reserves Corporation, an RFC subsidiary, has agreed to build a $150,000,000 pipeline, running across Saudi Arabia to the Mediterranean (*see map*). The government agreed to do this because three U. S. oil companies—Gulf, Texas and Standard of California—were in trouble. Their trouble concerned the government because the war has depleted our domestic oil reserves, because we cannot be sure of remaining a great world power without colossal oil reserves, and because the world's oil has become an international responsibility.

The Two Pools

To understand the world oil picture, remember that there are two major producing pools: the shores of the Caribbean and the area between the Caspian and the Red Sea. Of the two, the Near Eastern pool, politically dominated by Britain, is probably richer but less developed. It is contributing only 6% of the oil now being used by the United Nations for war, while 85% comes from Venezuela, Colombia, Mexico and the U. S. Hence, after the war the oil reserves in Britain's part of the world will be proportionately greater than before, whereas those in our hemisphere will be less.

What do we care? Our alliance with the British, we hope, will last forever; we have lend-leased them what they needed in this war, and they should lend-lease us oil, if we need it, in the next. The plans of the Petroleum Reserve Corporation do not contradict this assumption. But they do afford us an alternative if the assumption should prove vain.

Politically, the Near East is a British sphere of influence. British agents and diplomats are scattered throughout the Moslem world, whereas there are normally few U. S. officials between Cairo and India. Oil-wise, the situation is not so one-sided. The British Government, through Anglo-Iranian Oil (54% government-owned), controls the oil of Iran and also dominates Iraq Petroleum in which the French, Dutch and two American companies also have an interest. Another American company, Gulf, shares the rich concession in Kuwait with Anglo-Iranian. The only 100% American concessions are those of Standard Oil of California and of Texas Co., joint owners of Arabian American Oil Co. Their newest concession, in the desert of Saudi Arabia, is almost as big as all of Texas and perhaps as rich.

Arabian-American won this concession from King Ibn Saud (LIFE, May 31, 1943) despite higher offers from Japanese, German and British concerns. His Majesty, who gets a royalty on every barrel, preferred Americans because we had "no political designs" on his country. But just as the wells were getting into profitable production the war came and Arabian-American couldn't get enough tankers to take its oil to market. Oilmen have to be good diplomats; but no private corporation can pay royalties indefinitely on oil it isn't selling. Arabian-American was soon diplomatizing itself into the red.

When our government was asked to help out in Arabia, it first took the ground that this was a British sphere of influence; let London handle it. The British obliged with alacrity, and from 1940 to 1943 advanced Ibn Saud at least $25,000,000 worth of cash, credit, wheat, irrigation machinery, etc. Some of these items were duplicates of what we were sending the British on lend-lease. But the British took the political responsibility and the credit with Ibn Saud.

It has long been the American theory that the U. S. Government should be neutral toward businessmen, using diplomatic pressure (or its "good offices") to see that they get fair and equal treatment from foreign governments, but no more. In the oil business, however, every other major power abandoned this theory long ago. The British government has controlled Anglo-Iranian since 1914. This means that U. S. oilmen have not been able to compete on equal terms with the British. A corporation, however rich and smart, is no match for a great government.

Thus, despite large American concessions, the Near Eastern oil pattern is such that the British have the last word on whence the oil comes and whither it goes. They control the only pipeline route to the Mediterranean, which is shorter and cheaper than the Persian Gulf-Suez tanker route. After the war, if the British choose, they can hold back their oil and let the European market drain the Caribbean sources as before. On the other hand, if a world oil price war should develop, their Iraq pipeline would probably fire the last shot.

These are the reasons why Standard of California, Texas and Gulf wanted the U. S. Government to take a hand in the international oil business, and why even our conservative State Department was willing to do it. The idea of a government-owned pipeline was suggested by a Navy man and negotiated by the Interior Department. The theory is that it will make U. S. oil in Kuwait and Arabian oil competitive with Britain's oil in Iran and Iraq. Maybe, maybe not. But one thing the pipeline deal will do: it will buy us a big stack of chips in the postwar oil poker game, a bigger stack than our depleted domestic reserves can buy.

Lay That Pistol Down

There is so much market-hungry oil in so many of the world's hot, backward countries that only an international oil compact, similar to interstate proration in the U. S., will prevent its being wasted. A Foreign Operations Committee of the U. S. petroleum industry has already urged such a compact. Since it involves the rights, feelings and relative prosperity of many small nations (including our Good Neighbors), a U. S. Government with a sense of international responsibility has to sit in on any such compact.

The PRC pipeline is an announcement that our government does not intend to evade this responsibility or leave it all to the British. It is an open bid for trouble. We will get more and more deeply involved in the politics of distant, dirty, unfamiliar lands. We will be accused, as the British were, of carrying the "white man's burden." But trouble is part of the job of being a great power, and it is part of the job of making the world "one world."

The pipeline may be a step toward a worse world, or toward a better. Like Britain's Anglo-Iranian and Russia's state oil trust, it is a pistol carried to a poker game. When the players all have identical interests in the rules, or when the stakes are lower, we can all throw our pistols away. But not just yet.



PROJECTED U. S. PIPELINE WOULD SAVE 2,700 MILES

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On Feb. 14 Charlie Chaplin, to whom cameras brought wealth and women and power, grew camera-shy. He was outraged when cameramen took his picture while a U. S. officer took his fingerprints. Clear of charges that he was father of Joan Barry's child, he faced charges of violating Mann Act and Joan's civil rights. Possible prison term for 54-year-old comedian who recently took 18-year-old Oona O'Neill as fourth wife: 23 years.

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Funnyman Chaplin scowls unhappily as federal officer in Los Angeles takes his fingerprints

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SIGN ON NAPLES ROAD WARNS SOLDIERS AGAINST LICE

TYPHUS IN NAPLES

AMG medical officers control an epidemic with tons of delousing powder and a preventive vaccine

When the Germans retreated from Naples they dynamited the city's water system. Without water the Neapolitans could not wash their clothes or their bodies. As they became progressively more dirty they became better and better hosts for body lice which carry typhus fever. Somehow a few of these lice got a chance to bite a person suffering from typhus and thus picked up the disease. In the crowded slums of the half-homeless city these typhus-carrying lice crawled from one person to another spreading the infection as they went. When the Americans marched in last October they found an epidemic getting under way. But



Italian baby gets dusting while family smiles encouragement. Each evening Italians, like the man at the left, organize themselves into squads of dusters. Paid 80 lire per night and supervised by U.S. Army doctors, they scatter all through the city, dusting everyone they can find.



U. S. Army doctor, Major C. M. Wheeler of Berkeley, Calif. goes over a little girl who looks as if she were going to cry. Major Wheeler is head of the Contact Delousing Service which, with Italian help, has the job of going around and dusting people in their homes and shelters.



Cement mixer is used to mix the insecticide powder with Italian talc. This talc serves to prevent the powder from irritating the skin. The mixer holds half a ton of insecticide and talc at one loading and each 60-lb. bag (*center*) contains enough powder to delouse about 600 people.



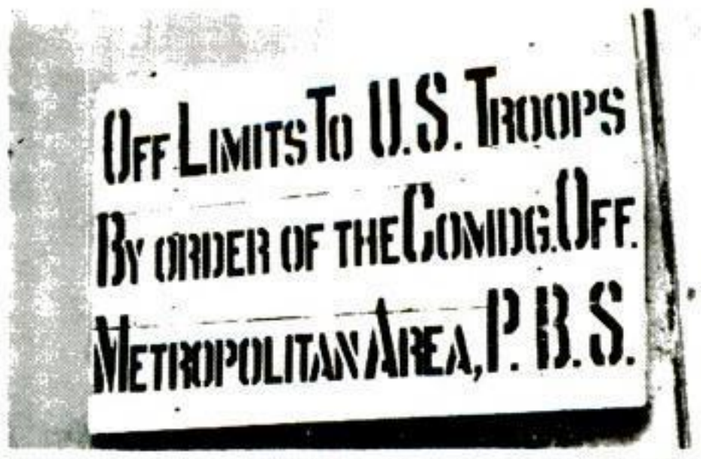
Rockefeller Foundation worker examines the hair of a little girl. Head lice lay eggs which can be seen sticking to the individual hairs. Typhus is one of the great epidemic diseases of the world. In 1915 typhus spread through Russia, infecting 25,000,000 and killing some 3,000,000.

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after four and a half months medical officers of the AMG last week seemed to be getting it under control.

Knowing that most of the population, after months of German oppression, had neither clean clothes nor clean bodies, U. S. doctors fought the epidemic by delousing 30,000 people a day with a new powder insecticide called DDT (dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane). As a further preventive, Naples policemen and firemen were inoculated with an effective new vaccine. This same vaccine, developed by Bacteriologist Herald Rea Cox while he was at the Rocky Mountain Laboratory in Hamilton, Mont. has kept the typhus death rate of the U. S. troops stationed in the Naples area at zero.

Once a person develops typhus there is not much, aside from good nursing, that can be done for him. The incubation period lasts from eight to 12 days and the first symptoms are backache or headache and perhaps chills. By the third or fourth day the fever rises to 103° or 104°, a bumpy red rash breaks out and usually a muttering delirium sets in. Sometimes victims have terrifying, suicidal hallucinations. If infection has not become too extensive and there are no complications like bronchitis or pneumonia, fever drops abruptly after about two weeks and patient begins to recover.



MUCH OF CITY IS COMPLETELY BARRED TO U.S. TROOPS



Woman flinches as an Italian duster gives her a blast of the powder. Most of the Italians like and appreciate their delousing. This woman, who lives in a filthy tunnel under a road, is typical of the hundreds of people who were made homeless and miserable by the German occupation.



Squirt in the hair is added precaution. Typhus is generally carried by the body louse which never crawls above neck, but occasionally head lice become infected and transmit the disease. Body lice are the same as the cooties which tortured Americans in trenches of World War I.

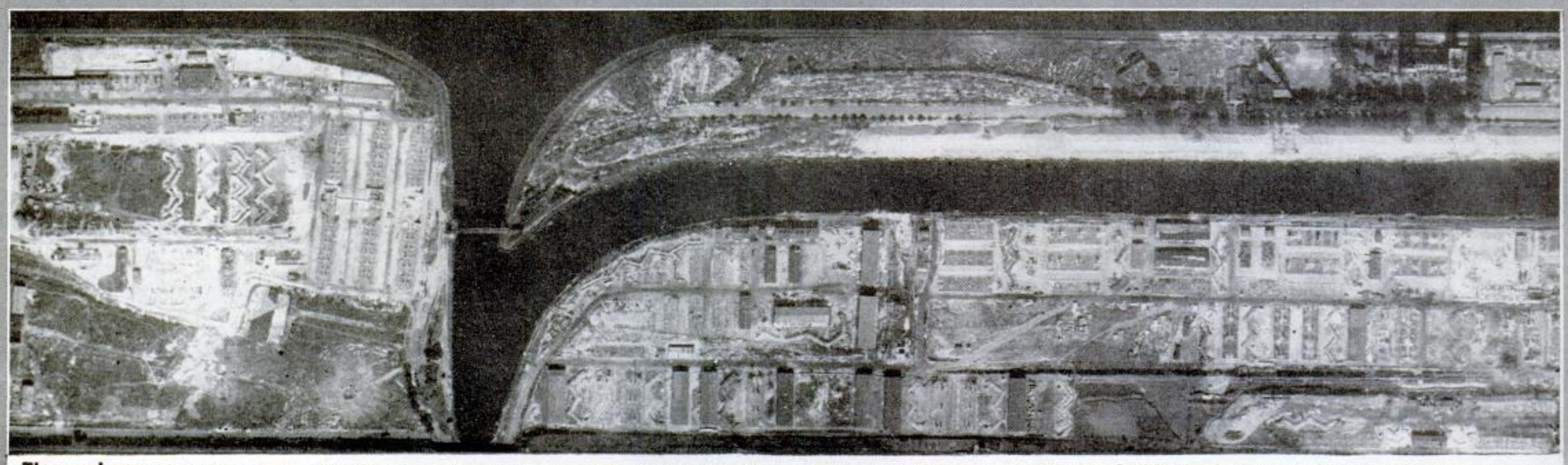


Boy fluffs powder through the hair of his small brother. Naples has had to delouse everyone going to and coming from city to prevent spread of epidemic. Typhus, like Rocky Mountain fever, is caused by Rickettsia, a microorganism larger than a virus but smaller than bacteria.

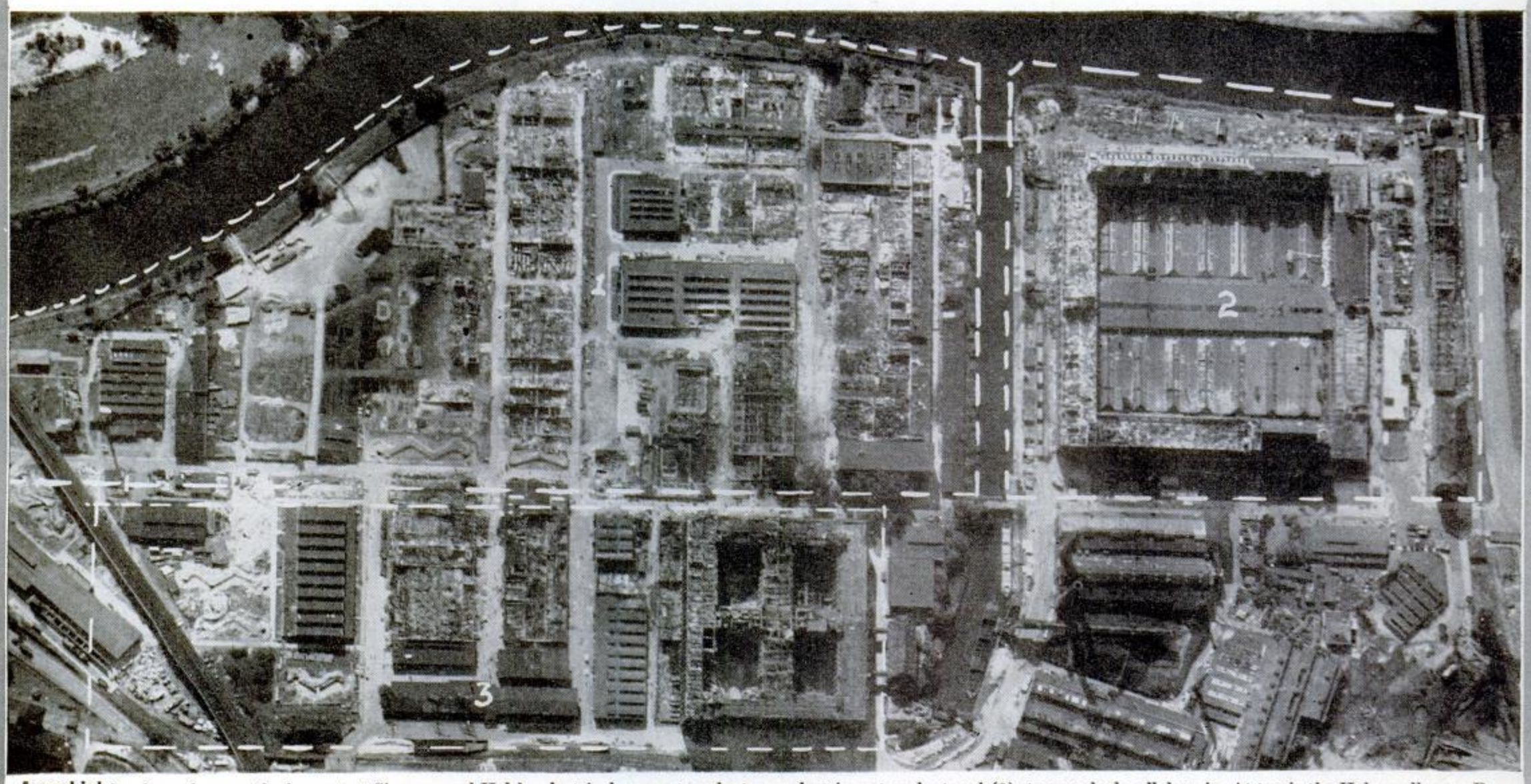


Policemen are vaccinated by Captain Maxwell Brand of Immunization Service. Vaccine is made by infecting chick embryos and allowing Rickettsia to multiply. The infected matter is then diluted. Vaccination produces little reaction but must be repeated after about six months.

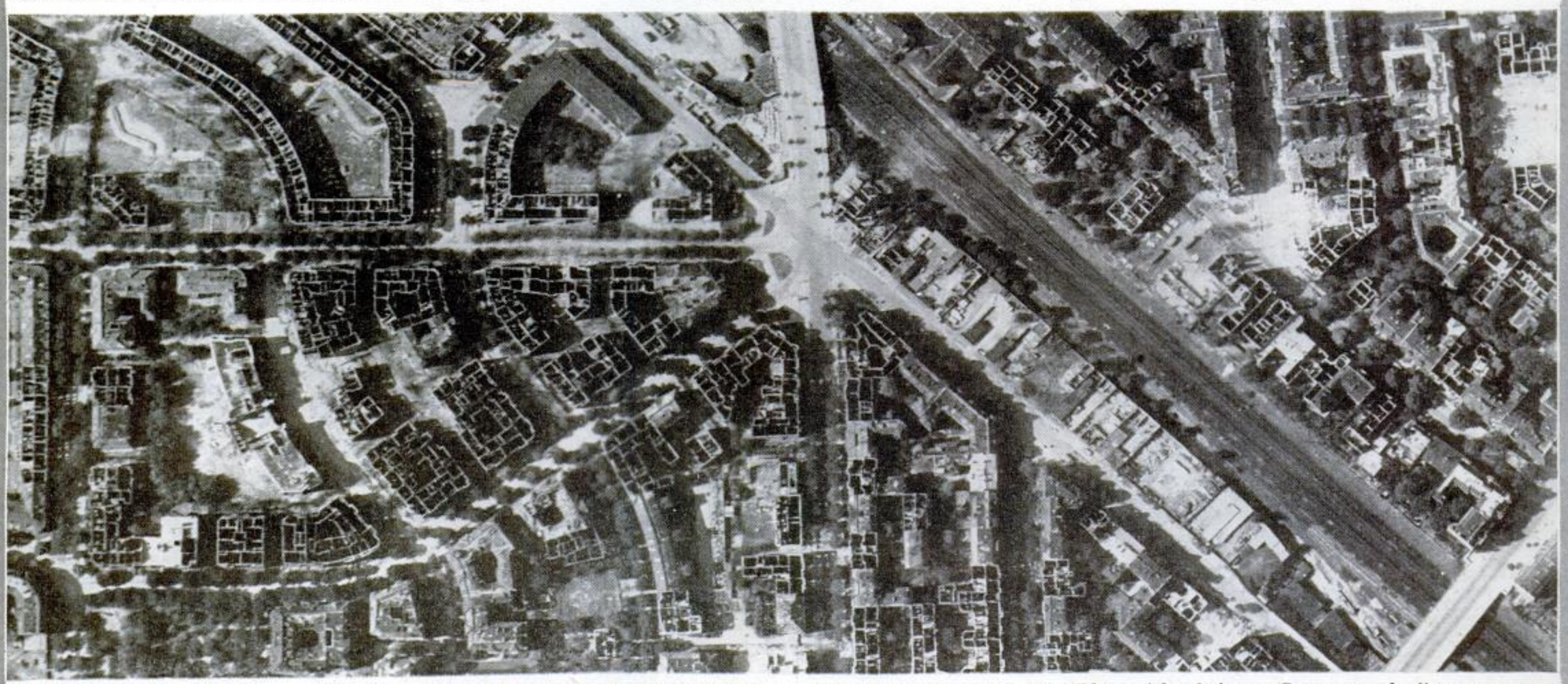
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The canal area of Moabit and Charlottenburg in northwest section of Berlin shows the naked foundations of military buildings. The zigzag lines indicate air-raid shelter trenches. Underground shelters are difficult to build in Berlin because the soil is soft and sandy and does not lend itself to subterranean construction. Many shelters have suffered direct hits.



A good job has been done on the important Siemens and Halske electrical-apparatus plant at Siemensstadt in northwest Berlin. Numbers show (1) the electrochemical plant, (2) the electric motor plant and (3) storage sheds, all done in. At top is the Hohenzollern or Berlin-Spandau Canal and the bridge leads north to Virgins' Heath along the Virgins' Sea.



Industrial suburbs of Friedenau and Steglitz are thoroughly burned out. Here lived workers in Goerz optical works (*upper right corner*), which was also damaged. Railway tracks run to Friedenau station, just off lower right of picture. Center street leading to overpass bridge is Feuerbach. Isolated whole houses show where Berliners got fire under control.

BATTLE OF BERLIN

Latest reconnaissance air views of a dying city

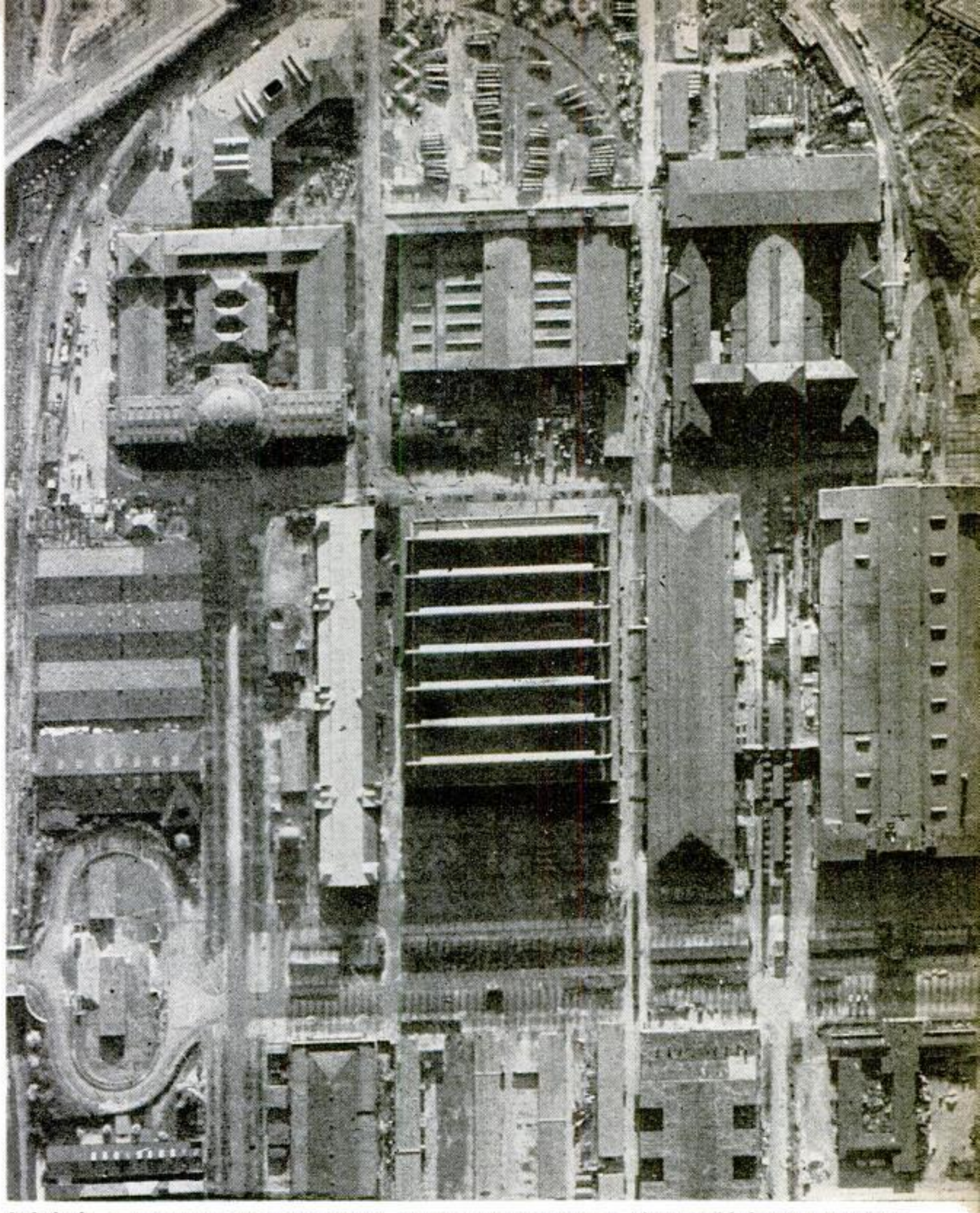
The dying agony of a city is here examined in new British aerial reconnaissance photographs. Up to last November Berlin had withstood 83 raids in which 10,000 tons of bombs had been dumped into the city. But on Nov. 18, 1943 began the greatest attempt on the life of a city in history. There had been 15 gigantic bombings of Berlin in three months, all by the British. Some 26,000 additional tons of bombs fell on Berlin as against 7,500 tons dropped by the Germans on London in the Battle of Britain. Demolished was perhaps one-third of the Prussian capital of Germany, the biggest concentration of war production in the Reich.

The rhythm of the raids is indicated by the dates: Nov. 18, 22, 23, 26; Dec. 2, 16, 24, 29; Jan. 2, 3, 20, 28, 29, 31; Feb. 15. There were three terrible bunchings: in November, at the turn of the year and in late January. The climax, the heaviest raid in air warfare, fell Feb. 15, when 900 bombers dropped 2,800 tons in 30 minutes. (In Cologne raid of 1942 some RAF training planes had to be used to swell the total to a round 1,000.) Another 20,000 tons, airmen estimated, would finish Berlin off.

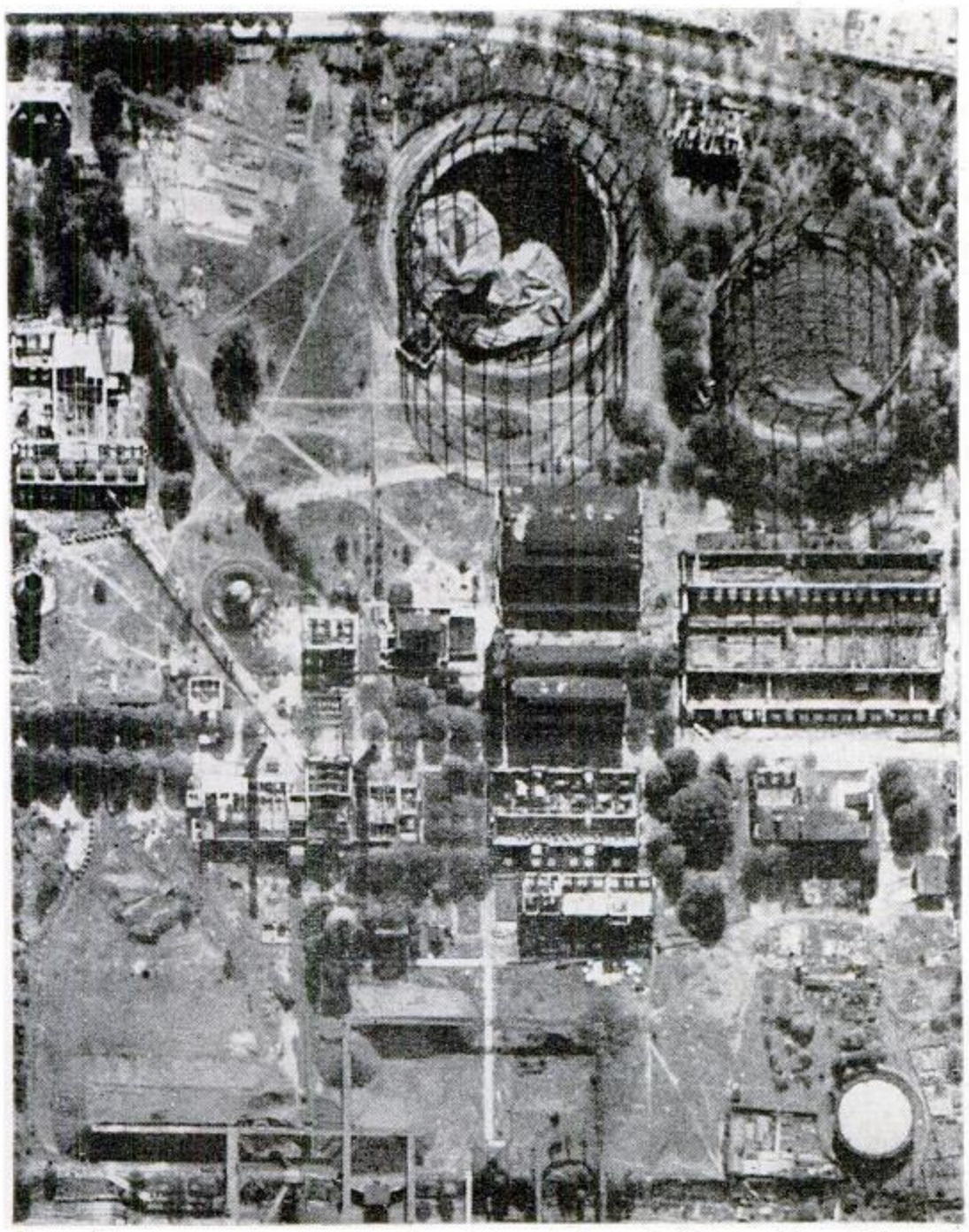
The experience of the people on the doomed spot was described as a "concert of hell." One said: "Large parts of the town are a burning, roaring, smoking inferno. . . . I saw how everything was falling in on top of me. My hat was blown 30 yards into the air. It caught fire. From the Wittenbergplatz I saw four people falling from a building like live torches."

Machine-gun patrols hunted animals escaped from the zoo and a dead crocodile was found in front of the Chancellery. Gone now were Hitler's house, Goebbels' house, Himmler's house, the Foreign Office, the Treasury, Gestapo headquarters, most of the ministries, the great factories of Siemens, A. E. G., Osram Dornier, Rheinmetall-Borsig, Daimler, Kugel-Lager Fabrik, Alkett Motor, Hergman, theTempelhof airport, the railway stations and the great hotels. Here and there on the ruins was chalked the prewar Nazi litany: "Oh Führer, we thank thee!"

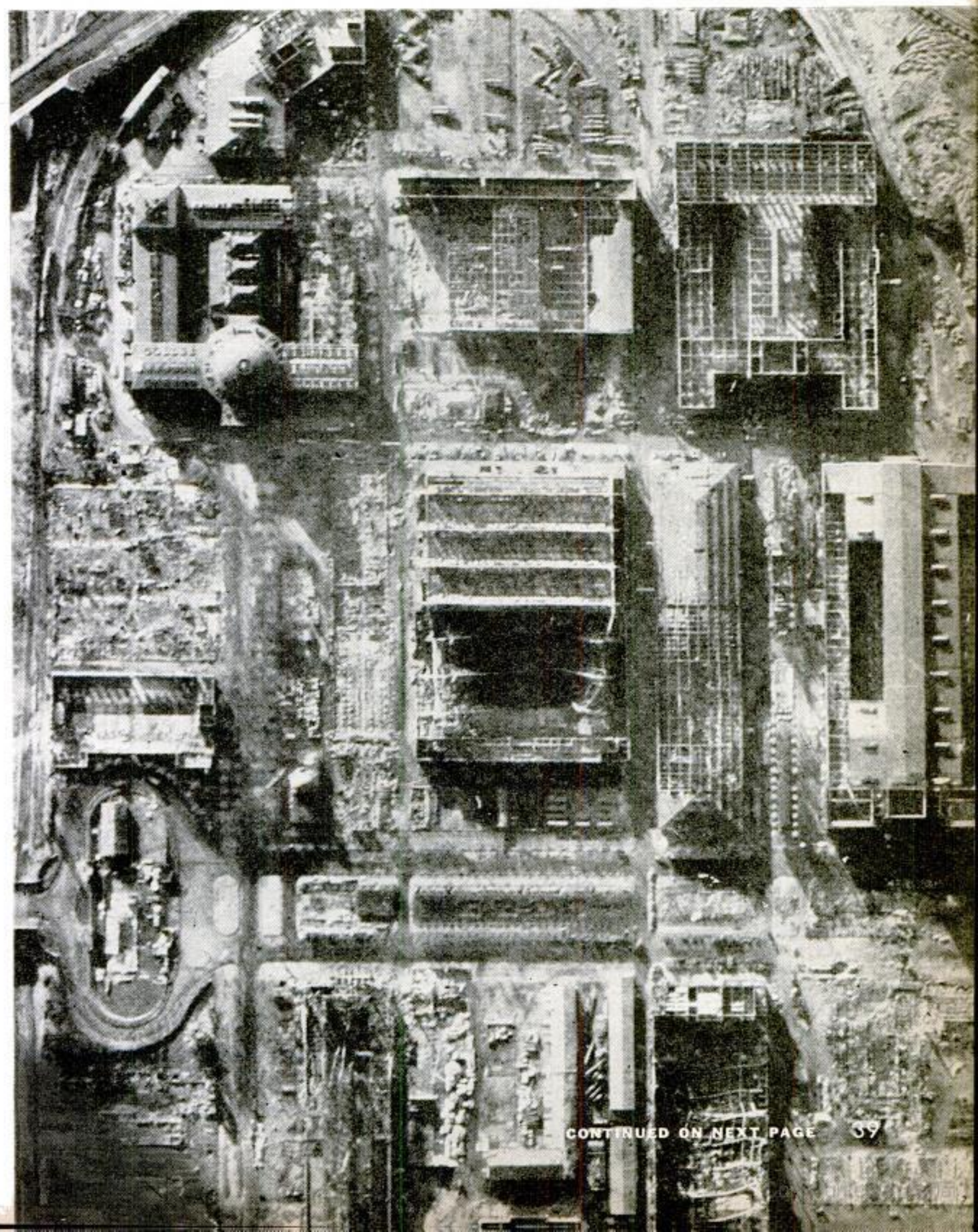
Though Berlin was a nightmare on earth, it was still highly debatable how much of its war production had been knocked out forever. A lot of it has long been underground. The air views show vast areas of it still untouched. The opera was still playing in Berlin, though in a small theater.



At Leipzig as in 30 other cities of the Reich, good work has been done. Above and below is a spectacular before-and-after study of what used to be Leipzig Fair grounds, now converted to aircraft assembly. Some of the buildings have been leveled by the blast of big bombs, others have been burned out.



Gas works at Mariendorf in Berlin have been wiped out. At bottom is huge industrial plant, now wrecked, its size indicated by length of chimney shadows and slag dump.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The Blue Book, in which are bound mosaic air views of all European cities damaged by bombing, is here inspected by Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris (*leaning over*) in his supersecret headquarters of the Bomber Command. His immediate subordinates are, (*from left*), Morris, Saundby and Inness. This is the first time this room has been photographed.

THE BRAIN BEHIND THE DEATH OF BERLIN LOOKS AT HIS WORK FROM AFAR

The bombing of Berlin is primarily a trucking and dumping job, but the trucking is violently opposed by the enemy and the dumping has to be in the right place. The man in charge of all this is tough, soft-spoken Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur T. Harris. He developed the "saturation raid," the massive blasting of a whole area. In this he uses incendiaries, remembering the nights of the London blitz when a thousand fires raged, including as many as nine huge conflagrations out of control. He knows that a good fire can knock a factory out for longer than even a direct hit with a blast-bomb, and that fire spreads on its own. He knows, too, the price of bombing Germany: a total of 3,366 Allied bombers lost over north Europe in 1943.

The pictures here of the Photographic Reconnaissance Section of Bomber Headquarters and the famous Blue Book are the first ever permitted.



Mosaic of Berlin from Harris' Blue Book is marked in red to show latest destruction. Card is over center of city. Friedenau is left of it, Moabit and Siemensstadt right of it.



Through stereopticon on his desk, Bomber Chief Harris looks at latest reconnaissance photographs of Berlin destruction. Stereopticons are his idea, from one at his aunt's.

FOR GOOD HEALTH



and Good Eating



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

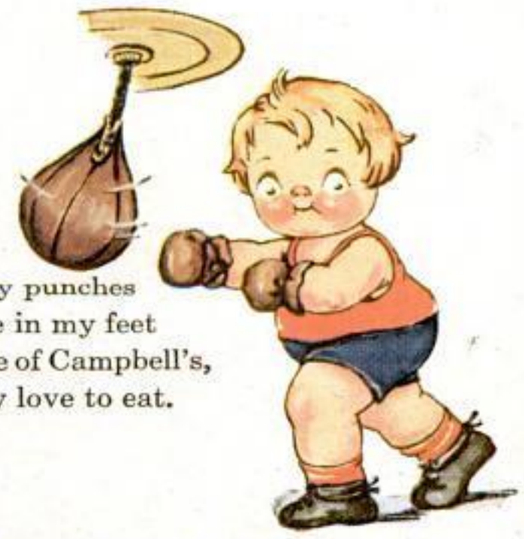
Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

America's favorite soup made from the world's finest tomatoes

"Yes, it's tomatoes for health," say the nutritionists, and recommend that all of us eat lots of them—often. Fortunately, that is easy and pleasant to do, for it is always "tomato season" in the household where Campbell's Tomato Soup is on hand.

But this soup is so much more than a means of getting health-protective vitamins! One look at its tempting brightness and you want a spoonful. One taste and you want a bowlful. And because so many people feel just that way about it, Campbell's Tomato Soup is first choice among the nation's families.

The secret is an exclusive recipe which calls for the most luscious tomatoes that grow—blending in fine table butter—then seasoning to a just-rightness. War-rushed families want and need more suppers and lunches built round a good soup like this!



The wallop in my punches
And the hustle in my feet
Are there because of Campbell's,
Which I dearly love to eat.

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Bean with bacon · Beef · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

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AIN'T NEVER NO MEAT LOAF LEFT FOR ME!



Grandma Snider's Chili Sauce Meat Loaf

Mix together 1 pound ground beef, 1-1/2 cups crushed crackers, 1 cup milk, 1-1/4 teaspoons salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1/3 cup Snider's Chili Sauce, 1 cup chopped celery and leaves, 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Bake in 9 x 4-inch loaf pan in moderate oven (375° F.) about one hour. Serve with Snider's Chili Sauce. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



FARMER SNIDER wants to remind you that even hash can taste like company vittles with **Snider's Catsup!** Those big juicy tomatoes he raises give it a real down-on-the-farm flavor. BUT if you have a little trouble getting it and other Snider Products now and then, remember, folks, we're shipping lots to the armed forces!

SEE OLD SALT SNIDER there by our **Snider's Cocktail Sauce?** He's got his weather eye out for anybody who hasn't discovered how good sea food tastes with our Cocktail Sauce . . . even plain, everyday ordinary fish cakes. Try it, folks.

Copyright 1944 by General Foods Corp.

"GRANDPA SNIDER, sometimes I think you'll turn right into a meat loaf someday," Grandma Snider used to say, after Grandpa took his usual third helping.



"Well, Grandma, a man can't help likin' your meat loaf, specially when you dress it up with lots of your real Old Fashioned Chili Sauce. Can't nobody spice up chili sauce like you."

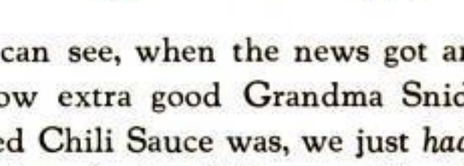
"Lan's sakes, I might know you'd like anything I put that Chili Sauce on," says Grandma.

So Grandpa ate it all up, as usual. And, as usual, there wasn't a crumb left for Paddy, the Pup.

CHILI SAUCE IN THE SOUP! So next time we had company, Grandma remembered how much Grandpa liked her Chili Sauce, and *guess what?* She tried a dash of it in the soup, and my goodness, *everybody* liked it fine. Try it, folks . . . in cream of celery, or carrot or bean, or potato and onion soup. Real tasty!



CHILI SAUCE GOES TO SCHOOL . . . And when little Sue went to school with cheese sandwiches all spread with Grandma's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce, all the young 'uns begged for a bite, too. Folks sure do take to that Chili Sauce!



So you can see, when the news got around all about how extra good Grandma Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce was, we just *had* to make it up for lots of other folks, too. You don't have to write Grandma for the recipe any more. Whenever you feel like some real good country-style chili sauce, just ask for Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce down at the store.

Snider's
CONDIMENTS
VEGETABLES
FRUITS

The Snider Folks

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BEST BOXER

Show dog's life is easier than the proverbial one

Madison Square Garden's Westminster Kennel Club Show, orgy of the winter season for dog lovers, produced two winners this year. The title of "best dog in show" was won by Flornell Rare-Bit of Twin Ponds, an English-bred Welsh terrier. But judges awarded a second superlative, "best American-bred dog in show," to a handsome young boxer named Warlord of Mazelaine. Warlord's success, even though it was qualified, surprised experts. Only 16 months old, he was appearing in the show ring for the second time, a stage at which most dogs lack the poise and physical condition necessary to win big-time prizes.

Warlord, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Kettles Jr. of New York and Glen Head, Long Island, trained as rigorously as any human athlete for the Westminster Show. For two months beforehand Mrs. Kettles exercised him by walking 60 blocks a day. From time to time he was taken to a kennel in the country for grooming, discipline and further exercise. In the week before the show he spent all of his time at the kennel training with his handler. During this week, dog and handler even slept and ate together to gain perfect familiarity. In the show itself, Warlord was first picked as the best of all boxer entries, continued by winning in the working-dog class, which included great Danes, collies, and Saint Bernards, finally was judged the best of all American-bred entries. For two weeks before this moment, Warlord was accompanied by Photographer Carroll Van Ark, who recorded the life of a successful show dog in these pictures.



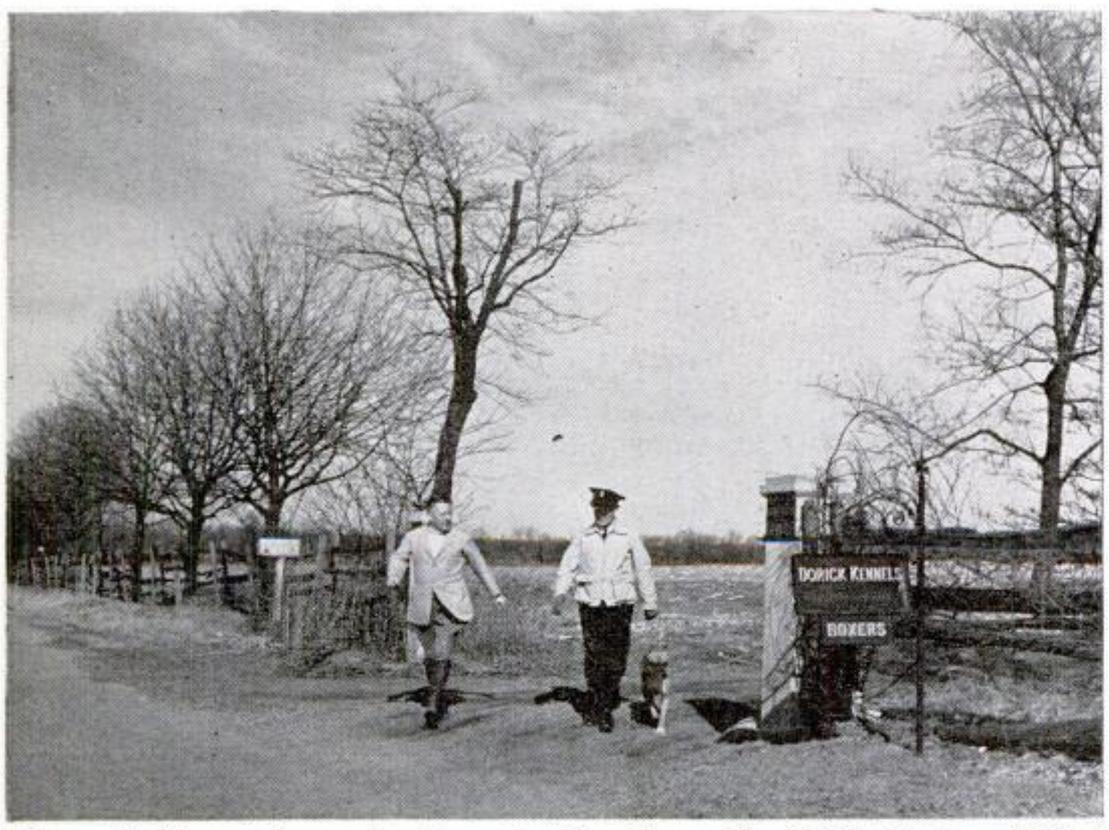
Warlord of Mazelaine has the model head configuration of boxer. Boxers were imported to the U. S. from Germany, are named because of their habit of fighting with their front paws.



At home in New York, Warlord relaxes with his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kettles Jr. Mr. Kettles had purchased him in December from Milwaukee kennel for $7,500.



Mrs. Kettles grooms Warlord on kitchen table. Warlord, called "Warry" by Kettles at informal moments, is fed carefully balanced diet but eats no meat except top-grade horseflesh.



At kennel in the country, Warlord is exercised by a long walk with Mr. Kettles and Chief Boatswain's Mate Walter Foster, who spent week's leave preparing to handle dog in show.



Putting paws on table, Warlord waits patiently for grooming. Elaborate tools include tooth scraper, rubber currycomb, three different pairs of barber's shears, nail clippers and nail file.

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Victory is "in the Bag"!



Blackie: "And I mean—*in the bag,* Whitey! *Waste paper* is now a vital weapon of war!"

Whitey: "You're right, Blackie! Waste paper that's thrown away may cost the life of a soldier on a distant fighting front!"



If you want to help America "deliver the goods", *save your waste paper.* Thousands of tons are needed every week to make containers for war weapons, medical and food supplies. Save cardboard boxes, brown paper bags, newspapers, magazines! Give them to your local charity or sell to your nearest junk dealer.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

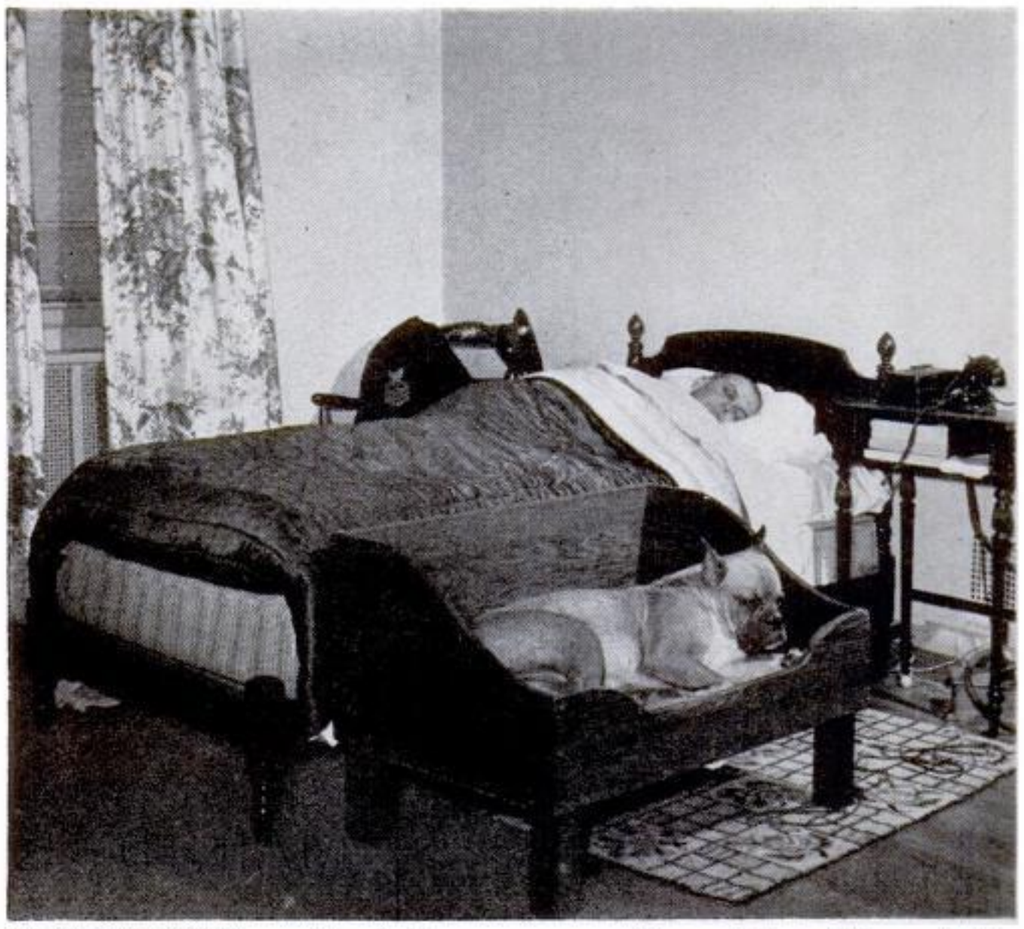
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Handler Foster files nails of expensive charge. In peacetime he would have spent three months before show with dog, now spends a week of extra-intensive training.



Returning to city, before show, Foster leads Warlord into shipping crate in station wagon. Handler and dog spent last day together at Kettles' apartment in New York.

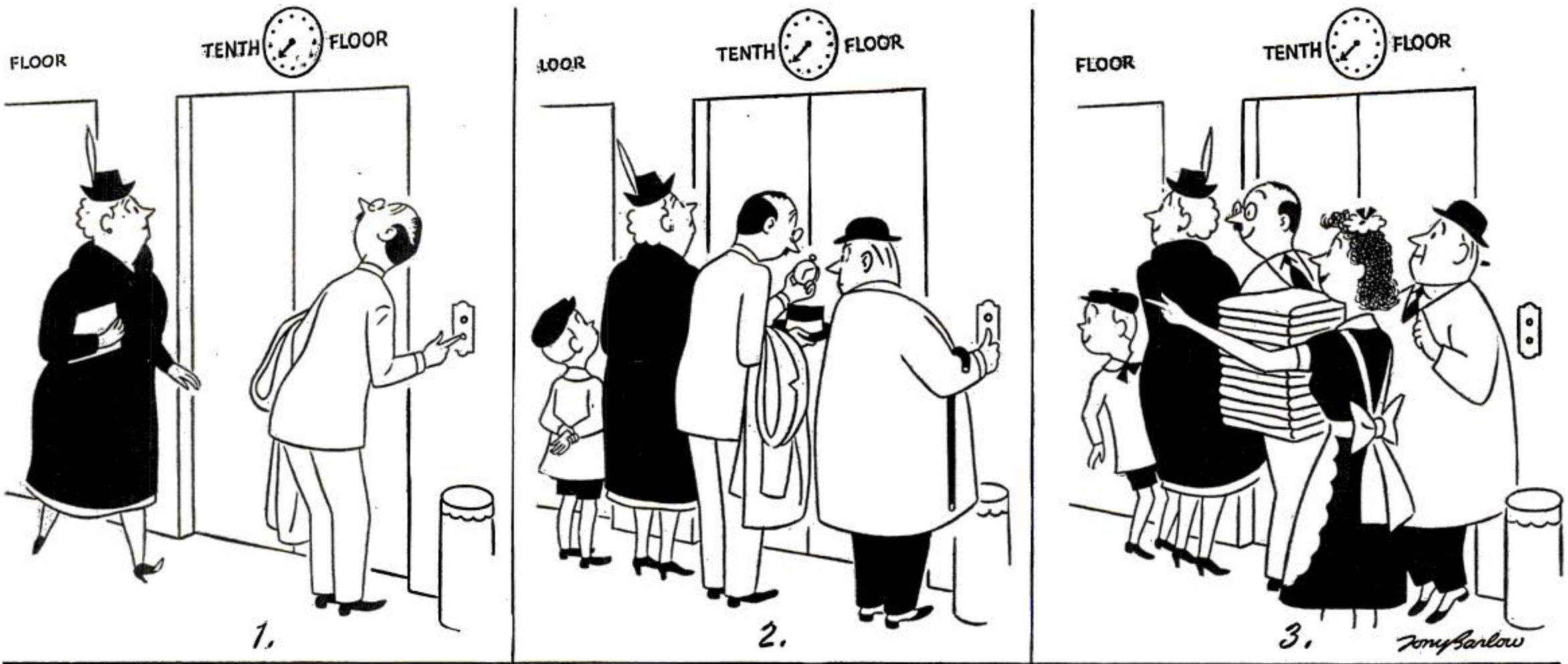


Foster and Warlord even sleep in the same room on the eve of show. The greater the familiarity between the dog and its handler, the calmer both will be during judging.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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It hasn't come to this yet, but . . .





No, it hasn't quite come to this at the Statler Hotels.

Actually, our elevators are now carrying more guests than ever before in Statler history.

And that means you may sometimes have to wait a little longer for an elevator.

But, though there are some small differences in service at all of the Statlers, *the things that really count are still here, maintained to the best of our wartime ability . . .*



The spic-and-span rooms, with their sleep-inspiring Statler beds . . . meals both nutritious and delicious, thanks to Statler's ingenious chefs . . . the restful relaxation you need, even in wartime.

It will help a lot if, when you plan to stay at a Statler, you will reserve your room well in advance, telling us the *hour of arrival and day of departure.* Should you have to cancel a reservation, *other* travelers will bless you for doing so at the earliest possible moment.

YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS



HOTELS STATLER IN

BOSTON $3.85 ***BUFFALO $3.30*** ***CLEVELAND $3.00***
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Rates Begin At Prices Shown

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GAIL RUSSELL, APPEARING
IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE,
"THE UNINVITED"



Gail Russell of the Adorable Hands

Gail says any girl can have hands so inviting to love.

"My own hand care is very easy," she says. "But it works almost-professional wonders against roughness. Use Jergens Lotion." Most Stars use Jergens.

That's specialized hand care you have with Jergens. Contains 2 ingredients so effective in promoting soft, smooth skin that many doctors prescribe them. And—glory be—Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling.

The Personal Hand Care of the Stars—they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1



Best Boxer (continued)



On the first day of show, Warlord (*left*) stands in line to be judged in boxer best-of-breed competition. Despite his youth (16 months) he passed this calmly and easily.



Judge awards ribbon to Warlord for winning best-of-breed title. Afterward Warlord competed against all other working dogs, was also named best in this classification.



After final judging in which he was named "best American bred," Warlord poses with trophy. An English-bred dog, Flornell Rare-Bit of Twin Ponds, was "best in show."



At party after show in Kettles' apartment, Warlord catches well-deserved rest on a few mink coats in the bedroom. Completing picture of opulence is orchid at his head.

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"We feel awfully good about Mary's joining the U.S. CADET NURSE CORPS"

"OUR girl's getting a fine education free. Her room and board are paid for—and her uniforms. There's even a monthly allowance! Naturally, we're glad for her; and proud, too. Nurses are so important in the war and there aren't nearly enough of them. It's Cadets like Mary who are helping to relieve the shortage.

"Her thoughts and talk are all about what a wonderful place the hospital is, what a fine nursing school she's picked,



The war job with a future

and how much she likes the other girls. But, like all parents, we keep thinking about her future. When she marries, she'll be a better wife and mother for the training she's getting now, and if she wants to stay in nursing after the war, it's a field in which a girl can go a long way."



Tuition, fees, board . . . all free

THE CADET NURSE trains in the school of her choice. Tuition, fees, room and board, all are free—and there's a monthly allowance. It starts at $15, jumps to $20 after nine months, $30 after twenty-one months.

The free uniforms include not only the uniform of the school in which the Cadet trains; but the new and very smart Official Cadet uniforms for optional outdoor wear—there's one for summer and one for winter.

There is opportunity for dates, and occasional weekends to herself. In many schools, a girl can marry while in training.

The course has been stepped up; twenty-four to thirty months instead of three years. And, of course, this is the war job with a future. A graduate nurse can serve in our hospitals, or in the Army and Navy, or in Public Health. She can specialize in child health, in orthopedics . . . The opportunities are many.

FREE TRAINING—WITH PAY—IF YOU CAN QUALIFY! Are you between 17* and 35 years of age? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Interested in people? Then mail the coupon today for a free copy of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet . . . and list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose your school. **Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.*



Free uniforms, too.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET . . . giving information about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 accredited schools of nursing from which you may choose *your* school.

U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps,
Box 88, Church St. Annex,
New York, N. Y.

Please send free booklet and list of accredited schools.

Age_____ High school graduate?_____

High school senior?_____ Graduation date_____

Present occupation, if any_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

5-B

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Woodrow Wilson

formulated concept of the Strong U. S. Executive long before he was elected President. The office of President, he wrote, "is anything he has the sagacity and force to make it." But Wilson failed to lead U. S. into League of Nations because he lacked political sagacity, tried to use too much force. This unfinished portrait by Sir William Orpen is property of Bernard Baruch.

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Our American form of government, how it came to be, how it works, and what, in essence, it is.—A conversation from "The Republic"

EDITOR'S NOTE: In his new book, *The Republic* (Viking, $3), Charles A. Beard, one of America's great historians and thinkers, outlines the basic facts and principles of the American form of government in a series of informal Friday-evening conversations held at the Beard home. LIFE is now publishing one such conversation from *The Republic* each week in condensed form. Each of these is a self-contained article, dealing with one or two great topics centering around the U. S. Constitution. This week's conversation discusses the power of the President as it was outlined in the Constitution and as it has since developed in the course of American history.

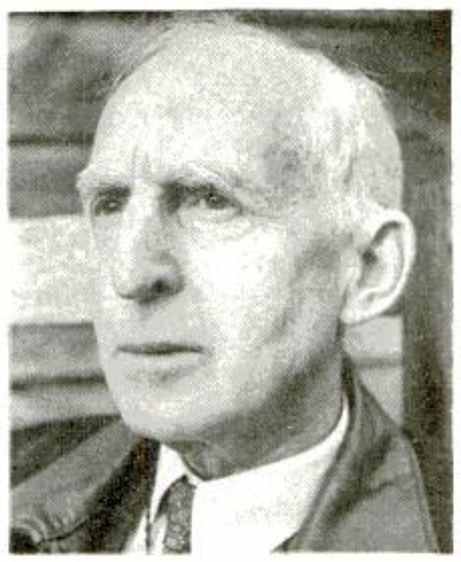
It is the hope of LIFE's editors that many readers will not only listen in to the stimulating talk of Beard and his friends, but will also want to hold their own discussions this winter on the subjects covered by *The Republic*.

The three principal figures participating in the conversations are:

BEARD himself, who was born in Indiana in 1874, taught politics at Columbia University for 10 years, and wrote *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* in 1913. He is co-author, with his wife Mary, of *The Rise of American Civilization*, now in its fourth volume.

DR. ROBERT SMYTH (the name is fictitious), a neighboring physician who is in charge of health work for a large local factory. "Dr. Smyth" was born in South Carolina around 1870 and is a stanch old-fashioned "Cleveland Democrat." He has a strongly scientific turn of mind.

MRS. SMYTH, a Vassar graduate who cares for a household and four children, is also very active in community affairs. She is secretary of the local hospital board, has long been interested in the equal rights for women movement.



CHARLES A. BEARD

THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT

by CHARLES A. BEARD

DR. SMYTH: Before we begin I wish that you would tell me in simple words, just what the President of the United States is.

BEARD (*slowly*): First of all, the President is a person chosen indirectly by a majority or a minority of the voters.

MRS. SMYTH: A minority of the voters?

BEARD: Yes, by a minority. Thousands of people entitled to vote do not take the trouble to vote. Sometimes a third or nearly half of them stay away from the polls. But we can rule them out. More than once a President has been elected by a minority of the voters who took the trouble to vote. Wilson's vote in 1912 was more than a million short of the vote for all the candidates against him. And stranger still, two Presidents, Rutherford Hayes in 1876 and Benjamin Harrison in 1888, did not even get a popular plurality; that is, they stood lower in the scale of votes than their defeated rivals. So all we can truly say is that the President is a person elected according to the rules of the game provided by the Constitution, the laws, and party practices.

MRS. SMYTH: I was aware that our electoral system is complicated, but I had not realized that a President could be elected by a minority.

DR. SMYTH: Don't mention it or Beard will go to his filing case and show that *no* President has been the choice of a majority of the people. That is more quicksand and I want to get on with what the President *is*.

BEARD: The President is not a fixed quantity or quality. Like Coolidge he may not want to be great; or like some other Presidents he may be hungry for dominion over others, even suffer from delusions of grandeur.

He is in part his own view of his office. He may believe, with Theodore Roosevelt, that he can do anything that the Constitution and laws do not forbid him to do. Or, Doctor, like your hero, Grover Cleveland, he may take a limited view of his powers, especially respecting matters on which he does not wish to act.

The power of the Executive varies not only according to the personality of the President. It varies according to circumstances. In times of crisis, as during the Civil War, the First World War, the panic of 1933, or the Second World War, executive power is about as great as the President can make it or cares to make it, within physical limits and subject to the restraints imposed by Congress, the Supreme Court and the temper of the people.

DR. SMYTH: Why don't you say that the power of the President is what he can get away with and let it go at that?

BEARD: For the reason that your statement lacks exactness. There are a multitude of things he cannot get away with.

DR. SMYTH: Yes. Roosevelt could not get away with his court packing plan in 1937, but he got away with enough, at that. Go ahead with your statements.

BEARD: The President is head of his political party, and has great powers as the dispenser of patronage, jobs, contracts and other perquisites of his office. He has the prestige of his high office, the office occupied by Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. He possesses all the imponderable powers conferred upon him by the traditions of the office, as cherished by the people, even by his opponents. The President is, in one way, a symbol of national unity and authority.

MRS. SMYTH: But what happened to President Wilson when he appeared as the symbol of national unity? He spoke for the nation during the First World War, and nobly, I believed. He presented a plan for putting an end to war. Then along came that awful Henry Cabot Lodge, Borah and Harding—and Theodore Roosevelt, too—and proclaimed from the housetops that President Wilson did not speak for the nation. If it had not been for the rule requiring a two-thirds vote for the ratification of treaties, the Senate would have approved the League of Nations. A minority of the Senators defeated it. A majority of them favored it, and I think that the majority, like President Wilson, really represented the sentiments of the country on the subject.

BEARD: There is only one of Mrs. Smyth's remarks that I shall question now. It is her comment that the majority of the Senators who favored approving the League of Nations represented the sentiments of the country. That may be true, but I do not know that it is true.

Would President Wilson and his Senators actually have been elected in 1916 if they had presented to the people a League of Nations as framed at Versailles? I doubt it, although both parties favored some kind of international association against war during the campaign. One of the Democratic slogans in the campaign was that President Wilson had kept us out of war. In 1920, when the country had the first chance to pass on the League of Nations, it swept the Democrats out as if in a fury.

MRS. SMYTH: Then you think that President Wilson was a visionary, not a prophet?

BEARD: He was a visionary in the sense that he was utterly mistaken in his belief or expectation that he could induce the Senate and people of the United States to enter the League of Nations as designed at Paris in 1919 by the Peace Conference. What do you mean by calling Wilson a prophet?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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PIPE APPEAL*

WATCH IT WORK!

He—What's the big occasion, my love?

She—**YOU,** darling!



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

WHEN you see a woman retire ...from the pipe she used to admire...get busy, brother...get Prince Albert in your bowl. Watch P. A.'s PIPE APPEAL—its *so-soothing* aroma—change hisses to kisses—fretting to petting. And see how P. A. peps up your personal pipe-joy. It's prize tobacco—no-bite treated for added tongue-ease—richer-tasting, yet SO MILD, so mellow. Crimp cut...draws full on an easy pull...packs right...helps good "caking"...stays lit. World's largest seller—first puff tells you why. P. A. for PIPE APPEAL.

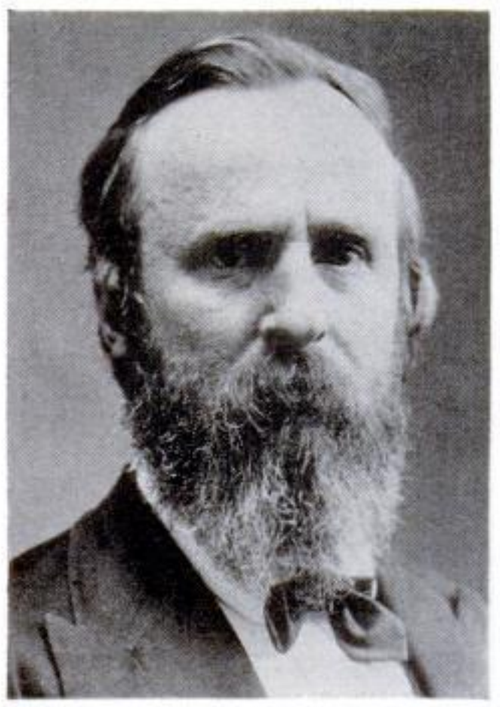
TURN TO TONGUE-EASE—P.A.'S **MILDER,** RICH TASTE THAT'S MELLOW



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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





MINORITY PRESIDENTS Rutherford B. Hayes (*left*), elected in 1876, and Benjamin Harrison, in 1888, were beaten in popular vote but won in Electoral College.

POWER OF THE PRESIDENT (continued)

MRS. SMYTH: He prophesied that if the United States did not join the League, another big war would come soon. Well, it came. Was he not a prophet in that?

BEARD: How do you know that if we had joined the League, another big war would not have come anyway, and sooner?

MRS. SMYTH: Of course, I do not *know* it, but I am convinced of it. I see your point and do not wish to press mine any longer just now, for our theme tonight is not the League of Nations.

BEARD: Aside from the hazardous business of prophecy, the struggle over the League illustrates my contention that what the President *is* or can get away with often depends upon his capacity to judge the limits of his own powers.

President Wilson evidently thought that he had the power to force the ratification of the Treaty, with perhaps minor reservations respecting the League of Nations, and that the country would support him. His chief opponents in the Senate were belligerent. He chose to make it an open struggle—political battle instead of conciliatory negotiation. Had he made concessions on reservations, the United States might have entered the League of Nations. President Wilson overestimated his power and was broken in the contest of power.

DR. SMYTH: But the Constitution intrusts the conduct of foreign affairs to the President, does it not?

BEARD: Before I take up that question, let me ask you a few simple questions. My first question is, What do you mean by foreign affairs?

DR. SMYTH: I should say, travel, intercourse, and commerce between the people of the U. S. and the people of other countries and transactions between their governments; making treaties; regulating commerce; declaring the policies of the U. S. in relation to other nations; exchanging ministers, ambassadors, and consuls; controlling immigration and emigration; deciding upon the size and nature of our armaments; exchanging notes and carrying on negotiations with other governments; declaring war and making peace. There may be other things, but these are the most important that I can recall.

BEARD: They suffice. Now let me put some yes or no questions to you, the kind you like to put to me. Can the President alone regulate intercourse with other countries at his pleasure—that is, tariffs, tonnage duties, financial exchanges, and travel?

DR. SMYTH: No. Congress has that power.

BEARD: Can the President at his pleasure regulate immigration and emigration?

DR. SMYTH: No. Congress passes immigration acts.

BEARD: Can the President determine the conditions of naturalization and the rights of aliens in the United States?

DR. SMYTH: No.

BEARD: Can the President fix the size and nature of our army, navy, and other armed forces?

DR. SMYTH: No.

BEARD: Can the President alone set up ministries and consulates in other countries and pick his own ministers and consuls?

DR. SMYTH: No. Since Congress must provide the money for them, it could control this branch of foreign business, if it wanted to do so. Besides, the Senate must approve the persons named by the President as ministers or ambassadors.

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BEARD: Can the President make treaties with other countries?

DR. SMYTH: No. A treaty must have the approval of two-thirds of the Senate.

BEARD: Can the President declare war?

DR. SMYTH: No. That power is supposed to be in the hands of Congress.

BEARD: Can the President make peace?

DR. SMYTH: If it takes a treaty, the Senate must approve.

BEARD (*in conclusion*): Excellent, Doctor. Let me ask you now whether you think the Constitution confers upon the President unlimited powers over foreign affairs?

MRS. SMYTH: Since you say that Robert's answers to your questions are correct, it is evident that the President does not have unlimited powers.

DR. SMYTH: Anyway, that follows logically from your constitutional principle that all our agents of government, from the President down, have limited powers. I see that. But this system makes a mess for us, keeps us in an eternal wrangle among the agents of government so that we are seldom sure of anything. It helps to paralyze us for action when action is absolutely necessary. In foreign affairs, at least, the President ought to have a free hand, it seems to me.

The Doctor knitted his brow, as if his own declaration was boiling in his mind. A puzzled look came over his wife's face.

MRS. SMYTH: No, that will not do. If you gave the President the absolute power to fix foreign policy, any policy he adopted would need money for enforcement. Unless he could lay taxes himself, he would have to go to Congress for the money, and that would give Congress supremacy over him. I do not think that the country would want him to have full power to regulate all commerce and immigration, to declare war, to make peace, to fix tariff rates. I give up. It is clear that the President has large powers over foreign affairs, and I cannot see why the framers of the Constitution did not intrust him with more powers. Surely they had confidence in the Executive office for which they made provision?

DR. SMYTH: I can throw light on that. They didn't trust anybody—too much, at least. I am surprised that they trusted one another enough to sign their own document! However, I suppose that none of them went so far as to fear that the President of a republic might betray his country in dealing with other countries.

Can Presidents Be Trusted?

BEARD: Your supposition is naive, Doctor, but don't take offense at the word. In Number 75 of *The Federalist* Alexander Hamilton wrote:

> However proper and safe it may be in governments where the executive magistrate is an hereditary monarch, to commit to him the entire power of making treaties, it would be utterly unsafe and improper to intrust that power to an elective magistrate of four years' duration. . . . A man raised from the station of a private citizen to the rank of chief magistrate, possessed of a moderate or slender fortune, and looking forward to a period not very remote when he may probably be obliged to return to the station from which he was taken, might sometimes be under temptations to sacrifice his duty to his interest, which it would require superlative virtue to withstand. . . . An ambitious man might make his own aggrandizement, by the aid of a foreign power, the price of his treachery to his constituents. The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind, as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be a President of the United States.

DR. SMYTH: That is the worst thing I ever heard. It is an insult to the American people. Surely Hamilton did not spread that around widely as his opinion. If he had, he would have been driven out of politics.

BEARD: You are mistaken again, Doctor. Hamilton's statement was published in *The Federalist*.

Mark well my words—and his! Hamilton did not say that any President under the Constitution would ever betray our country. He said that an ambitious executive of a republic, *unless restrained in power over foreign affairs as our Constitution provides*, might come under foreign influences and betray his country. He was arguing against conferring upon the President unlimited power over foreign affairs.

DR. SMYTH: Your comments do not help very much. Hamilton's very idea smirches the character of the American people and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE of Massachusetts smashed Wilson's plan to lead U. S. into the League and proved no president has unlimited power.

POWER OF THE PRESIDENT (continued)

tends to destroy our confidence in the President as our national leader and the symbol of our national unity, especially in foreign affairs.

BEARD: It is my turn now, Doctor, to take you to task. You have objected to my use of symbolism in any form, and at this late hour you speak of the President as the symbol of our national unity. Let me ask, what do you mean by symbol of our national unity?

DR. SMYTH: It seems clear to me. When the President speaks as Chief Executive, as head of the nation, all other countries in the world are bound to recognize his voice as the voice of the nation, and we are also bound to regard it as such.

BEARD: What law of the land, what provision of the Constitution or any statute, what axiom of our political tradition states that the President's voice is the voice of the nation which all citizens are bound to accept as such? I can answer for you. The answer is, None, absolutely None. The Constitution does not use the term foreign affairs. It does not declare the President to be the symbol of national unity or his voice to be the voice of the nation.

What Are Foreign Affairs?

It is true that under custom accepted by Congress and the courts, the official communications of the Government of the United States with foreign governments must be through the President's office or the creature of Congress—the State Department. But it is through an Act of Congress and custom, not through any mandate of the Constitution, that this rule has come into force. When the Department of State was originally instituted, Congress provided that the Secretary shall perform such duties as the President may intrust to him relative to correspondence and other business connected with our foreign relations. Congress could have required the Secretary of State to report to the legislative department as well as the executive department or to it alone. In the case of the Treasury Department, it did require the Secretary to report to Congress. But in making the Secretary of State the special minister of the President, Congress did not enact that the President's voice in foreign affairs must be regarded as the voice of the nation. Such a law would have been futile, had it been made.

And as a matter of fact, Doctor, you are also in error, when you think that foreign governments must accept anything the President says in the way of foreign policy as binding on the nation. Perhaps it should be so, but it is not so. Foreign *peoples* have been misled by thinking that the President alone can make commitments which the nation must fulfil; but foreign *governments* know that there are constitutional limitations on the power of the President to make treaties and do other things. Other governments have known this since the adoption of our Constitution.

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Two more questions: Would you be willing to give the President an absolute power to commit the nation to any foreign policy he might deem desirable for any reason? And, since it might take all the economic and armed force of the nation to implement his policy, what would become of the power of Congress over domestic affairs?

DR. SMYTH: No, in a pinch, I should not be willing to give the President an absolute power to bind the nation to a foreign policy. And I get the idea there is no sharp line between foreign affairs and domestic affairs. If the President is absolute in one, he must be absolute in the other also, or at least strong enough in money and arms to make good on any of his foreign commitments.

BEARD: The question then becomes, What and how much is in the idea of presidential leadership? To bring this problem to a focus, let me read you the following propositions taken from Woodrow Wilson's *Constitutional Government:*

> [The President is] the political leader of the nation, or has it in his choice to be.
>
> Let him once win the admiration and confidence of the Country, and no other single force can withstand him, no combination of forces will easily overpower him.
>
> If he rightly interprets the national thought and boldly insists upon it, he is irresistible; and the country never feels the zest of action so much as when its President is of such insight and calibre. Its instinct is for united action, and it craves a single leader. It is for this reason that it will often prefer to choose a man rather than a party.
>
> A President whom it [the country] trusts cannot only lead it, but form it to his views If he lead the nation, his party can hardly resist him. *His office is anything he has the sagacity and force to make it* (emphasis mine).

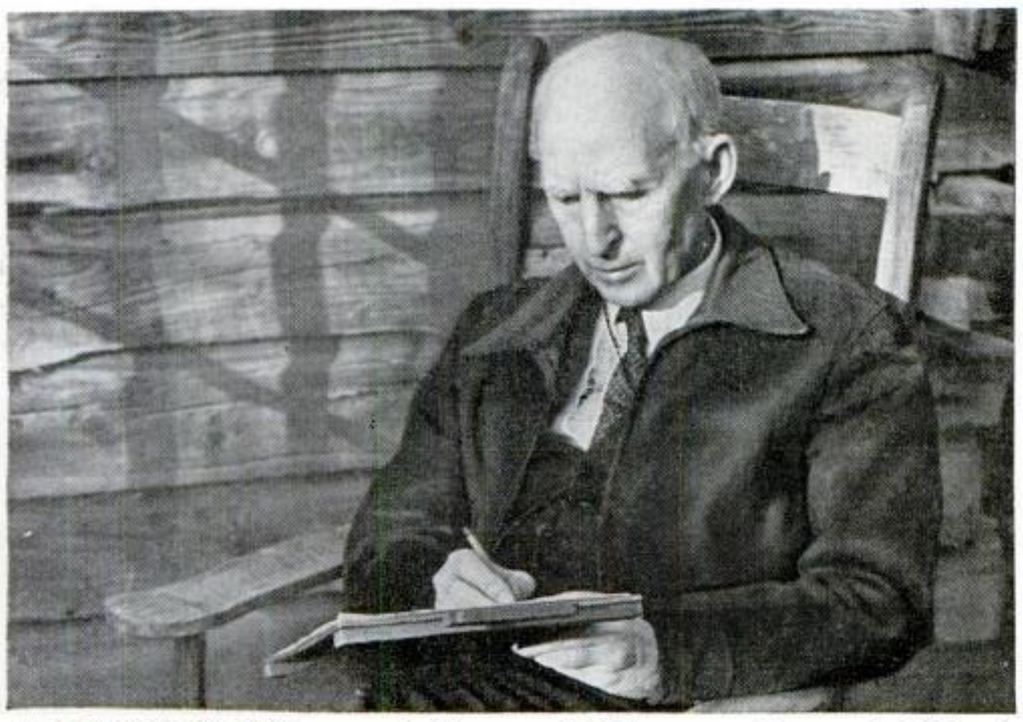
MRS. SMYTH (*with flashing eyes*): I do not like Wilson's statement that the nation craves a single leader and that the President's office is anything he has the sagacity and force to make of it. Craving for a single leadership sounds to me a lot like Hitler's doctrine.

There is danger in such talk. People, all of us, do have a tendency to run from responsibility, to crave some authority able to settle tangled problems once and for all. On the other hand, we all have a tendency to resent authority when it is established, and to do as we please in spite of it. It almost seems as if running politics is in some ways like running a nursery where every child is determined to have its own complete way but never, or seldom, can be allowed to have it.

I am just rambling on and must stop. You can both ignore what I have said if you like. I am no authority on political science.

BEARD: You are more of an authority than you imagine. I do not want to ignore what you have said, for I think it is true. One of the greatest rulers of human beings in all times, Marcus Aurelius, soldier, administrator, head of the Roman empire, philosopher—once exclaimed that people are like 'little children quarreling, crying, and then straightaway laughing.' The business of government was for him the business of ruling and getting along with such people and, as things go, he was ingenious at least, if not a genius. The nursery, the family, the community is a microcosm of universal politics.

Next Week: Critique of the Federal System: Its Faults and Possible Remedies



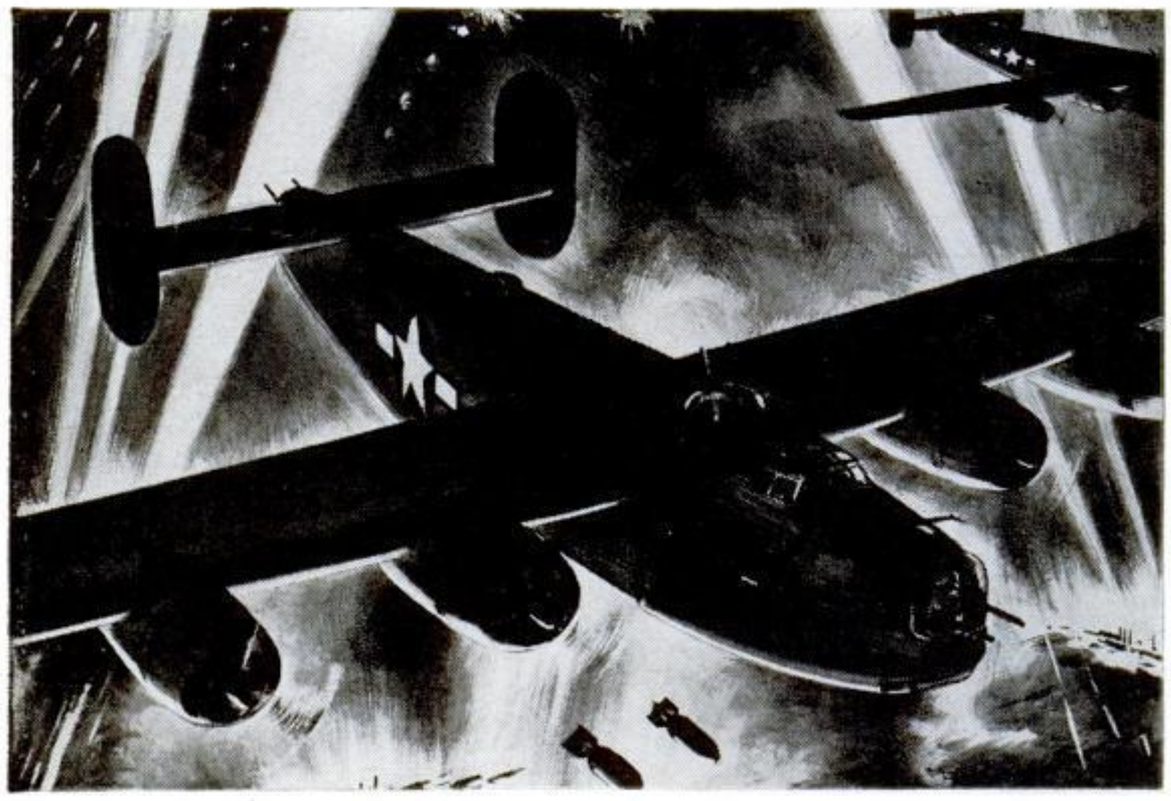
AUTHOR BEARD is an authority on political systems of many lands but is most interested in U.S. Here he works on new book outside North Carolina cabin.



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As a Liberator pilot put it:

"One of their cities is missing!"



	1,600,000 gal. gasoline
	60,000 gal. oil
	3,250,000 rounds machine-gun ammunition
	4000 tons bombs
	300 tons food
	46 complete bombers lost
	426 bomber engine replacements
	75 tons other replacements: armament, tires, parachutes, radios, wing sections, instruments, oxygen tanks, bomb sights, etc.

(The figures given above are approximate)

1. 40 minutes ago, there were Nazi factories down there building Focke-Wulf 190's and machine guns. Now there are no factories. Not even a city. For the last of 1000 Allied bombers has just dropped its block busters and is heading for home.

Back of this 1000-bomber sweep is a story not many people know—a story quite apart from that of the heroism and sacrifice of the bomber crews. It has to do with the terrific problem of supply in waging aerial warfare. For example...

2. Above, you get a rough idea of the cost, *in material alone,* to send 1000 4-engine bombers over Germany. How can Bomber Command get *another* 300 tons of food...*1 day's supply for the 150,000 men it takes to put 1000 bombers over the target?* Another 160 tank cars of aviation gasoline? Another 4000 tons of bombs? Not just for tomorrow, but for the next day, and the next. *Answer:* That's where Air Power's three teammates come into the picture—the train, truck, and ship...





3. If your sleeper is shunted to a siding, remember this: It is probably being held up to let a fast freight streak through—tank cars of gasoline, cars loaded with spare bomber parts, engines, crates of nested bombs, tons of food, ammunition, and all the rest. Getting Bomber Command's supplies from factory to seaboard is the first lap in a 1000-bomber attack on Germany. And in this relay race to Victory, the railroads of America are doing a magnificent job!

4. Slogging along at a snail's pace, protected by anti-submarine Liberators, a never-ending convoy of cargo ships and tankers becomes the life stream of Air Power. They bridge the Atlantic with supplies and replacements to *keep* the bombers fanning out over Germany. This link in the chain of supply must never be broken. If a cargo is sunk on the way over, Air Service Command and the Navy move heaven and earth to get an exact duplicate cargo loaded into another ship and on its way within 48 hours!

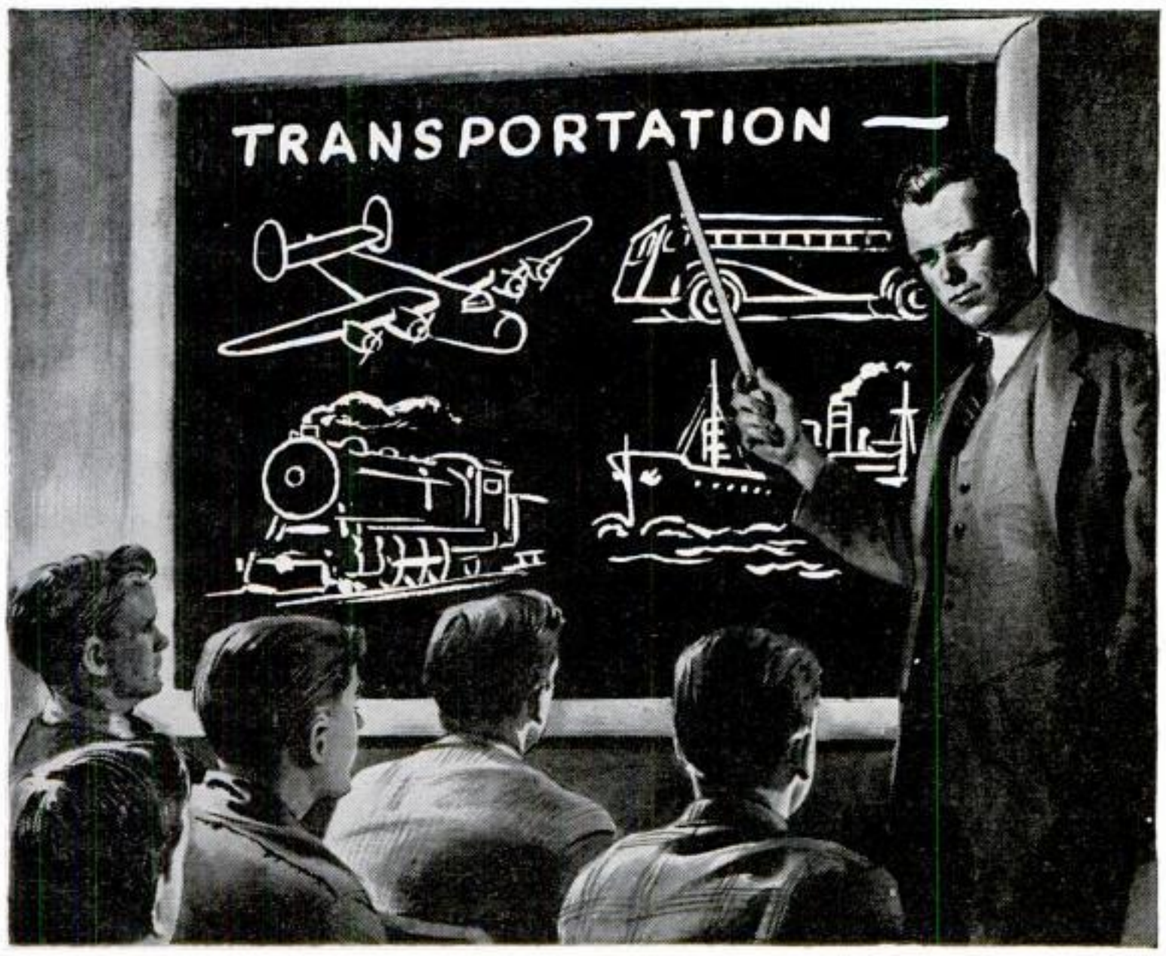
CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

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5. The truck, wherever you find it, is Bomber Command's most versatile workhorse. In the U.S., along with the railroads, it delivers the goods to the convoys. At the hundreds of British air bases from which the 1000 bombers took off, again it is the truck that lugs in the gas, bombs, food, spare parts, and so on. And as a final gesture, the truck gasses-up the heavy sluggers before they take off on their mission.

In this drama of train, ship, truck, and plane pitching in together to help speed the defeat of the Axis, there is a lesson *we must not forget* when the war is over:



6. Out of this war will come *improved, cheaper,* and *swifter* ways of transporting goods and people—over highway and rail, on the sea, and through the air. In rebuilding the peacetime world, *all these forms of transportation must work together,* each doing the job for which it is best fitted.

And the plane will have still *another* responsibility. Having linked once-remote nations together into a 60-hour-wide world, it can play a vital role in *enforcing* global peace.

In short, a postwar aerial police force is America's best assurance that the peace so dearly won will not again be violated at the whim of aggressor nations.

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Without war paint—Covering the gleaming aluminum surface of a Liberator bomber with camouflage paint adds 180 lbs. to its weight, cuts down air speed about 8 m.p.h. *Recent AAF decision:* No more camouflage on combat planes. Speed, plus added armament, provides greater protection to combat crews.

• • •

And more in '44! Total aircraft production figures for '43 show that Consolidated Vultee is now the world's largest producer of airplanes. The company delivered more than 126,000,000 pounds of aircraft last year, including spare parts. This represented 12% by *number* and 16% by *weight* of all aircraft built in the U. S

• • •

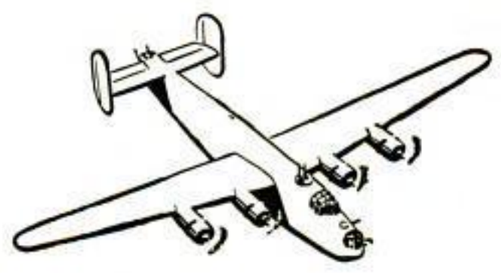
What does it cost to fly? In 1927, air transport passengers paid 13¢ a mile. Today it costs only about 5¢ a mile to travel by air.

• • •

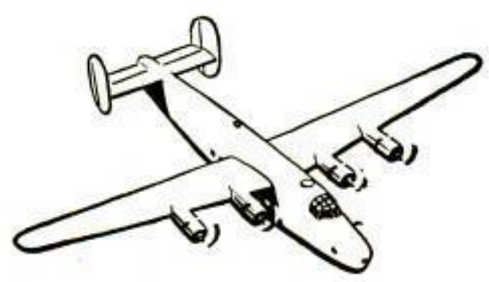
14 to 1—Before the war it required the equivalent of 1 year's labor for 100 Consolidated Vultee workers to build one Liberator Bomber. In 1941—a year's labor for 35 workers. In 1942—for 12 workers. Last year, and today—7 workers, or less. In other words, the same amount of direct labor that was formerly required to build one Liberator now builds 14.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air—*Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation now builds many types of war planes, from small trainers to long-range bombers. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, trans-oceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*



LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber



LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . transport



CORONADO . . . patrol bomber



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VENGEANCE . . . dive bomber



VALIANT . . . basic trainer



RELIANT . . . navigational trainer



SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

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EUROPE FROM LABRADOR shows the path along which American forces have been flung across the Atlantic: first, Iceland was secured because it lies athwart the shortest route to Europe; then armies were landed on the British Isles and poised there for the final plunge to the continent. Seen from this vantage, the potential length of the flat invasion coast facing Great Britain becomes clear, stretching from the Danish peninsula down to the tip of Brittany. This and map on pages 58–59 show the two opposite faces of Europe—the face it turns to North America and the face it turns to U.S.S.R. To see how this segment of the earth might look on a conventional globe, turn page on its side so that north lies on top.

PERSPECTIVE MAPS

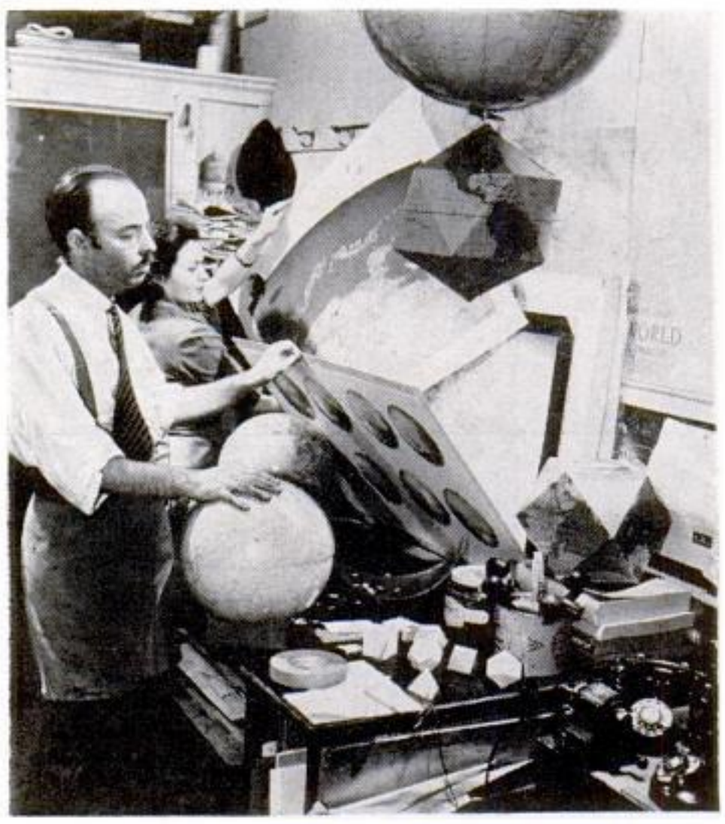
HARRISON ATLAS GIVES FRESH NEW LOOK TO OLD WORLD

The best way for Americans to see what this old world really looks like is to inspect it in the color maps which are reproduced on the following pages. Here America's enemies are shown, not as they lie flat and academic on orthodox maps, but as they appear to our strategists moving from many directions at Japan or as they appear to the military men of the Soviet Union pushing west at Germany.

These are perspective maps drawn by Richard Edes Harrison. They appear in a forthcoming atlas of Harrison maps entitled *Look at the World* (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.50), put together by the editors of *Fortune* largely from maps which have appeared in that magazine. Since Harrison has no peer as a striking and original modern cartographer, *Look at the World* may prove to be a geographical milestone. Its maps are peculiarly appropriate to the present day. The airplane has made emphatically plain that the round world cannot be contained in flat maps and has helped show how important it is to look at the world from varying points of view.

In a perspective map a part of the world is seen from a vantage point high above the earth so that the distances draw together in perspective, as they might to an incredibly farsighted man poised at an altitude of many thousand miles. Perspectives are not new to map technique but they have rarely been done so accurately and artfully as Harrison does them. One of their special advantages lies in the way that they break the cartographic convention of showing the world with the top of the map inevitably north, the bottom inevitably south. Although this convention is useful, Harrison feels it is grossly overdone. The perspective maps are based on the obvious truth that the shapes of countries and continents change their look when the point of view changes. To all but a handful of Americans, the big map on the page after next will present a very strange picture of Europe.

Anybody can improve his geographical sense, Harrison says, simply by taking a map and turning it upside down or sideways. Harrison is always up in arms against the academic cartographers who stubbornly refuse to break away from conventions. He is also thoroughly annoyed at careless Americans who refuse to see facts that maps show them. He has found, for example, that most people are utterly surprised when told that all of South America lies east of Jacksonville, Fla. He has also discovered that almost everybody will give him two-to-one odds that Venice is south of Vladivostok (it is actually 150 miles farther north).



HARRISON'S OFFICE IS FILLED WITH MAPS

Richard Edes Harrison is a 43-year-old Yale graduate with a scholarly face, a relaxed mustache and a mind that is best described as a compendium. In it he stores a vast assortment of facts about the world and the people in it. Son of Ross Granville Harrison, one of the greatest U. S. biologists, "Rikky" Harrison studied architecture and designed whisky bottles before turning to cartography. Although he never formally studied either geography or map making, he is a member of the Royal Geographical Society. Recently he invented a new and simpler way of drawing mathematically intricate azimuthal maps which won the admiration of scholarly geographers.

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JAPAN FROM SIBERIA shows how the four bony islands swing in an arc off the continent, stretching from half-Jap, half-Russian Sakhalin island down to the narrow straits which separate Kyushu from the Korean peninsula. At its widest, the Sea of Japan is 600 miles across. Vladivostok sits at the tip of the tongue of land that makes up the Soviets' Maritime Territory. From Japan, three necklaces of small islands string out in the Pacific. The Kuriles go northeast toward Russian Kamchatka and the Aleutians. The Bonins step south toward the Marianas. The Ryukyu chain stretches southwest toward Formosa. The area included in this map is printed in red on the globe shown in upper left-hand corner.

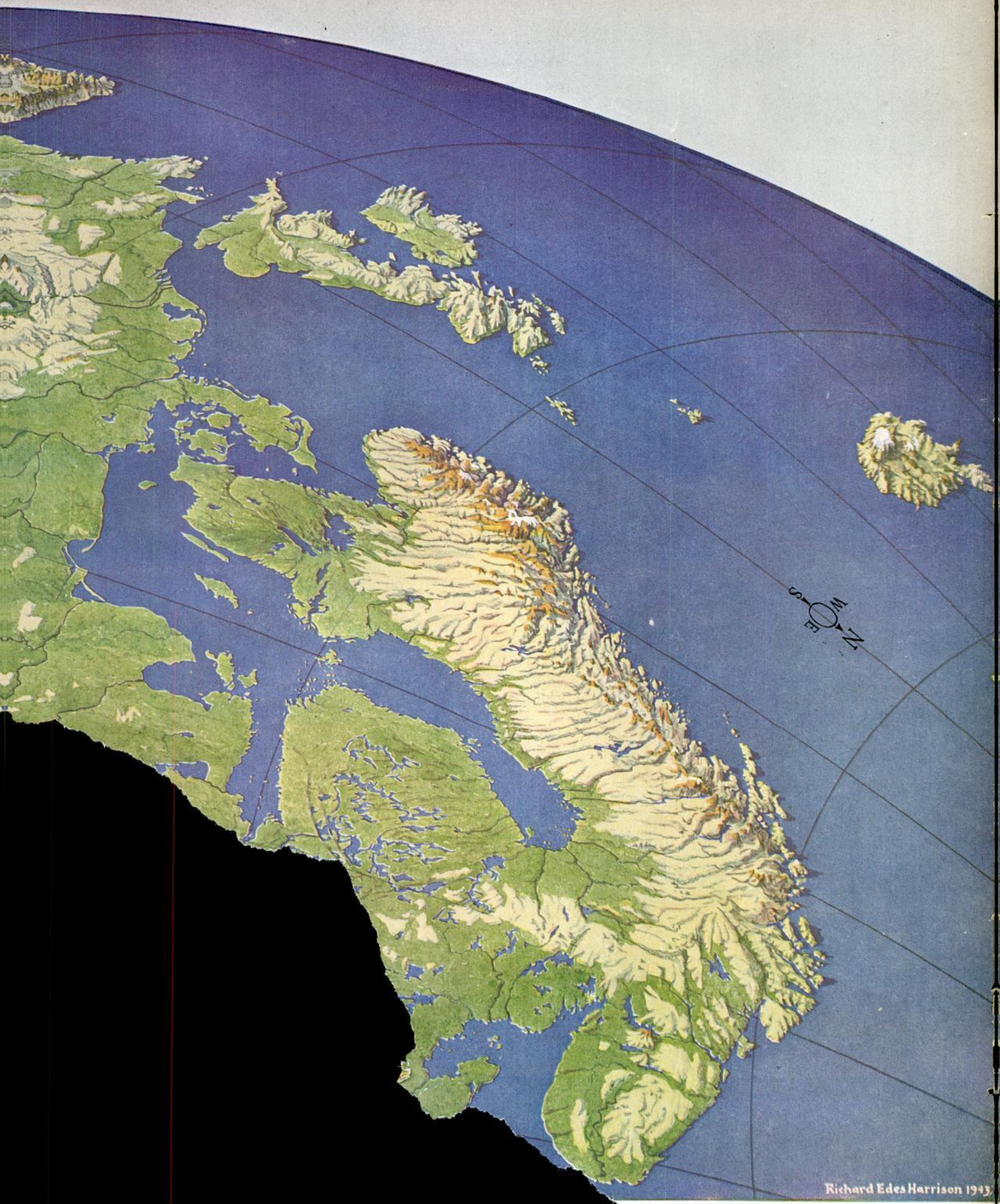
JAPAN FROM CHINA shows what a long, long trek the Allied armies have to reach Japan overland from Burma and India. Quite aside from the distance, which is great, the path of the Allied attackers traverses some of the world's worst mountains which lie cross-grain on the route. There are no easy valleys through which to pass. Instead the attackers must climb up and down the high ranges of "the hump" between India and China. And on the way there are many big rivers to cross. The routes by land and also by sea, through the crowded waters off the South China Sea, both point at the important Japanese-held island of Formosa, lying very close to China's coast but 600 miles from the home islands of Japan.





EUROPE FROM THE EAST is the view that the Soviet Union has, drawn as from a point high over the Ural Mountains. It shows the important little continent for what it is: a peninsula pointing out from the Eurasian land mass, its neck the land between the Black and Baltic Seas and its tip the end of Spain. At the lower left are the foothills of the Caucasus Mountains, to which the German tide flowed before it fell back in its great ebb across the Donets and then the Dnepr Rivers. Eastern Europe is a wide plain, sloping gently across Poland and Germany down to the Baltic Sea. In its Russian north the plain is a watery land of many large lakes. Southern Europe is cursed by mountains. The Carpathians

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lie the classic western battlegrounds of France and the Low-
lands. The complicated shoreline of the continent, whose in-
dentations put most of Europe within reaching distance of
ater, gives almost every country a consciousness of the sea.

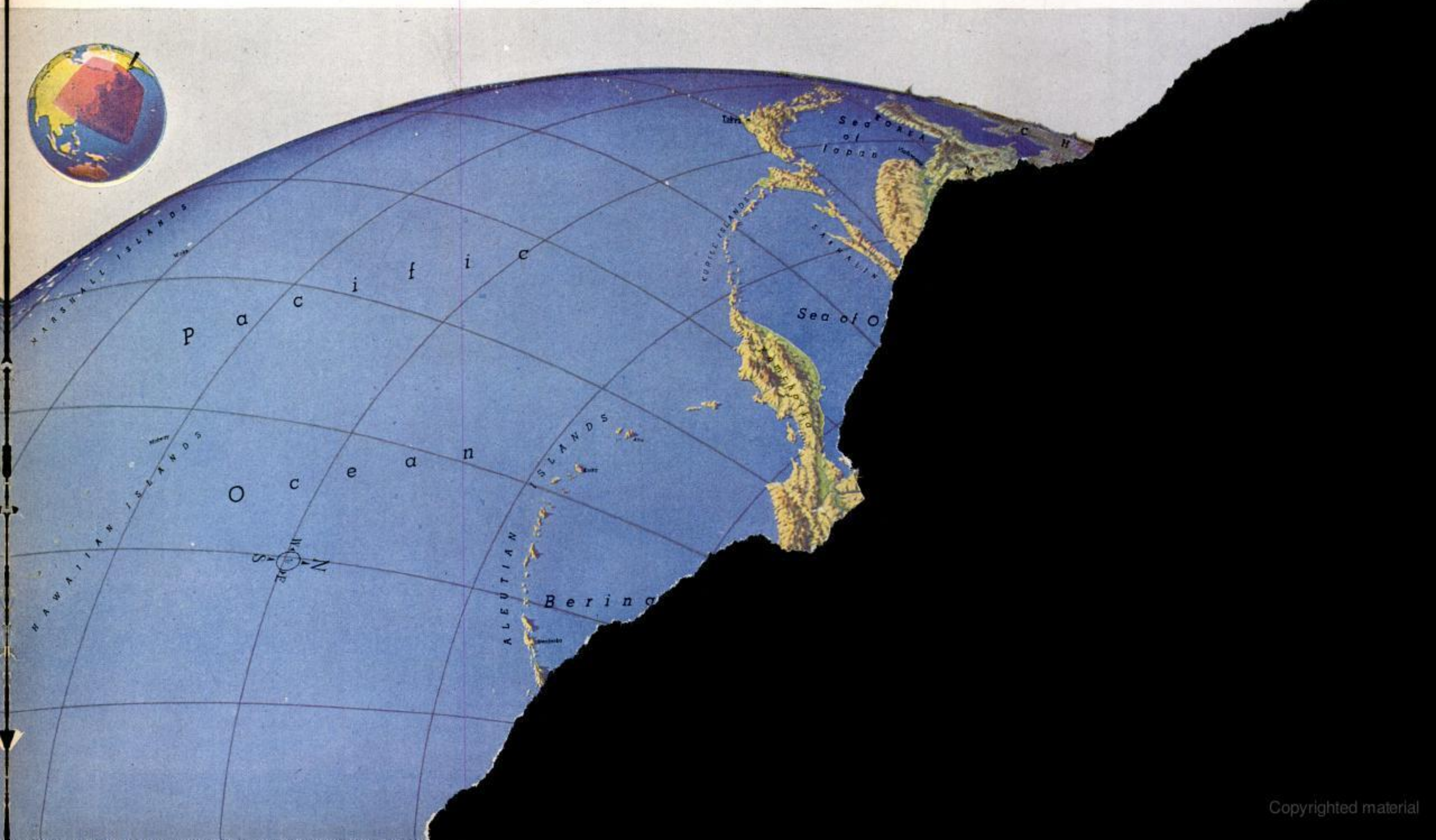
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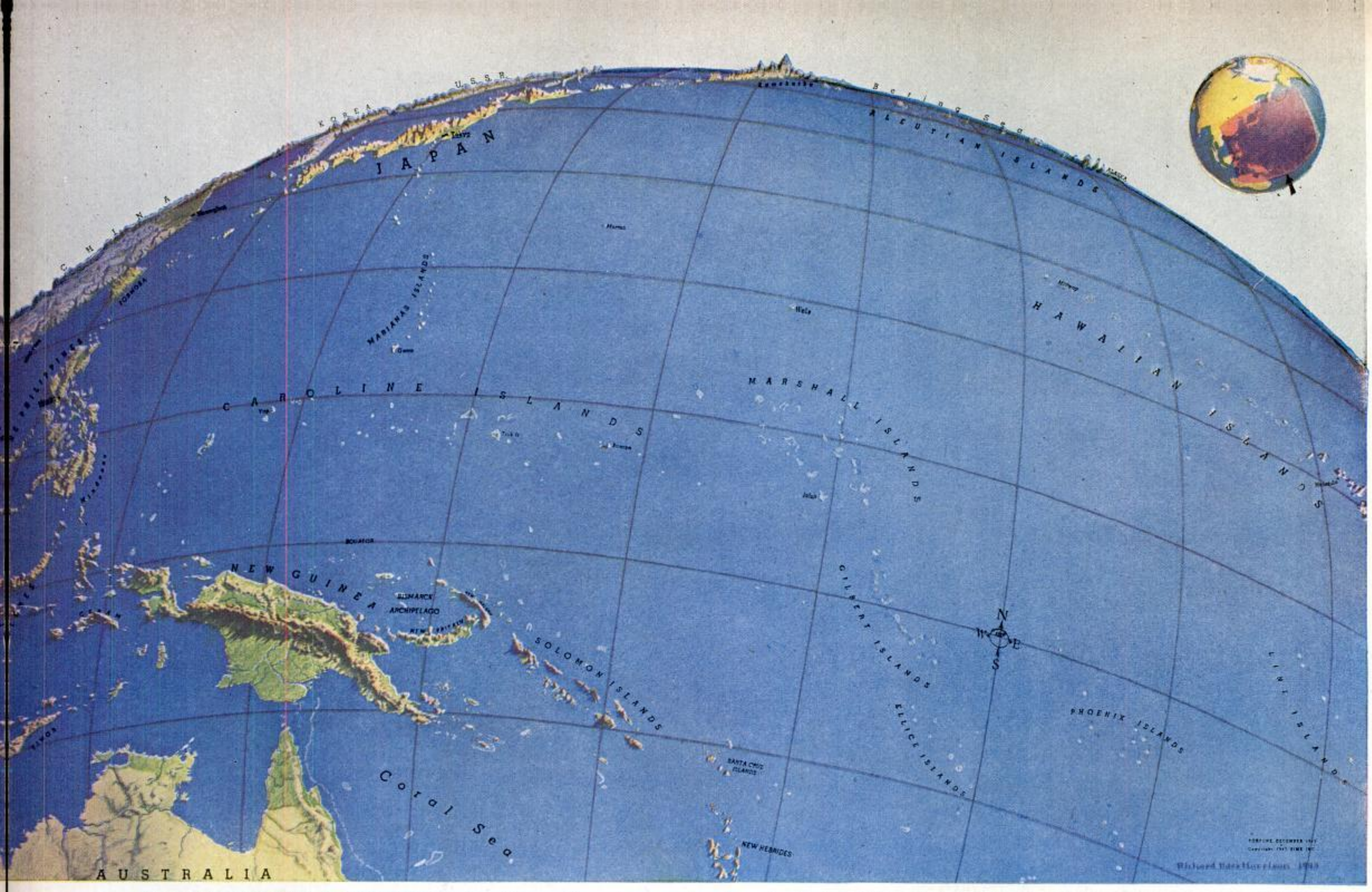


JAPAN FROM THE SOLOMONS sits far off across the vast, open waters of the biggest ocean. Japan's elastic arc of empire stretches far out to the south and to the east. Here the Allied roads to Tokyo show very clearly: the routes through the Indies and through the Caroline-Marianas, which are almost parallel, and the northern route through the Aleutians. In the midst of the Carolines sits the crucial Japanese base of Truk. North of the Marshalls is the lonely little island of Wake and, farther to the west, even lonelier Marcus island, from which big bombers can reach Japan. This is the only part of the Pacific that counts now. The Hawaiian Islands are at the eastern fringe of it. The U. S. mainland is far off.

JAPAN FROM ALASKA fits into the southwest view shown above, the Marshalls appearing on the southern rim. Here the Allied road to Japan seems direct: down the long Aleutian chain, over the water to the Kuriles, and abruptly to the heart of the empire. Across Alaska's mainland and the narrow Bering Strait, airplanes fly themselves and supplies to the Soviets in Siberia. This northern segment of the globe will seem even more important after the war when the westward-flying commercial air transports will forsake the trans-Pacific island routes and will sweep more directly and easily over the short great-circle routes through Alaska to Asia, along the continent and down to the rich islands in the s



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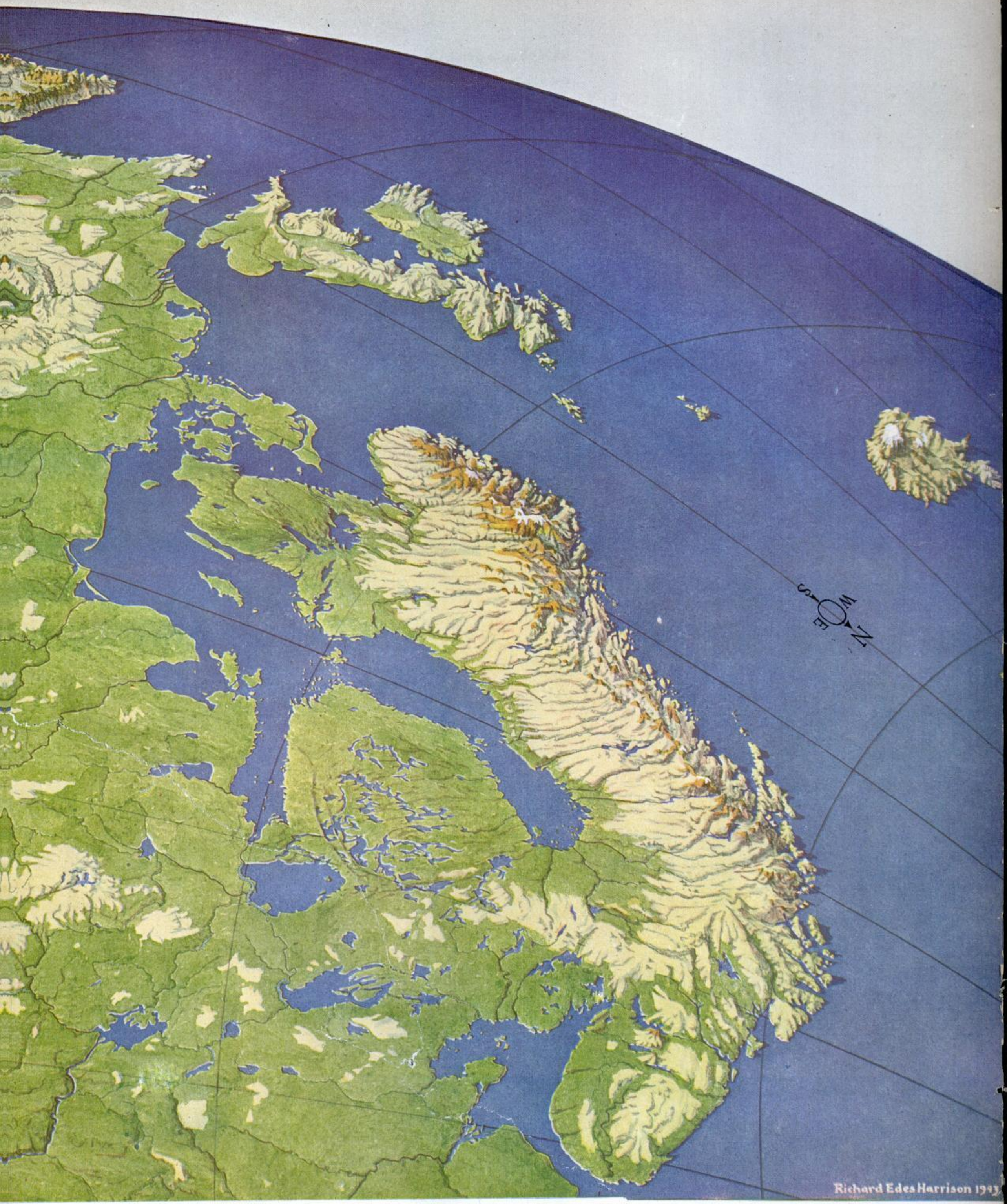


JAPAN FROM THE SOLOMONS sits far off across the vast, open waters of the biggest ocean. Japan's elastic arc of empire stretches far out to the south and to the east. Here the Allied roads to Tokyo show very clearly: the routes through the Indies and through the Caroline-Marianas, which are almost parallel, and the northern route through the Aleutians. In the midst of the Carolines sits the crucial Japanese base of Truk. North of the Marshalls is the lonely little island of Wake and, farther to the west, even lonelier Marcus island, from which big bombers can reach Japan. This is the only part of the Pacific that counts now. The Hawaiian Islands are at the eastern fringe of it. The U. S. mainland is far off.

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curve around the Hungarian basin through which the Danube River flows. The Transylvanian Alps and Balkans squeeze the narrow Rumanian basin, through which the Danube finally reaches the Black Sea. The northern Italian plain lies tight between the Alps and the Apennines. The mountain tips of the Balkans find their counterpart out in the Aegean Sea whose surface is broken by numerous sharp islands. Far across the continent from the bloody Russian battlegrounds lie the classic western battlegrounds of France and the Lowlands. The complicated shoreline of the continent, whose indentations put most of Europe within reaching distance of water, gives almost every country a consciousness of the sea.

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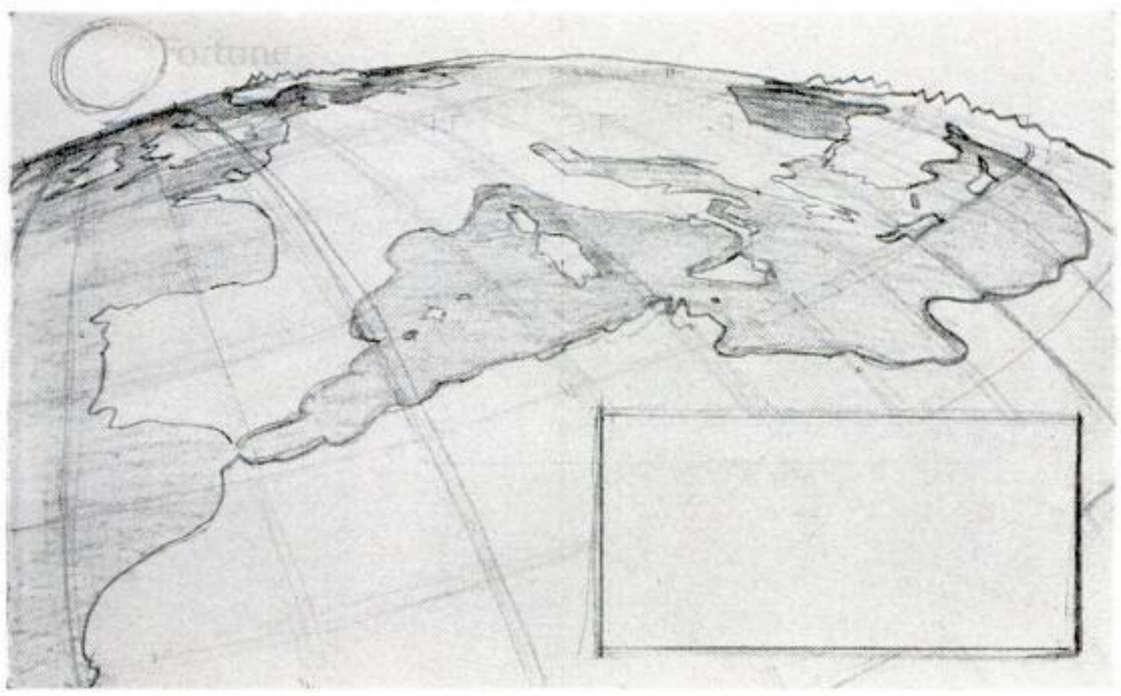
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THIS IS HOW HARRISON DRAWS PERSPECTIVE MAP

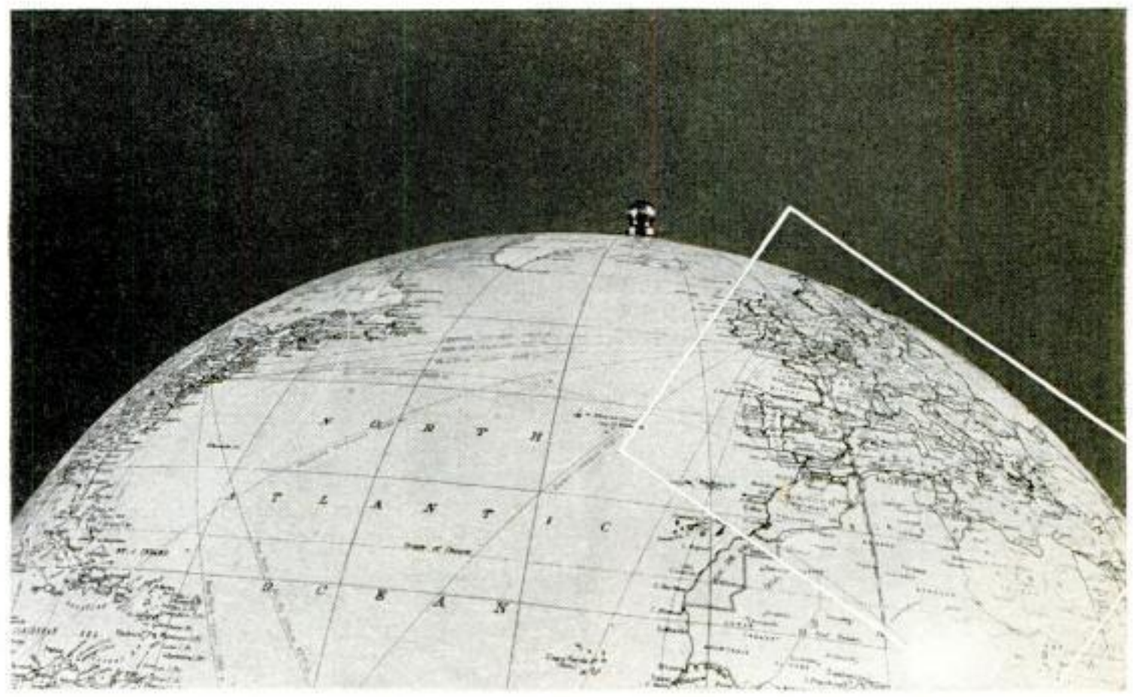
"Rikky" Harrison's friends are always amazed that he can find the things he needs in his cluttered office and that he can sort the facts he needs from his crowded mind. Harrison's office is a welter of maps, almanacs, geographies, encyclopedias, atlases in all languages, globes in all shapes and sizes. Into each Harrison map goes a large amount of skeptical research. Although his maps are romantic and pictorial things to look at, they are also very precise instruments of geography. The only important exaggerations in them are the heights of the mountains which are tall out of all proportion to the rest of the map. This is necessary because the scope of the maps is so great that, if mountains were drawn to scale, they would hardly show.

The sequence below details six steps in the process of preparing a *Fortune* map whose purpose was to show that southern Europe was not going to provide an easy route to victory. Done in 1942, the map has been proven prophetic by the events of 1944.

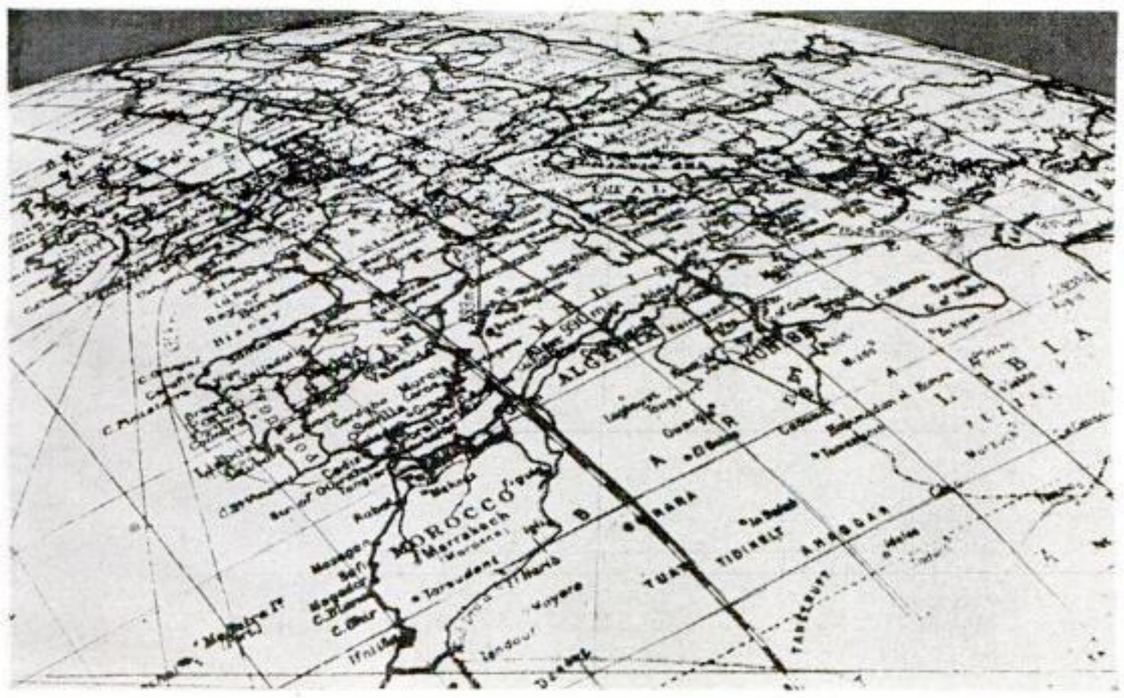
Although the maps shown on these pages are all perspective maps, the new atlas includes other Harrison maps, notably his azimuthal projections. This is the type of map which spreads the globe out around a particular spot so that all straight lines running out from the center are the great-circle routes so important to air strategists. As much as any man, Harrison has been responsible for the popularization of the azimuthal projections. His most famous one was a polar equidistant projection in which the world flowed out from the North Pole. This was published in 1941 and so impressed the U. S. Army Air Forces that they asked for the original to hang in their headquarters.



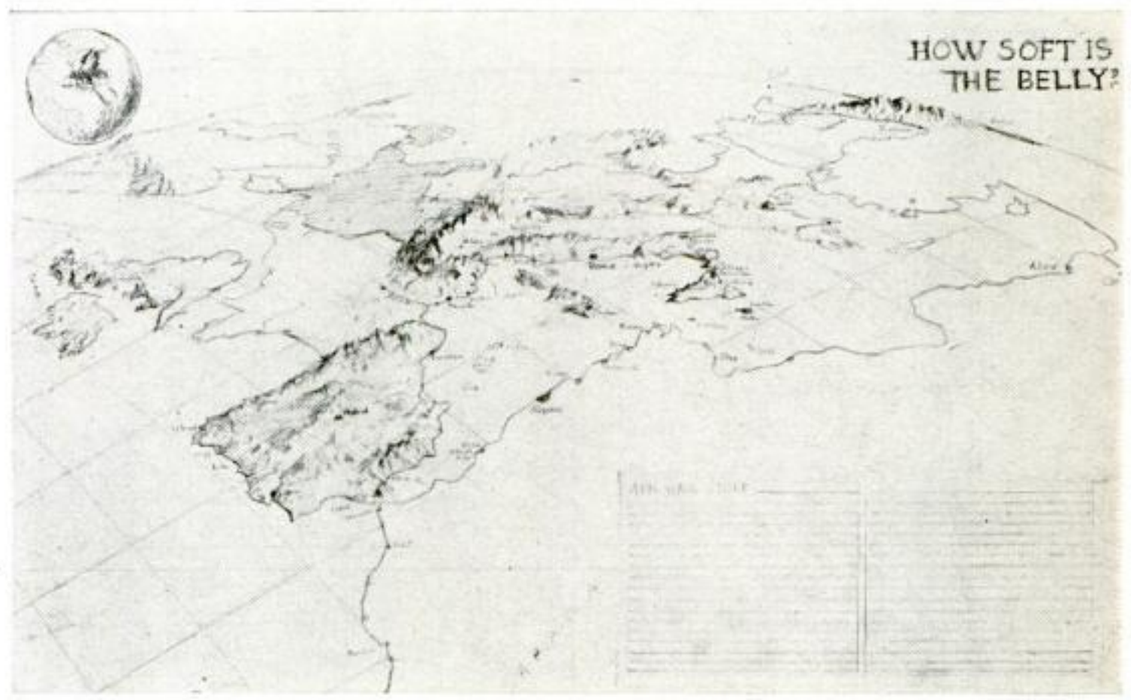
FIRST STEP is to make a small, freehand sketch of the part of globe to be included in map. This penciling is made to give editors a quick visualization of the problem. On basis of the rough sketch, editors decide whether — and in just what form — they want this map.



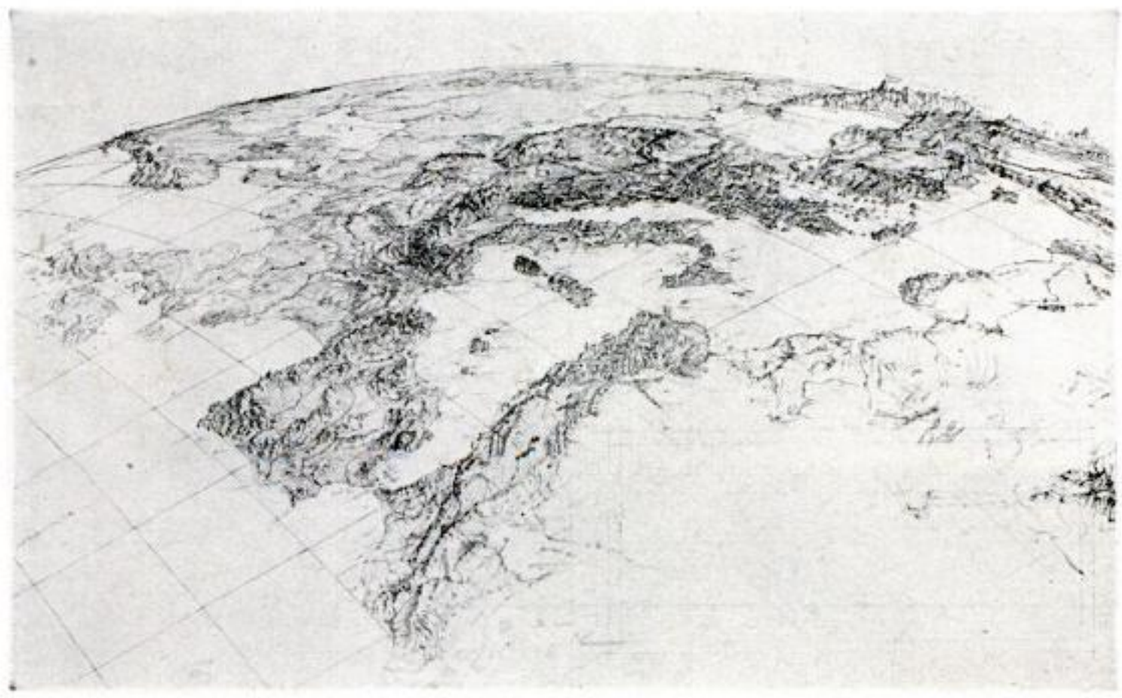
THE GLOBE IS PHOTOGRAPHED from distance of six feet which puts mapmaker at a theoretical altitude of about 40,000 miles over the middle of Atlantic Ocean. The area of the final map, shown in sketch at left, is blocked off in a rectangle on photograph.



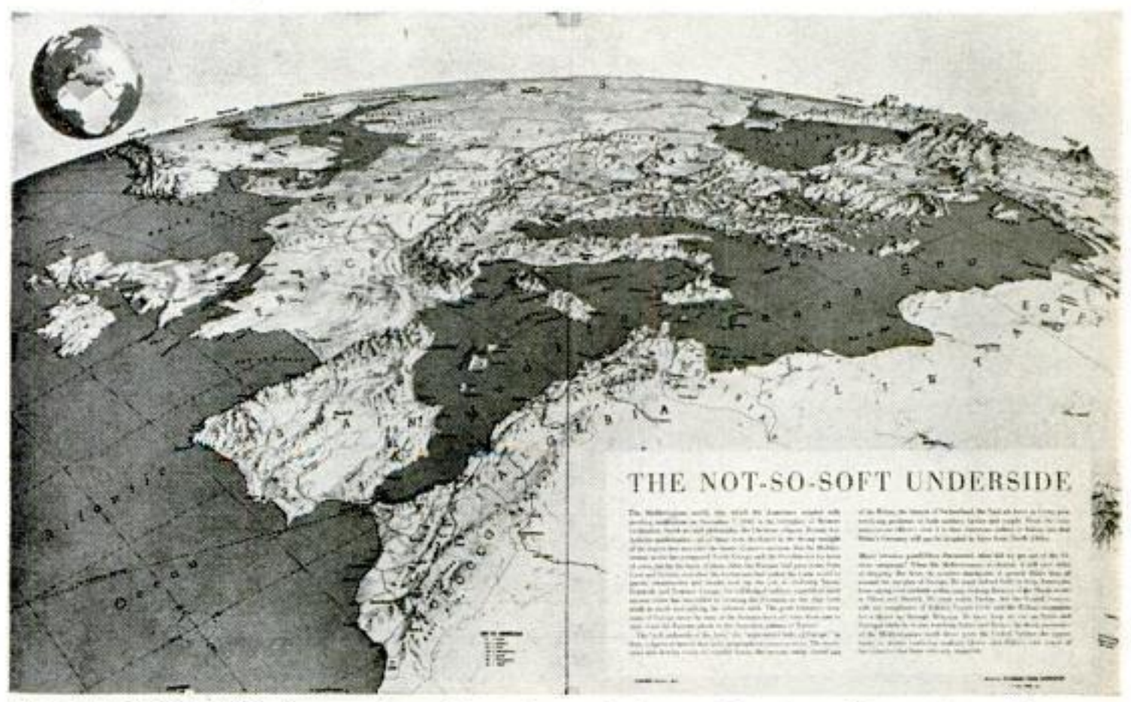
CLOSE-UP OF THE AREA produced from the photograph forms basis of sketches which follow. Because it is so greatly enlarged, the close-up provides only a rough guide for the precise work which follows. Notice how coarse and inaccurate details of coastline are.



A COLOR SKETCH is made on tracing paper over the photograph. This is what the editors of *Fortune* see for their approval. On it Harrison shows what map will really look like and exactly what part of the globe it will cover. He even gives his map a tentative title.

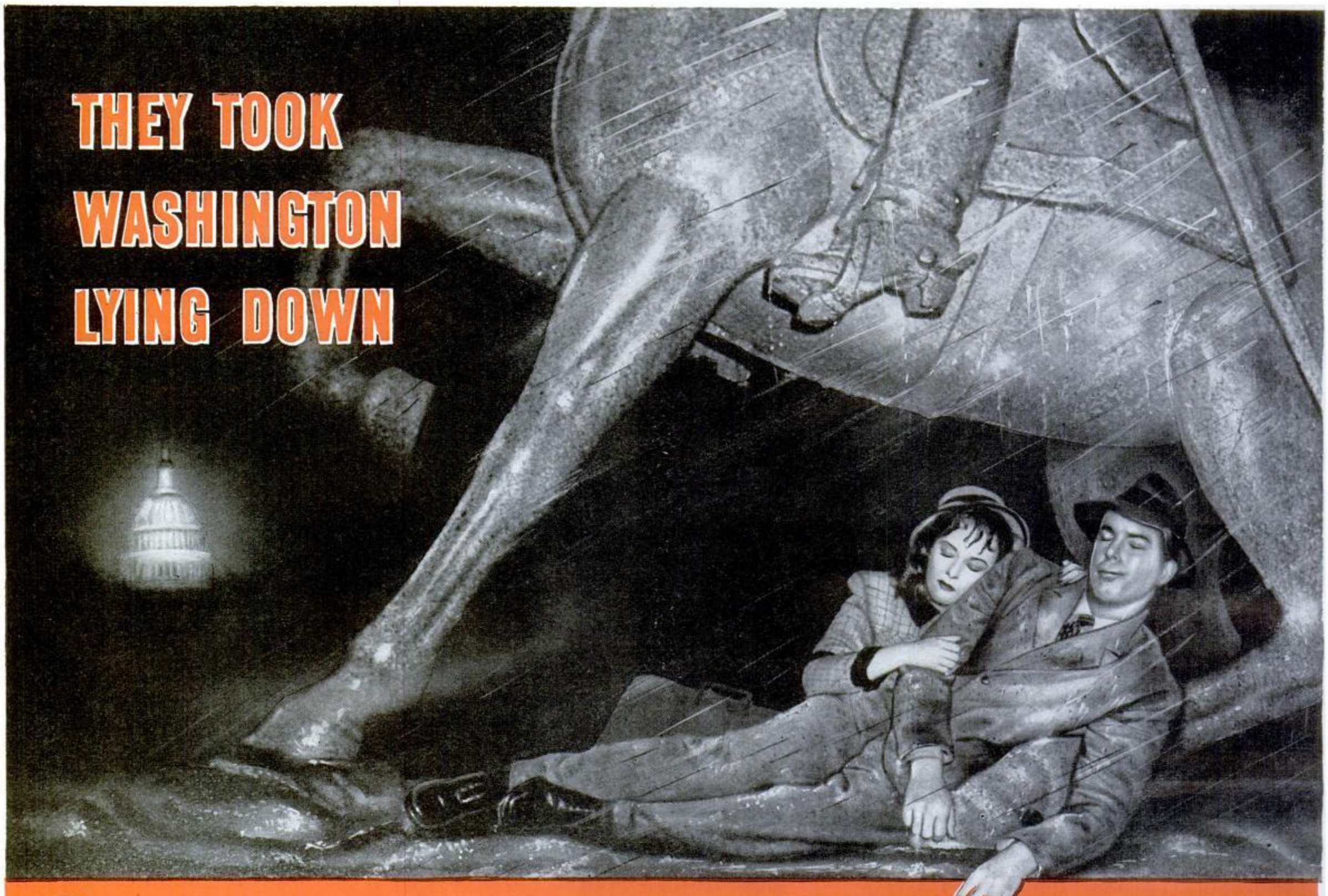


THE SCRUB SHEET is map on which most of the scholarly work is done. Coastlines are drawn with an accuracy that shames the photograph (*see picture above*). Mountains are drawn to desired scale. On the scrub sheet go the research, the corrections, the real work.



FINAL PRODUCT is transferred from the scrub sheet with painstaking artistry. After water and underlying land tones have been put on with an airbrush, modeling of the land and mountains is done with brush and colored inks. Final title is a paraphrase of working title.

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The Hilarious Story Of What A Secretary Will Do To Get A Bed
. . . For Her Boss In Washington!

PAULETTE GODDARD
FRED MacMURRAY

in

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

LAUGHING ROOM ONLY

A PARAMOUNT Picture with

EDWARD ARNOLD • ROLAND YOUNG
HILLARY BROOKE • PORTER HALL

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

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ELLA RAINES

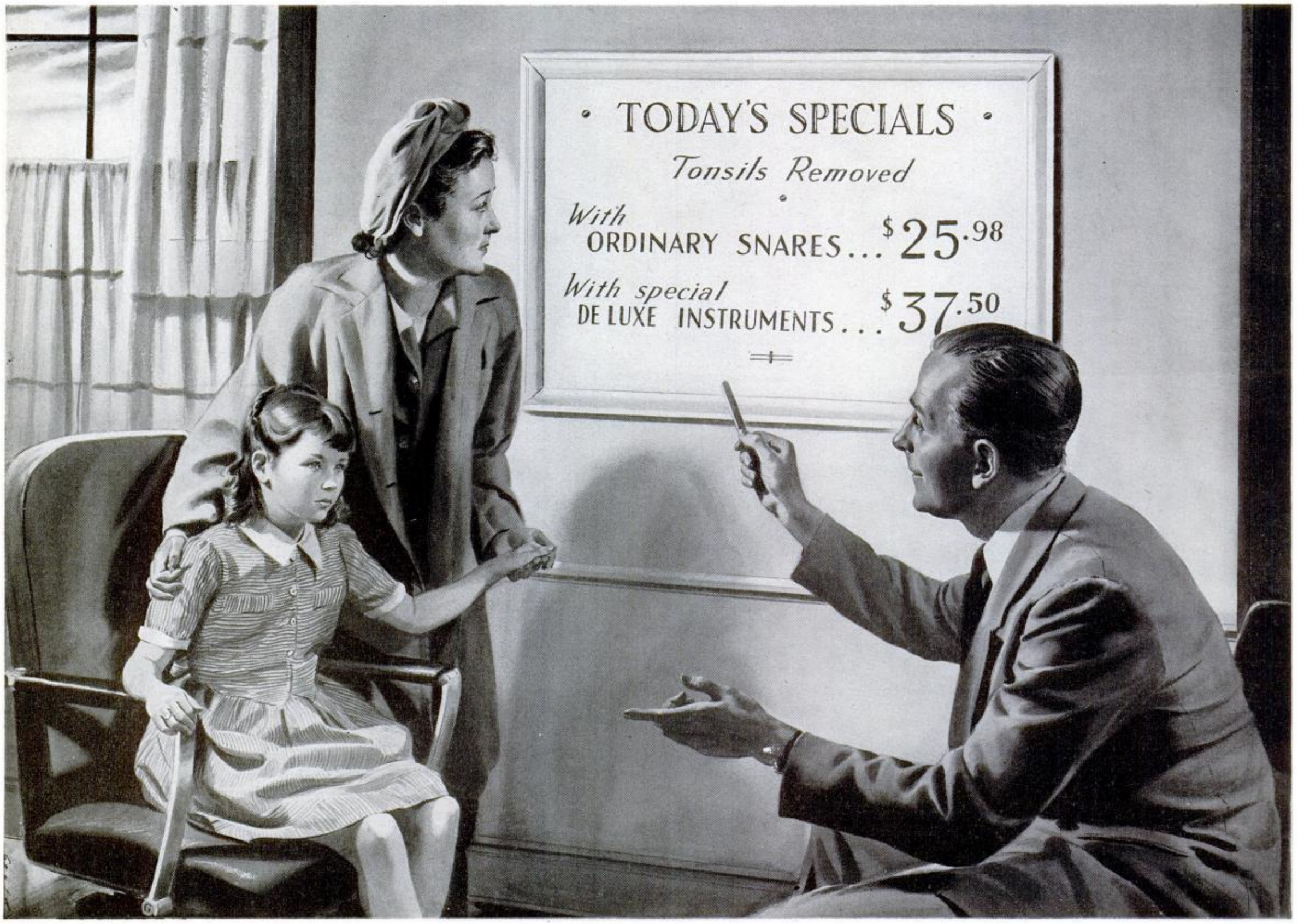
THE PRETTY YOUNG STAR OF "PHANTOM LADY" BEGAN HER CAREER BY BEING INCORPORATED FOR $1,000,000 BY A PRODUCTION FIRM

The pretty girl shown on the cover and above is Ella Wallace Raines, a 22-year-old movie actress from Snoqualmie Falls, Wash. Before she ever faced a movie camera, she had the unique distinction of being the sole asset of B-H Productions Inc. which was incorporated for $1,000,000 by Charles Boyer and Howard Hawks. B-H passed her on to Universal in whose *Phantom Lady* she has her first real chance to display her dewy beauty and genuine acting talent.

As a student at the University of Washington, Miss Raines figured prominently in college dramatics. She quit college shortly before graduation to marry Kenneth Trout, now a bemedaled captain in the Army Air Forces. When he was ordered back to duty on the eleventh day of their honeymoon, she went to New York. There she was offered a part in *Oklahoma!* but turned it down because the musical was postponed. When an agent took her to Hollywood and introduced her to Howard Hawks, she was immediately signed for his and Boyer's producing firm. On pages 66 and 68 she is shown in scenes from *Phantom Lady*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

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Instruments alone can't perform a tonsillectomy— nor glasses alone correct faulty vision

You don't have to ask what's wrong with this picture. Thank goodness, doctors don't base their fees on the instruments they use.

Naturally, if your child's tonsils need to be removed, you seek the services of a skilled surgeon. The instruments he uses are important, but you know they're mere incidentals compared to his professional knowledge and training.

But are you as wise about your eyes?

At the first indication of eye trouble many people say to themselves: "Guess I'd better buy a pair of glasses." That's as illogical as placing surgical instruments above professional skill.

Glasses alone can never correct faulty vision. Actually, they are but incidental materials. What counts most is the professional skill and services that are available to bring you better vision.

So don't confuse the price of glasses with the cost of eye comfort. Glasses alone without professional eye care are *never* a bargain at any price. Go to your Ophthalmologist, Optometrist, Ophthalmic Dispenser for professional skill and services. Give your eyes the benefit of the professional skill and service that your priceless sight demands.

Invest in eye care — not glasses at a price.

SEEK PROFESSIONAL ADVICE
— not glasses at a price

American Optical COMPANY

From The* AMERICAN *Plan for Better Vision

These professional services are worth infinitely more than the cost of the material in the glasses themselves.

EXAMINATION: Professional examination for possible pathological eye conditions.

REFRACTION: Scientific measure of your ability to see.

PRESCRIPTION: Carefully prepared professional conclusions and the proper instructions necessary to correct your vision.

INTERPRETATION: Careful technical and scientific compounding of the exact materials of your prescription.

FITTING: Scientific, minute adjustment of your prescription to *your* eyes.

RE-EVALUATING: Verification of the refraction and the prescription.

SERVICING: Assurance that the requirements of your prescription are being constantly maintained.

Copyright, 1944, U.S.A., by American Optical Company

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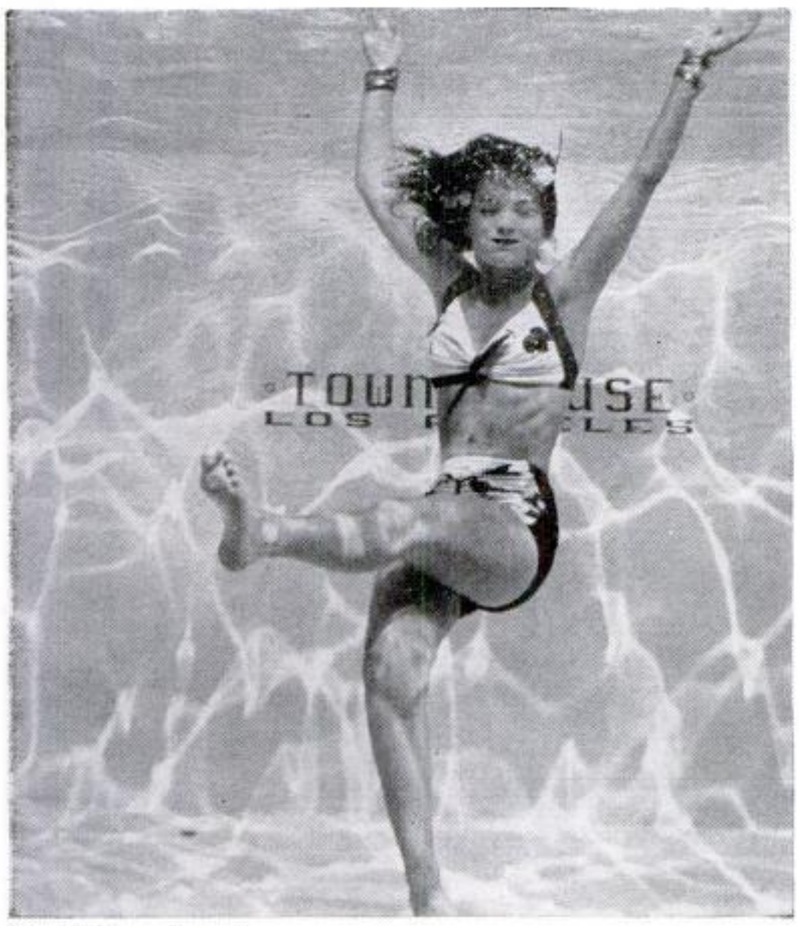
Ella Raines (continued)



Riding is one of Ella Raines's accomplishments. Miss Raines is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 110 lb., has green eyes and light brown hair.



Goat nudges her on Howard Hawks's ranch. Miss Raines shares an apartment in Hollywood with her mother and her sister-in-law.



She kicks underwater in Town House pool. Ella had all the non-dramatic attributes of a star before she made good on the screen.



Archery is another of her pastimes. Her eyesight is perfect despite the fact that in 1941 a stove she was lighting exploded in her face.



Fishing is something she learned in childhood when she used to go on trips with her father in the Cascade Mountains in Washington.



She is good skier. At the University of Washington she was chosen one of its six "Cinderella Girls." She did radio work in Seattle.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Just add 1 tablespoon of Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses to a glass of cold or warm milk for a delicious, iron-rich Brer Rabbit Milk Shake

Rich in IRON— and makes children love to drink milk!

Brer Rabbit Milk Shake! Even children who dislike plain milk enjoy this new drink! And Brer Rabbit Milk Shake is a delightful way to give them extra iron.

Tests have shown Brer Rabbit Molasses is second only to liver as a rich food source of iron—the kind of iron the body can use. And iron helps build good red blood!

Three tablespoons of Brer Rabbit Molasses will supply about one-third of a child's minimum daily iron requirements based on government standards.

TWO FLAVORS

Gold Label—highest quality, fancy, light-colored molasses. Sweet and mild in flavor. Especially delicious on pancakes, waffles, bread and cereals, and for a *delicately* flavored milk shake rich in iron and calcium. Also recommended for cooking where a mild flavor is desired.

Green Label—dark and full-flavored. Recommended for cooking and a *richly* flavored milk shake.



FREE PENICK & FORD, LTD., INC., New Orleans, La., Dept. L228-4

Send me—free—Brer Rabbit's 52-page cook book, "Modern Recipes for Modern Living," containing 116 fine molasses recipes. Also pamphlet on children's iron needs.

Name_____
(Print Name and Address)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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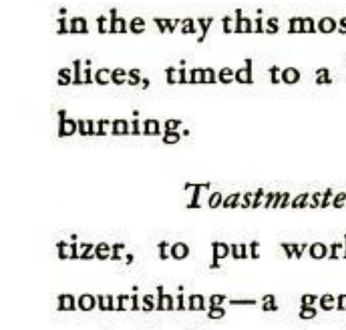


"I'll say he's good!"

It takes magic, nowadays—to "materialize" a *Toastmaster* toaster. But there has always been a touch of magic in the way this most famous of toasters pops up the crisp hot slices, timed to a "T" . . . with no watching, turning, or burning.

Toastmaster toast is a treat—and more. It's an appetizer, to put work-power into wartime breakfasts. It's nourishing—a generous supplier of needed protein and carbohydrate. And it's an ideal extender of scarce or rationed foods. Serve them on toast!

It's quite all right to be thinking about a *Toastmaster* toaster . . . for *later.* You'll want to own the finest. But today *War Bonds* are the buy . . . for everybody!



KEEP IT NEW . . . MAKE IT LAST

A *Toastmaster** toaster is a valuable possession. Treat yours well. Don't risk damaging the heating elements by prying inside with a fork. Don't jerk the cord or coil it around a hot toaster. Remove crumbs frequently. And *see your dealer* for repairs.

TOASTMASTER *Toasters*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

* "TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill. Copyright 1944, McGraw Electric Co., manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters and Toastmaster Products.



In prison, where he is awaiting execution, Scott Henderson (Alan Curtis) is visited by secretary Carol Richman (Ella Raines). She sets out to save Henderson's life.

SHE IS FINE IN "PHANTOM LADY"

As the heroine of *Phantom Lady,* a better-than-average thriller, Ella Raines plays the part of a secretary whose boss has been condemned to die for a murder he did not commit. His one alibi, that at the time of the crime he was with a nameless woman wearing an exotic hat, fails when the people who saw him with her flatly deny her existence. At that point Miss Raines undertakes to track down the phantom lady and save her boss's life. In the course of her sleuthing she runs up against a beady-eyed bartender who is accidentally killed in a street scuffle, a jazz drummer whose revelation of the man who bribed him is cut short by sudden strangulation, an insane woman, a Brazilian hotcha singer and, finally, the paranoiac who committed the crime. As *Phantom Lady's* associate producer, Joan Harrison, longtime assistant to Alfred Hitchcock, manages to surround Miss Raines's fine performance with a suspenseful mood that is worthy of Hitchcock himself.

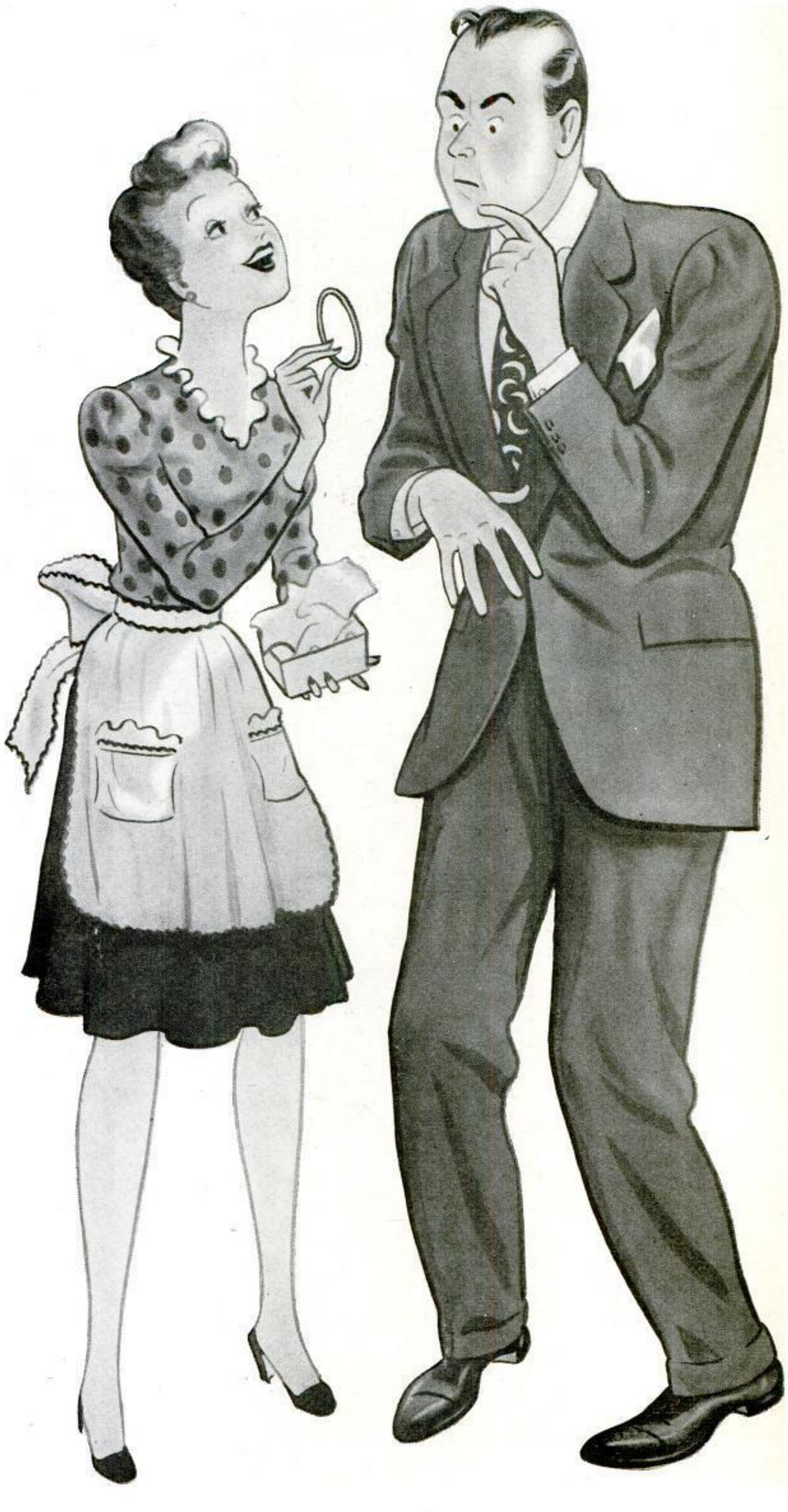


In the murderer's apartment Carol finally realizes that Jack Lombard (Franchot Tone), Henderson's best friend, is guilty. She tries to flee, but finds all exits locked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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"It's a ring for your nose," said my wife sweetly



"VERY FUNNY, very funny," I said. "What comes next?"

"I merely decided," she went on, patiently, "that if you're going to keep on being so bull-headed about things, you might as well wear a ring in your nose and look the part."

"But I AM NOT . . ." I started to shout.



"Shhhh!" she broke in. "Just let me remind you—among other things—that you *positively* refuse to wear anything but blue suits. I tell you you'd look very nice in a brown suit, but you won't even try one on. Not you!"

"I know what I like," I said.

"Of course you do, dear. You know what you like before you even *try* a thing. Remember that perfectly silly argument we had about Postum last night?"

"I did NOT argue," I blurted out, "I merely TOLD you . . ."



"That's right," she said, "when I suggested that we have Postum for dinner, you *told* me you'd heard Postum was just a substitute for coffee. You *told* me you heard it didn't even taste like coffee. You *told* me you would have no part of it. Period."

"That's not being bull-headed," I complained.

"Oh no?" said my wife. "Then why didn't you listen when I told you that Postum is *not* just a substitute for coffee? It isn't *supposed* to taste like coffee, any more than tea is supposed to taste like coffee.

"Furthermore, why didn't you listen when I told you Postum is a swell, delicious, full-bodied drink in its own right . . . that it's got a rich, hearty flavor all its own . . . that millions of people would rather smack their lips over a cup of Postum than any other mealtime drink in the world?

"Did you give the slightest heed to those perfectly true statements? You did not!

"You didn't even listen," she said, "when I told you that many people find themselves feeling better after they change to Postum."

So, finally, to keep her quiet, I tried Postum.

So, I liked it.

So, I'm mad!

NOTE: Postum, besides being a grand, full-flavored drink, is truly economical. Costs less than ½¢ a cup. Comes in two forms: Postum, the kind you boil, drip, or percolate; and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water. Postum is a product of General Foods.

Postum—ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

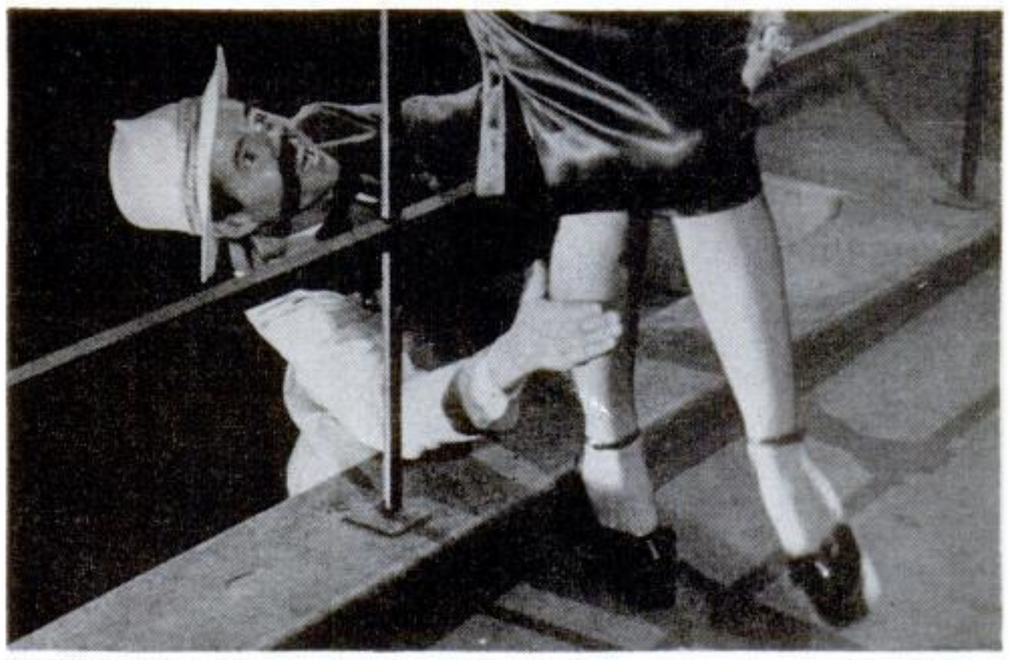


TUNE IN: The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.

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Ella Raines (continued)



Best sequence in *Phantom Lady* shows Miss Raines masquerading as a "hep-kitten" to seduce truth from jazz drummer (Elisha Cook Jr.). Above: their stage-door date.



At a jam session, Miss Raines in black slinky dress flatters the drummer. She must get him to confess that he saw the phantom lady with Scott Henderson in the theater.



In the drummer's room she proceeds to get him drunk in order to loosen his tongue. He admits $500 bribe. Miss Raines plays this low-life scene with a high degree of skill.



The briber's name is about to be blurted out by the drunken drummer when the girl drops her pocketbook and he discovers that she's working in cahoots with the police.

Copyrighted material



Bruno Walter

For Half a Century... Master and Servant of Great Music!

• The hob-nail boots of war have driven him from three countries ... but he has lived for fifty years in the realm of great music from which no man is ever exiled.

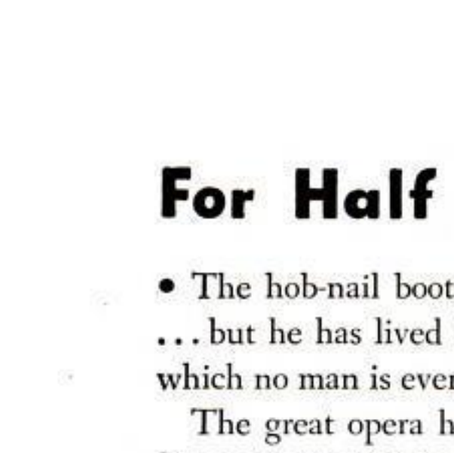
The great opera houses of Europe have rung with his praises ... He made the Salzburg Festival the magnet of the musical world ... Today we are doubly fortunate in having as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, and guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Bruno Walter, who has been—for so long a time—one of the great conductors of the world!

He has the integrity to remain faithful to the composer's intentions ... the art to achieve them! His Columbia Recordings with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York bring you fresh awareness of the infinite beauty of the masterpieces ... Beethoven's blinding visions of man's unconquerable spirit in the immortal *Fifth*, the mighty *Eroica* ... the vividly descriptive tone colors of Smetana's *Moldau* ... the sunlit serenity of the *Rhenish Symphony*....

Like so many world-famous conductors, Bruno Walter now records *exclusively* on Columbia Records—the *only* records with the Sensitone-Surface. These fine records are laminated—pressed in layers—with surfaces of highly sensitized materials, to bring you far richer, more lifelike tone and amazing freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks Records—*great music is more faithfully yours!*

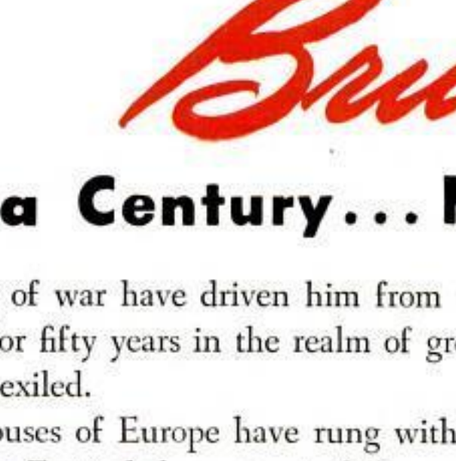
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Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks" and ◉ Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. — *Prices shown are exclusive of taxes* — *Columbia Recording Corporation ◉ A Subsidiary of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.*



Robert Casadesus, world-famous pianist, with orchestra conducted by Eugene Bigot: Carl Maria von Weber's *Concertstück in F Minor.* Set X-MX-59 $2.50

Mozart's Sonatas in D Major and F Major. Set M-MM-433 $3.50



Bidú Sayão, lovely Brazilian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, sings Verdi's *Ah! Fors' è lui,* from La Traviata. A triumph! 71451-D $1.00

Arias from Puccini's Madame Butterfly and La Bohème, 71320-D $1.00



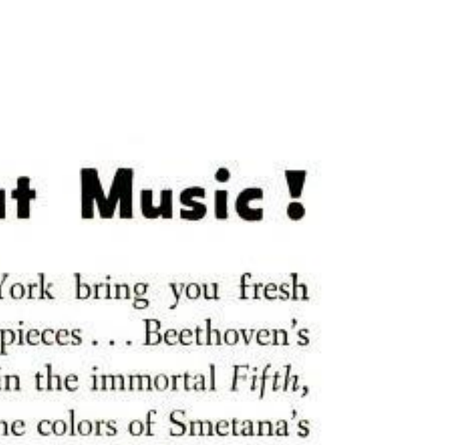
Nathan Milstein (violin) with Arthur Balsam (piano): Wieniawski's *Scherzo Tarantelle,* Opus 16, and Suk's *Burleska,* Opus 17, 71498-D $1.00

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Lotte Lehmann (soprano), with Bruno Walter at the piano: Schumann's great song cycle, *Frauenliebe und Leben,* superbly performed. Set M-539 . . $3.50

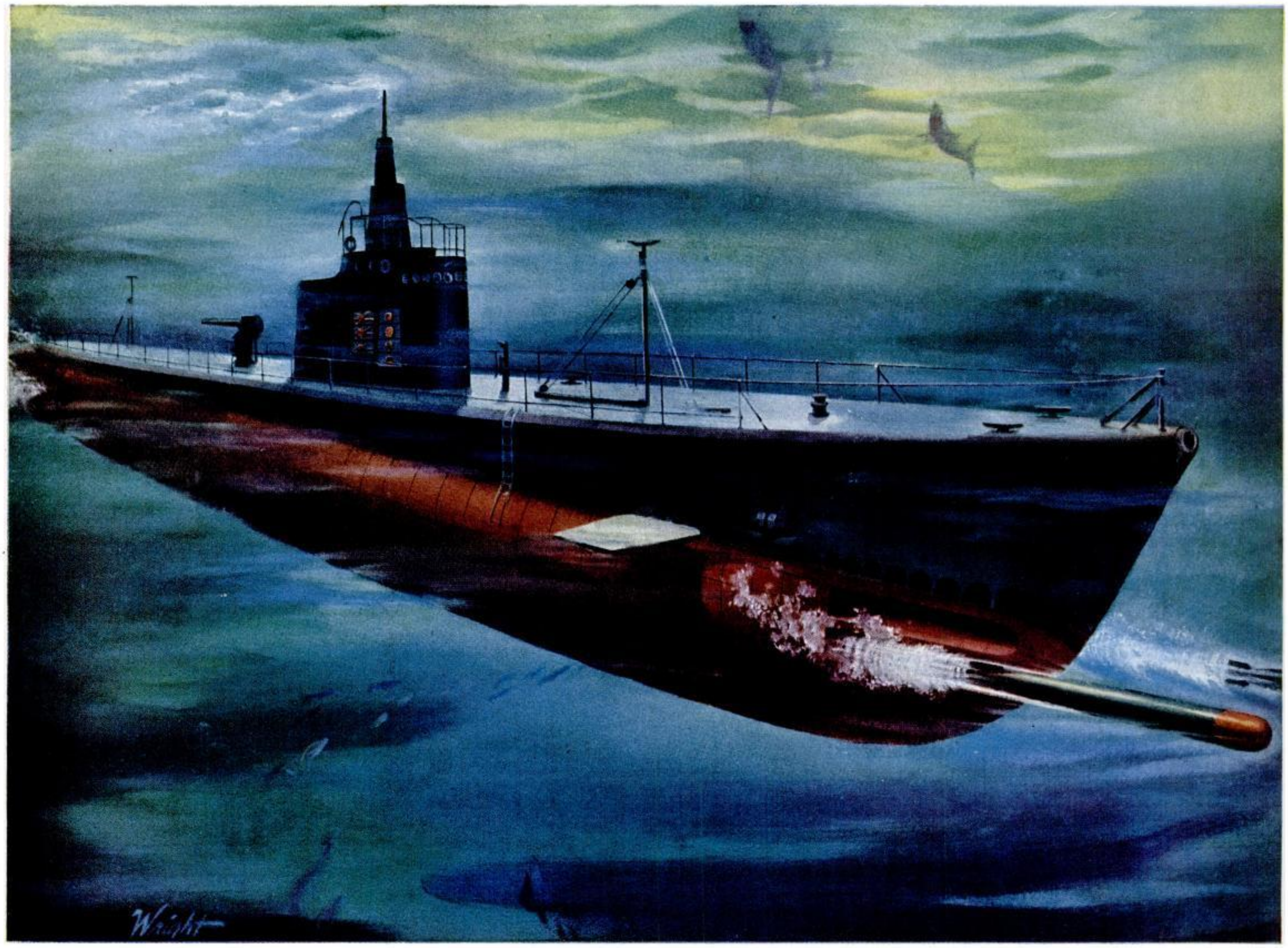
And with the same artists, Schumann's *Dichterliebe,* Set M-486 $4.00



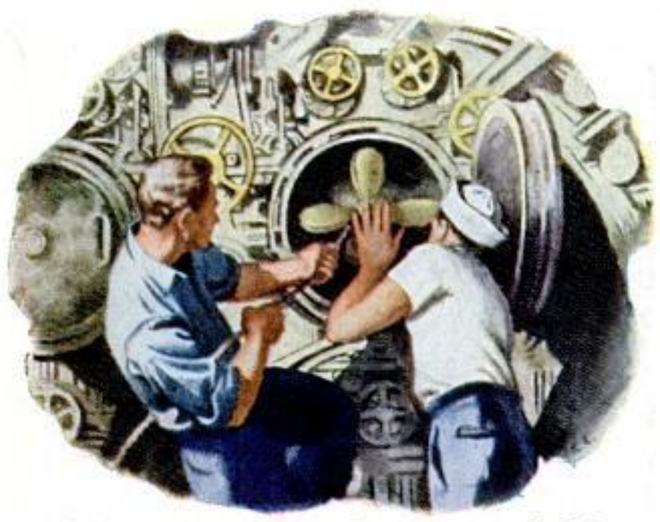
Dimitri Mitropoulos & the Minneapolis Symph. Orch. bring you the brilliantly descriptive *Sorcerer's Apprentice* by Dukas. Set X-MX-212 $2.50

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The courage and ability of these submariners, the soundness of their training, the excellence of their officers, the efficiency of their subs are revealed by their sensational record in the Pacific. As this is written, American submarines have already sunk 386 of Japan's sorely needed vessels; have probably sunk 36; and have damaged 114.

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GERMAN PATROL FOUND BORKA YELASH IN HER CRIB. NOW THIS LITTLE YUGOSLAV REFUGEE HAS ONLY STUMP OF HAND. HER FINGERS CRUSHED OFF BY SOME HEAVY BLOW

YUGOSLAV KIDS

A few escape the German terror and reach British camp in Egypt

Among the most honorable refugees in the world are the Yugoslav children shown here. Their fathers, brothers and mothers are still in Yugoslavia fighting for Tito's Partisans. In December a party of 200 children and sick and wounded adults was evacuated by the British. "We were ordered to get out," they complain, "by our own officers. Otherwise we would have stayed and fought and died to the last man."

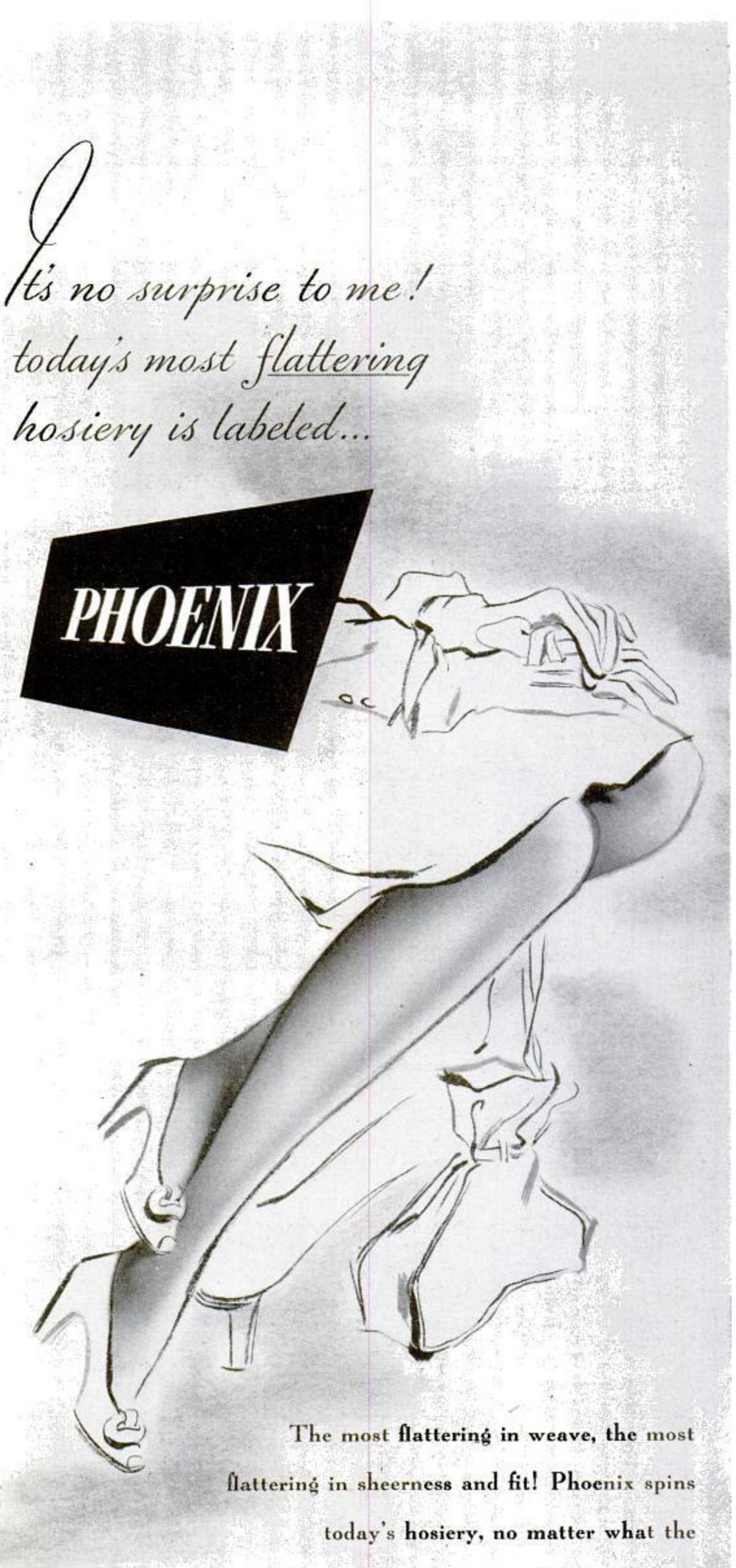
Today they live in a refugee camp in the desert near Alexandria, Egypt. They astonished British by producing promptly their own doctor, nurse, cooks, tailors, barber, interpreters, teacher and governing council. All are Dalmatians from the sailors' district of Makarska who lost their homes to the Germans in October. When the Germans came to Drvenik village, little Borka Yelash, 3, was forgotten in her crib. When the Germans left, her mother found her with her fingers smashed, as if with a rifle butt (*see above*).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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today's most flattering
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Yugoslav Children (continued)



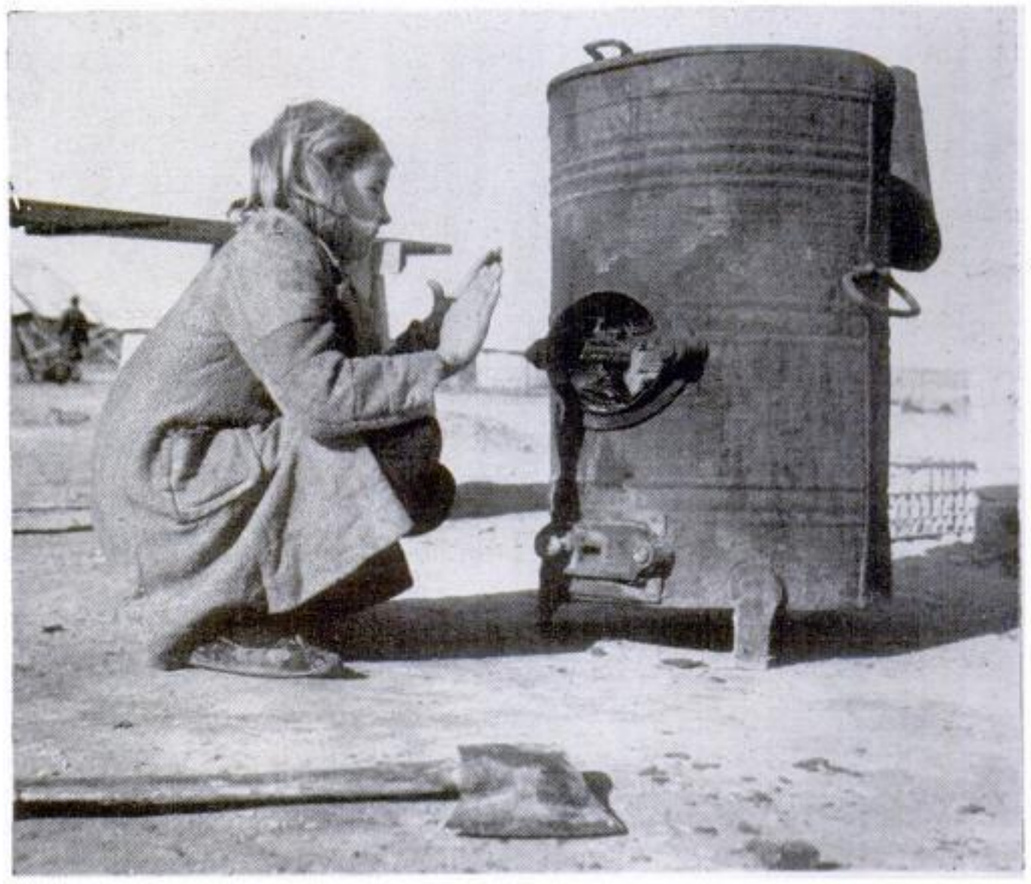
Plucky youngsters of the Partisans carry their own knapsacks as they march into British tented village near Alexandria. All wanted to stay and fight in Yugoslavia.



Boris Ivicevic, 8, son of the camp leader, is also seen in top picture (*next to last*).



Maritza, 14, member of camp's children's committee, carries her own blanket roll.



Little Partisan warms her hands at cooking stove. Meat stew is on. Self-sufficiency and neatness of these folk astonished the British who are used to assorted refugees.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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How Crazy Are Critics?

Probably every motion picture critic in America has been called crazy—or worse—during his career. That's natural, in a field where one man's orchid is so often another man's onion.

Personally, we at Warner Bros. dote on critics, and proclaim their soundness of judgment. Why shouldn't we? Consider:

* * *

Four Warner Bros. pictures were among "The Ten Best" of 1943 selected by 439 leading newspaper and magazine critics in a nation-wide poll. (No other company had more than two.)

Warner Bros.' "Watch On The Rhine" was voted The Best Picture Of 1943 by the Motion Picture Critics of New York—who also voted our Ida Lupino The Best Actress, and Paul Lukas (for his performance in a Warner Bros. picture) The Best Actor.

And recently, *The New York Times*, in reviewing a WB picture, referred to this company's *"enviable record for combining good citizenship with good picture-making".*

* * *

We think these and other tributes from critics reflect strongly on the rightness of a long-standing Warner Bros. policy: *to make pictures that will help to further those freedoms which are basic to democracy.*

And whatever the verdict on critics, they seem to see eye to eye with you, the American public. For you have, by your enthusiastic acclaim for our product, proved your agreement with that policy!

You'll prove it again when you see



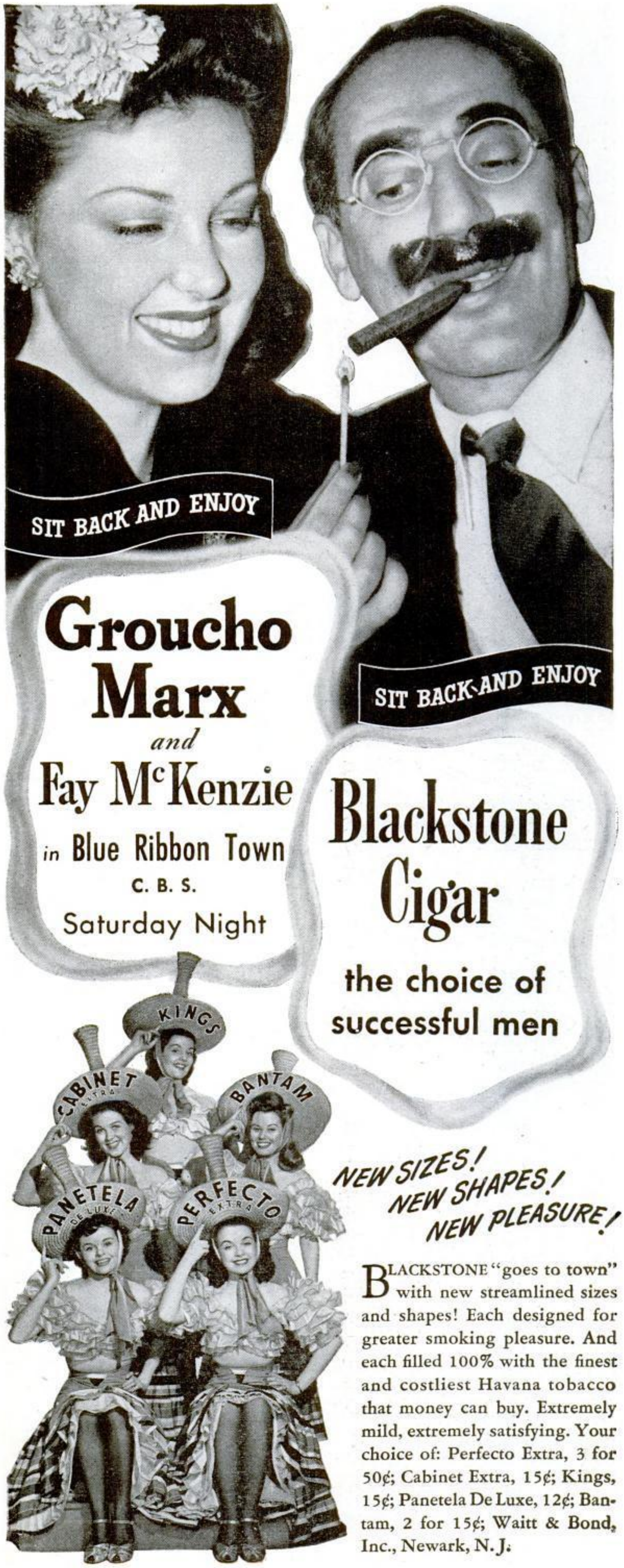
For here you'll find not only a wondrous love story, brilliantly and tenderly told, but also the story of a man and a woman who learned that ecstasy alone is not enough for those who seek happiness.

It is, we feel, *one of the most important Warner Bros. pictures ever made.* Be sure to see it.

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Yugoslav Children (continued)



Family of four, still in remarkably good repair, arrives at camp. Their greeting was "*Smrt Fasizmu*" (Death to Fascism) and "*Sloboda Narodu*" (Liberty to the People).



This orange was first this small boy had ever eaten for he has seen three years of war. He smelled it, looked at it, stuck his nail in peel before he wonderingly ate it.



Even a barber came with the group of refugees, so complete was Partisans' provision for the self-sufficiency of the group in case of trouble on the way out of Yugoslavia.

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"My money's on the cow!"



It's a safe bet, too, for the sergeant's read the Pocket Guide to India which the War Department issues to troops stationed there.

"Treat every cow with respect," it says, for *"literally, to the Hindu, the cow and the bull are sacred."*

That's something new—kow-towing to a cow—but it's *the custom of the country.*

There's a custom of our *own* country, too, that's new to many boys in service. It's the American custom of *traveling in comfort*—which troops in training do at the rate of 30,000 every night.

The glamor of *going Pullman* is new to lots of them. But no newer to those boys *now* than it will be to *everyone* when the war is over.

Then, there'll be *new* Pullman cars. One type you'll find in general service on almost every train will be *all rooms*—rooms as complete in comfort and convenience as a suite in a fine hotel.

In these Duplex-Roomette cars, you'll lounge in comfort through the day and sleep in comfort through the night, as you speed safely and dependably toward your destination. You'll have your own dressing quarters. Your own washing and toilet facilities. Your own individually controlled light and heat and air conditioning.

Pullman plans that *duplex-roomette* space will cost little—if any—more than lower berths cost now. And, for those whose post-war travel may be strictly budgeted, there'll be another new type car—the *coach-sleeper*—in which you can enjoy Pullman comfort and convenience at a rate *less* than the present rate for a berth in either standard or tourist sleeping cars.

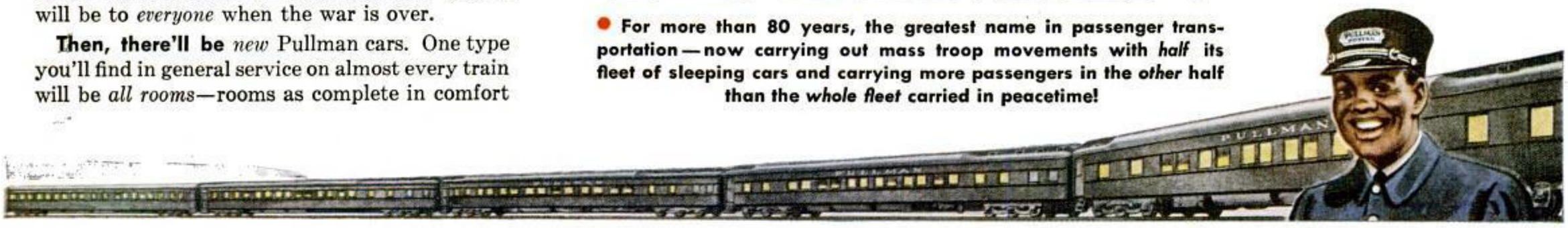
That's what Pullman is planning for the day when America can resume its habit of traveling for pleasure and its custom of traveling in comfort.

A custom *Pullman* started over 80 years ago.

★ **LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS!** ★

PULLMAN

● **For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation—now carrying out mass troop movements with *half* its fleet of sleeping cars and carrying more passengers in the *other* half than the *whole fleet* carried in peacetime!**



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HE DRIVES A WEAPON

HERE'S A FIGHTER . . . the man in the cab of the truck. A fighter. On wheels. Through dismal days and storm-tossed nights he keeps his cargo rolling, whether it's two tons or twenty.

He's at it from dawn to dark and back again. More miles. More hours. More tonnage. More work than ever before. Proving, day after day on the highway, that a truck line is the shortest distance between two points!

He speeds food to market . . . he rushes vital war material from mine to mill, from sub-contractor to assembler, from factory to ordnance depot.

More than fifty thousand American communities would be stranded without the man in the cab of the truck. They would have no other way to get their goods out, no way to get goods in.

The truck he drives is two years old, at least. More likely it's six. But he carries on, in spite of shortages—of trucks, of repair parts, of gasoline, of tires, of manpower—shortages of nearly everything he needs in his business except the will to win. He drives a weapon. For his business is the same as the business of the man in uniform . . . it is the business of Victory.

A good share of the trucks which keep America's highways alive with the essential traffic of war are Internationals. Performance made them the *largest-selling heavy-duty trucks on the market.* And the same toughness, the same dependability, the same economy of operation that put them in the lead in the days of peace keeps them there in these days of war.

NEW TRUCKS—LIMITED!

The government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of trucks for civilian hauling in essential occupations. For your new truck, see your International Dealer or Branch right away, and get valuable help in making out your application. Don't delay!

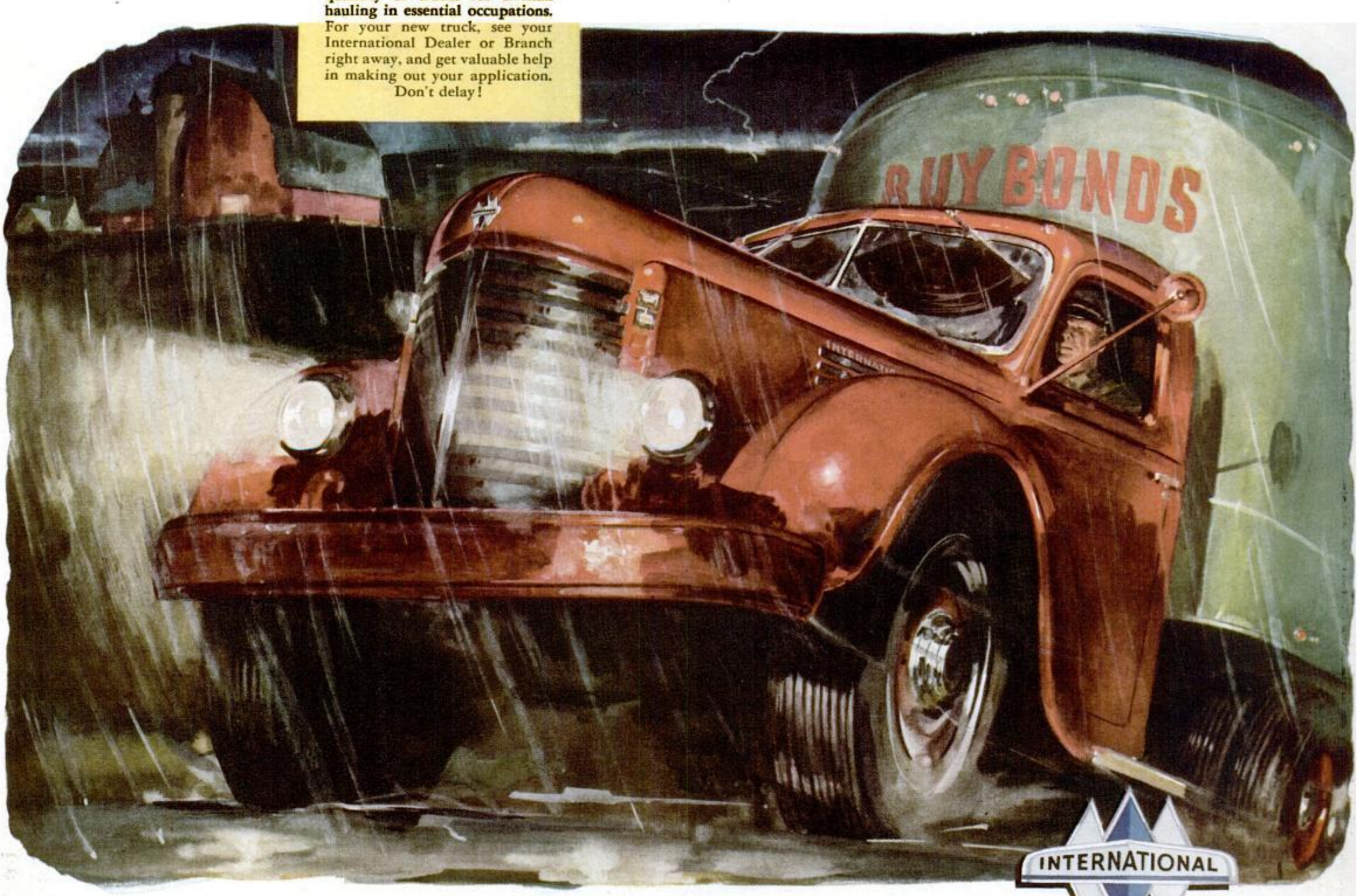
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KEEP YOUR OLD TRUCKS ROLLING

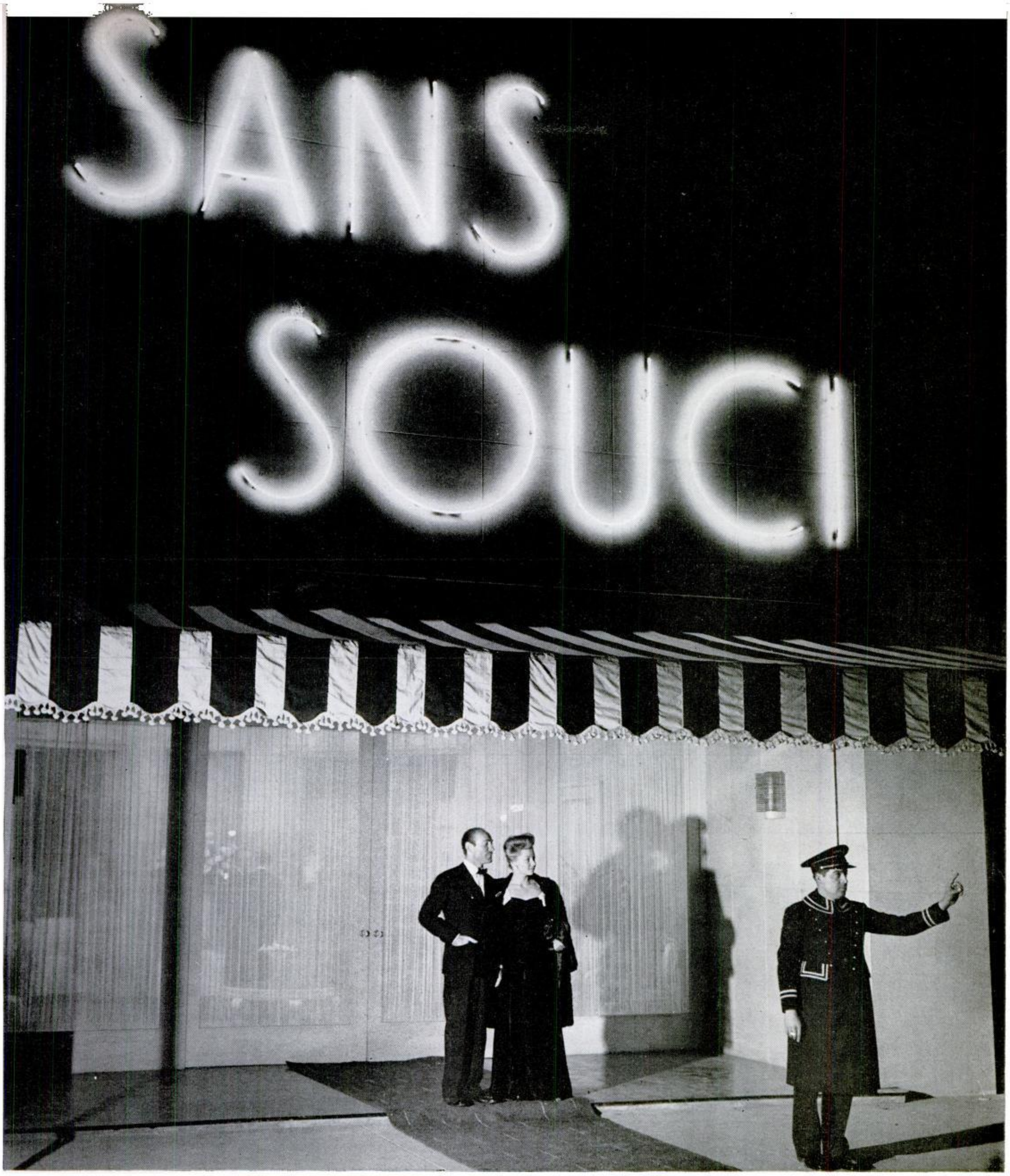
It's a big job trucks are doing—a job they must keep on doing. That means *your* trucks must be maintained, must be kept in tip-top shape. International civilian truck service—the nation's *largest company-owned truck service organization*—is now a wartime service, more alert than ever. No matter what your make or model of truck, let International Dealers and Branches keep your trucks rolling on the war-path to Victory.

And boost *highway maintenance* in your community!



INTERNATIONAL Trucks

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UNDER THE MARQUEE OF MEXICO'S NEWEST CLUB STANDS EUGENE ROSSI, "THE COUNT OF CORPUS CHRISTI" (TEXAS), A MANLY EXAMPLE OF MEXICO'S CAFE ARISTOCRACY

FUN IN MEXICO

THE CITY IS GAUDY

The restless people of the world have found their way to Mexico, where they are busy looking for the mythical bluebird of happiness. This search keeps them up most of every night and costs them a pretty peso. Nearly all of them are tourists, international escapists, tax dodgers, business opportunists, horse-racing addicts, sun worshippers, culture hounds or social dervishes of one kind or another who just cannot stop whirling. The bluebird has not yet been reported found, but chasing it seems to be fun.

These giddy people and the happy spectacle they make of themselves in Mexico, D. F. must not be mistaken as representative of Mexico or its capital or its population. Mexico is a young and vital country on the eve of an industrial revolution. It has wretched poverty but also high hopes. The flourishing business that its metropolis has built out of the pockets of alien wanderers is just one of many growing businesses.

In 1942, 46,097 tourists visited Mexico and spent 46,000,000 pesos (4.85 pesos = $1). In 1943, 60,324 spent 77,000,000 pesos. Most of them alighted for an average of only 10 days. Americans need no passports to go to Mexico and some Europeans who have not been able to get into the U. S. have been received there. Mexico, D. F. is only 16 hours by air from New York, 13 hours from Los Angeles. And it *is* fun.

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CIRO'S IN THE REFORMA HOTEL is where guests can drink real French champagne, gaze at flowery nudes by Diego Rivera, win nylon stockings in raffles, and listen to the reminiscences of manager, A. C. ("Blumey") Blumenthal (*right*).



THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE is not-too-snooty El Patio, which is supposed to be a courtyard in some grandee's villa. Orchestra sits

HOTSPOTS

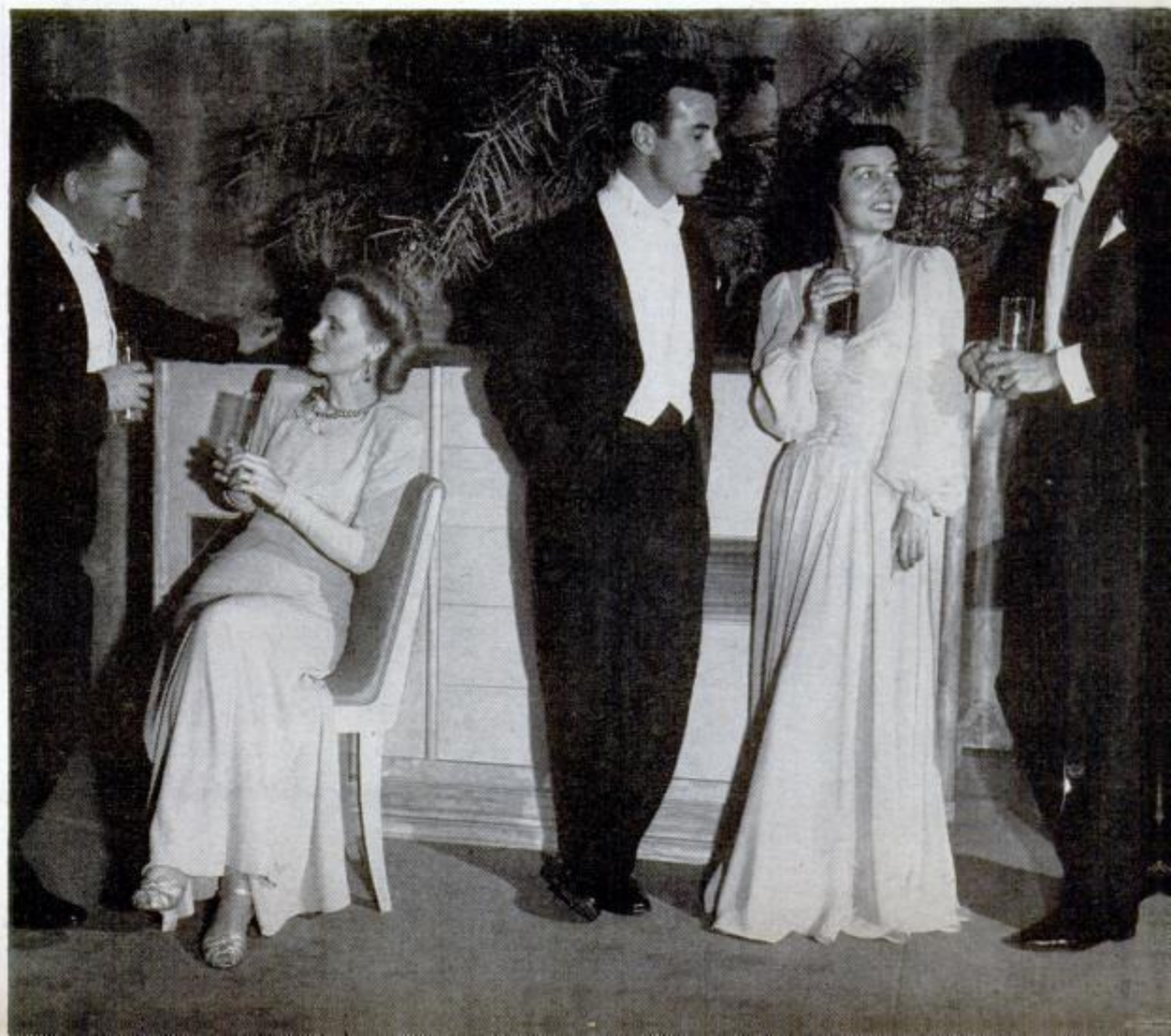
DRINKS ARE PLENTIFUL ALONG PASEO

The avenue called Paseo de la Reforma is Mexico's pleasure street. On it or just off it are most of the places where feet tap to dance music, ice tinkles against glass, alcohol warms and the meal check chills the blood. The shiny Reforma Hotel is there and downstairs it has Mexico's flashiest night club, Ciro's, and one of the town's two favorite bars, Tony's. One block up and down the Paseo from the Reforma Hotel are the two newest night spots, Minuit and Sans Souci. And just off the Paseo are the biggest, El Patio, and the most intimate, Casanova. Of the fashionable drinking places, only the staid Ritz Bar is more than a stone's throw from the Paseo.

TOURISTS DO THEIR ELBOW WORK at Tony's Bar, downstairs in Reforma Hotel. This is their favorite clearinghouse for gossip, business transactions, sight-seeing reports and flirtations.



WHITE TIES ARE STILL WORN at the exclusive Jockey Club, which is an adjunct of Mexico's new 175-acre race track, Hipodromo de las Americas. Membership in the club costs about $500.





on revolving stage and in few minutes will swing out of sight as another swings in playing the same tune in the same tempo.



RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM is part of the fun at the Casanova, which native cafe society thinks is the nicest. This is climax of a party called a *posada*. At the head of a procession, funsters carry candles and a nativity model and sing old litany.

Of the present fashionable night spots, El Patio was the only one in business before the war. Ciro's was opened in 1942 and the others within the last year. They all charge prices as high as those at Manhattan's Twenty One Club or Stork Club.

There seems to be a blood brotherhood between all the night-club impresarios of the world. Casanova's co-owner, Teddy Stauffer, is a tall nordic blond (*for picture of him, see p. 82*) who used to be a bandleader at the Palace Hotel at St. Moritz and later skiing instructor at Sun Valley, who left the U. S. suddenly in 1942, was "impounded" by the Mexican immigration authorities, became chauffeur to one of them, drove his boss to Mexico City and there "decided to look for another line of work." He says that he is Swiss and his help is Czech. He does not expect to return to the U. S. until after the war.

Similarly, Ciro's manager, A. C. ("Blumey") Blumenthal, is going to remain in Mexico a while. In 1941 six Mexican doctors found six different sets of ailments in him which, they alleged, made him too ill to return to New York to testify at the tax-fraud trial of Joseph M. Schenck. The federal court was not convinced by the medical reports and apparently Blumenthal is still anxious to preserve his health.

BATHED IN ROMANTIC LIGHT, cash customers at Sans Souci (*see p. 77 for entrance*) watch a satiny dance by native performer. Proprietors are Cubans who owned its Havana namesake.



NOBODY PLAYS CHECKERS on tables at Ritz Bar, but "everybody" goes there for cocktails, pumpkin seeds and chitchat before lunch. Lunch in Mexico lasts from 12:30 until 3:00 p.m.



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MEXICO'S FAVORITE CLOWN is Cantinflas. In his favorite routine he carefully dresses himself in his "best gabardine suit." His films now outsell Hollywood in Latin America.



SILVER IS MEXICO'S METAL and it can be had in every form, from Mayan gewgaws costing 25¢ to $500 tea-party splendors like these.



LIQUOR FOR EVERY PALATE, but not every pocketbook,

JOY IS FOR SALE

PRICES ARE HIGH BUT GOODS ARE ABUNDANT

In Mexico's beautiful, hushed Bankers' Club there is a mural with two panels by the painter Angel Zarraga. One panel, representing Abundance, is in a conspicuous place. The other, on Poverty, is around a corner out of sight. Abundance is visible all over Mexico. Gasoline is rationed only to the extent that drivers are asked to leave cars home one day a week. Tuesday is not meatless and no evening need be drinkless. Where scarcities exist, they are apt to be artificial. For instance, U. S. aviators and naval officers on leave have practically stripped the town of expensive precision watches and chronometers. Stores like Towne, which specializes in vivid Cuernavaca woolens, and Henri Chatillon's hat shop, which offers up abstract fantasies, are as chic and expensive as any in the world.

The season for the heavy spenders is between Dec. 15 and March 31, for light spenders between June 1 and Sept. 15. All average more than 1,000 pesos apiece, and it is a rare visitor to Mexico who does not carry home a greater volume of luggage than he takes in.



TOREADOR is a word Mexicans never use for bullfighters, but it is what Hat Designer Chatillon calls this one. Hat costs $50.

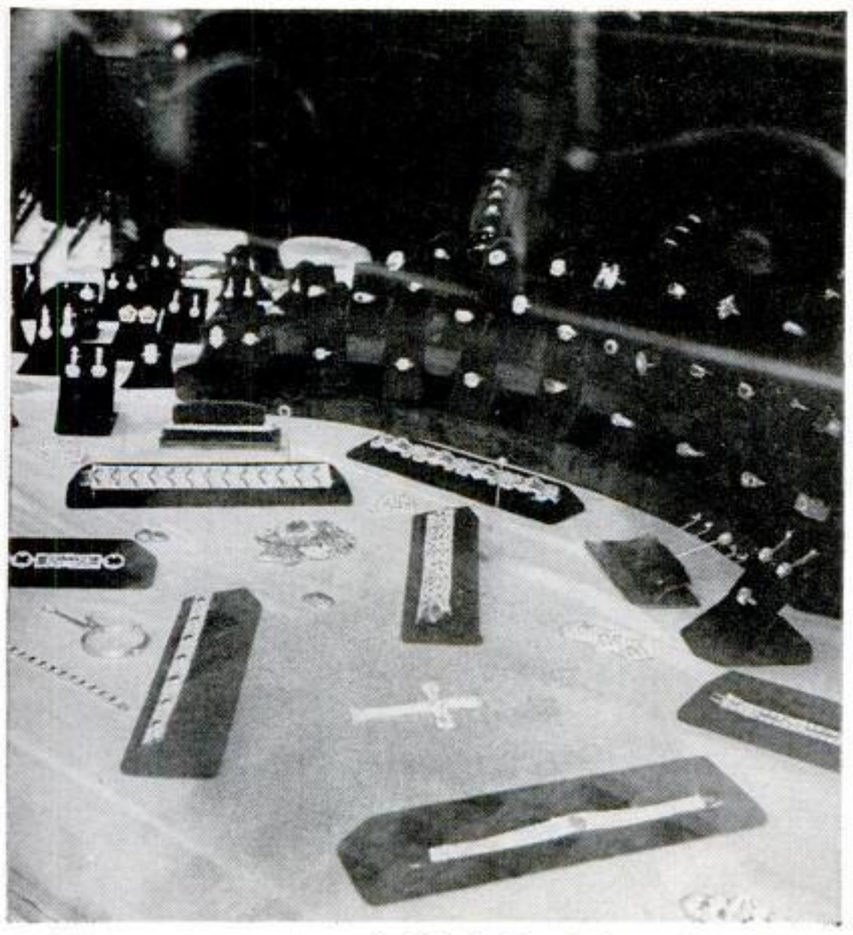


DIEGO RIVERA used to wear overalls and paint the revolution, now

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is unrationed. Peso prices should be divided by five.



A MILLION PESOS SPARKLE in this display of diamonds in J & K, the Cartier of Mexico. Designs are hybrid of Mexican and French.



TICKETS FOR CROWDED BULLFIGHT RING never have prices printed on them because they are all sold at scalpers' rates by speculators. Front row costs more than $15, while cheapest seats bring $1.



wears tweeds and paints Chatillon trying on one of his hats.



"POPOCATEPETL" is made of black felt, draped ermine tails to simulate Mexico's most famous and unpronounceable volcano.



MEXICANS LIKE PLUMP GIRLS and Mapy Cortez, Puerto Rican dancer, is both plump and vivacious. She is highest-paid woman in Mexican films, gets salary and percentage.

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TEDDY STAUFFER, Swiss co-owner of the Casanova, drinks a toast to Costa Rican Singer Pilar Duran.



MARQUIS OF CASA HUDIN embraces wife during *posada* at Casanova. Mexico has taken in Spanish refugees of all kinds and sizes.



MRS. YULIO LOBO AND MARIO LEW eat well. Cafe society seldom dines before 10 p. m. White strip is paper streamer, not part of hat.

INTERNATIONAL SET

TITLES AND BOGUS TITLES FIND THEIR REFUGE COSY

Mexico has more than its share of the so-called international set. This consists for the most part of titled persons without ambition and ambitious persons without titles, and of people who either left the U. S. hurriedly or are waiting to get in. The natural leader of this set in Mexico is ex-King Carol of Rumania. But a much better example of it is Count Eugene Rossi (who is waiting for a cab in picture on page 77). He is not a member of the Italian vermouth family, as some say. He is not to be found in the *Almanach de Gotha*, the register of aristocrats. He is just the jovial "Count of Corpus Christi" (Texas) at whom plain tourists gawp in envious awe.

Members of the international set find Mexico very congenial. Most of them left Europe before the war and got their money out with them. They can live well on it in Mexico. Commodities are expensive but living is fairly cheap. Servants cost at most $8 a month. King Carol rents his fine hacienda for $150 a month. Splendor can be achieved as well in Mexico as anywhere else. Albert Avramov, a Bulgarian who fittingly enough made his fortune printing banknotes, lives in a 52-room house which is hardly rivaled in New York City or London and which has a public-address system, a master bathroom in solid onyx, and two dining rooms, one seating 50 people.



AFTER THE RACES a multinational group relaxes in Jockey Club: Bruno Pagliai, Italian manager of the track (*left*); Luis Riba, Mexican secretary of the club; Mrs. Pagliai, who comes from California; French Comte and Comtesse de Prevoisin and sons Patrick and Jilles. Messrs. Pagliai and Riba have just figured out how much money the track made this afternoon and the Comte and Comtesse have just figured out how much they lost. Mexico has no horse-racing code, so the Mexican Racing Commission meets at table behind to draft rules.

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CAROL AND MAGDA live in a suburb 20 minutes from the center of town. Carol still acts out the part of a king—precedes women through doors and into cars. He owns a dozen dogs all of which understand Rumanian, French and Spanish. Magda understands some English and Spanish which she has learned since arriving in Mexico. She wears lavender mascara, pats her master's tie and smooths his hair like a good wife. She got a job at the American Red Cross through her friendship with Mrs. George Messersmith, U. S. ambassador's wife.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 83

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PLACE TO SWIM

ACAPULCO IS HOT, BEAUTIFUL AND GAY

An international set can only boast the name if it can also boast a beach or two to sun and swim at. Ever since the war began, the members of the international set, like the soldiers of the world, have been defending beaches. But they have been fighting a losing battle and have withdrawn from beach to beach—from the Lido at Venice, from Juan-les-Pins on the Riviera; from Coral Beach in Bermuda, from Montego Bay in Jamaica—until finally they have made their last stand on the lovely

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beach you see here. It is at Acapulco, an hour and a half by air from Mexico, D.F., on the Pacific.

This beach is called the Morning Beach. The sun is at its best from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. Bathers go paddling about in the surfless bay on big surfboards, which may be rented for $1 an hour. The water is rock blue and warm, and tropical fish dart away from curious children. The sky is always blue and the days are always hot and lazy.

The house on the little island (*right center*) belongs to President Avila Camacho's brother Maximino. Beyond the bright green hill studded with pink and white villas lies another beach, called the Afternoon Beach. A third and most exclusive beach is on a small island off the picture to right. It is reached by the launches at the far end of this beach. There beautiful girls basking in the noonday sun are occasionally surprised by a stray wild pig, by a friendly burro or an armadillo looking for insects.

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Millions of copies of this picture, taken after Lepke's arrest for vagrancy, were sent throughout the U. S. by New York police in attempt to find Lepke who was living in Brooklyn all the time.

LEPKE

Burton Turkus concedes, now, that Lepke baffled him. He says he came to know, as one by one he sent members of Murder Inc. to the death house, that they were alike in at least one respect. He says, "They all had killers' eyes." He noticed this in Abe ("Kid Twist") Reles, the informer who admitted casually on the witness stand that he had destroyed 11 men with gun, knife and fire. He saw it in Allie Tannenbaum, the second informer, who had admitted personal part in six murders; in Seymour ("Blue Jaw") Magoon, who took part in as many before he became a state witness against the mob. The look was in "Happy" Maione's eyes, in "Dasher" Abbendando's, in Mendy Weiss's, in Louis Capone's, even in Sholem Bernstein's, and Bernstein is only a "stoolie," a self-labeled "rat," or gang squealer.

Killer eyes, Prosecutor Turkus came to know, are something you can dramatize for a jury. You point them out to jurors and pretty soon they see it. It is the unmistakable mark of the beast. Mr. Turkus proceeded happily on this theory and gloated inwardly as each new batch of Murder Inc. defendants came up for trial. He says, "I got the feeling that the theory was perfect, and it held up in every case—until I turned, one morning in the trial room, and looked into Lepke's eyes." The prosecutor was actually startled by what he saw. "It jarred me," he confides.

Lepke—who was born Louis Buchalter—has warm, soft brown eyes. They are inordinately large. "Like a deer's, or a fawn's," Mr. Turkus tells you, with something like awe. "They never hardened." The gazelle eyes made no sense to the prosecutor. They dispelled a theory, for Lepke was the boss killer. As head of Murder Inc., or the Combination as its own members called it, he had ordered the death of anywhere from 60 to 80 men. By all standards his eyes should have been like Jack Diamond's, Vincent Coll's, "Lucky" Luciano's, Al Capone's. Psychiatrists who have examined Lepke since Mr. Turkus sent him to the Sing Sing Prison death house have merely affirmed that Lepke is different from all these.

They found no mental twist, nothing psychotic in his make-up. He seemed always affable under examination, his mind crystal clear. They were a little puzzled, as Mr. Turkus had been, by Lepke's curious blandness, his seeming humility. "The man is actually diffident," one psychiatrist noted in bewilderment. If there were any deviations from normal in Lepke, they were not apparent and exhaustive interviews, fitted with the cleverest oral bait, failed to bring them to the surface. There was one possible flaw, not too pronounced. Lepke seemed shy and embarrassed when the probers asked about his sex life. He was uneasy through this phase of examination. Incidentally, he has no children except an adopted son, offspring of his wife's first marriage.

If Sing Sing Prison's head keeper walks Lepke from his cell in the harshly lighted west wing death house to prepare him for the electric chair, Prosecutor Turkus will have achieved what no other American prosecutor can claim—the death penalty for top man in a murder mob. Jack ("Legs") Diamond, Arthur ("Dutch Schultz") Flegenheimer, Vannie Higgins, Vincent Coll, "Babyface" Nelson, Frankie Uale, John Dillinger and a dozen other mob bosses died with their boots on. Al Capone, "Waxey" Gordon and Lucky Luciano went to prison, but only on comparatively piddling charges.

Lepke, though, has been brought to book as a boss murder man should be—for murder. This seems strange, in a way. The little man with the deer's eyes outclassed all the others in sheer criminal genius. The others were comparative dolts when it came to mob organization. They rose to power by force. He combined brains with force. Yet with all these things, they frustrated the law and he did not.

Lepke specialized in union rackets

Lepke controlled more industries and had a firmer grip on more labor organizations than any other racketeer of our time. Federal and municipal investigators figure he manipulated, all told, some 250 criminal ventures simultaneously, kept an eye on at least 300 straw bosses, a corps of accountants and bookkeepers and on a staff of irresponsible triggermen, strongarms and industrial saboteurs. He disliked reckless shootings, stabbings and other homicidal excesses, yet ordered the disposal of talkative or disobedient henchmen with all the blandness of an honest businessman disposing of worn or outmoded office fixtures.

Nothing in Lepke's childhood indicated this criminal capacity. From the hour he was born, on Feb. 6 in 1897, until he was around 15 years old, he was pretty much like any other New York East Side kid, only a little more solemn than most. Persons who knew him during this period recall him as soft-voiced, soft-eyed, rather shy. On casual acquaintance he still gives this general impression. He was entered in Public School 75 on the East Side when

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THE SHY BOSS OF BLOODY MURDER, INC. AWAITS DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

by MEYER BERGER

he was 6 years old, transferred to Public School 62 in the sixth grade and eventually was graduated from elementary school in Brooklyn in June 1912. His school rating for conduct, attendance and study proficiency was somewhat better than average but not outstanding.

Only once in early childhood did any sign of criminal tendency show through the disarming front. "Lepkeleh," as his mother called him—the name means "Little Louis"—was docile and rather grave. In his twelfth year, though, he landed in Children's Court for some childish offense which no one seems to remember now. The charge was dismissed. Barnet Buchalter, the father, ran a tiny hardware shop in Henry Street. His earnings were meager and the large Buchalter family barely existed on skimpy rations. The father died when Lepke was 13. For a little while Mrs. Rose Buchalter, the mother, peddled herring from door to door in Henry Street but the profits were insignificant. The family broke up.

Here, incidentally, was a perfect example of the common fallacy that criminals are almost always the victims of poor environment. Lepke's brothers and sisters, 10 all told, eventually acquired educations, set up comfortable homes, married and won respect in various professions. Of the brood of 11, only Lepke chose a criminal career. This began when he was about 18 years old. His mother had left New York by that time, to live with one of her older children in Colorado. His brothers and sisters were scattered among relatives, but Lepke moved alone into a furnished room on the East Side and quietly took up gangsterism.

He attended academy of hard knocks

Lepke was a delivery boy while his mother struggled to keep the family together. He earned $3 a week, which he turned into the common household fund. From the moment that he went out on his own, though, he never so much as considered legitimate employment. He threw in with tough East Side kids who stole from pushcart peddlers in Orchard and Delancey Streets, swiped packages from delivery wagons, rolled an occasional lush, tried picking pockets. In pushcart forays, incidentally, he teamed with Jacob Shapiro, a loudmouthed, coarse youth generally known to the East Side mob and to the police as "Gurrah Jake." The name was a contraction of the cry sent up by harassed pushcart peddlers when Shapiro came to loot their stock or cash. They'd let loose an anguished "Gerrarah here, Jake," the nearest they could come to "Get out of here, Jake." This friendship held for more than 30 years.

The East Side was lively with almost nightly gunplay when Lepke hesitantly dipped his toes in crime, but he took no part in the shootings. "Monk" Eastman, "Dopey" Benny, "Lefty" Louie, "Gyp the Blood," Johnny Spanish, "Big Jack" Zelig, "Yoske Nigger," "Charley the Cripple," "Joe the Greaser," "Kid Dropper" and "Little Augie" were only a few of the big shots an ambitious kid could do odd jobs for. Lepke lived on the fringe of big crime though, and cautiously felt his way. He thought much of the homicide was waste energy since it didn't bring profit. He figured that when he got to be a big shot he'd order things differently.

He tried loft burglaries, but wasn't too good at them. He was caught in one in February 1915 but beat the charge in court. In May 1916 he was caught running away with a salesman's sample cases in Bridgeport, Conn. and was sent to Cheshire Reformatory. He was paroled in July 1917. In 1918 he went to Sing Sing Prison for a year on a grand larceny charge. He got away with a few more loft burglaries, but in 1920 went back to Sing Sing on another burglary charge, a two-year stretch this time. He was getting an East Side reputation the hard way and some of the big shots watched him. They couldn't quite figure him out. He was different from their breed. Where they were noisy he was quiet, where they wore loud clothes, he preferred serges and subdued browns. They ran after dolls. Lepke seemed to shun them.

All about Lepke, as the years slipped by, East Side underworld rule was decided by marksmanship. Between Kid Dropper and Little Augie, from 1919 to 1927, 13 men died by the gun in crowded East Side streets. "The king is dead, draw a bead on the king." Up to this time, to Lepke's secret contempt, the big shots merely hired out their mobs to slug striking workers. They worked for a flat fee. They didn't realize the fortunes that lay within their grasp. Lepke did. He dreamed of enslavement of meek garment workers, leatherworkers, painters, bakers—all easy victims. Just a matter of proper organizations, he figured. He kept his ideas to himself. He never was a talker anyway.

On Oct. 16, 1927 Little Augie, who dominated the East Side, was cornered in the doorway at 103 Norfolk Street with his skinny little bodyguard, a kid

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAG



Lepke's eyes are nothing at all like the characteristic hard and shifty "killer's eyes" of most trigger men. They are warm, brown and docile, seem to hold no fires of fury or hate or violence.



Lepke's codefendants, Louis Capone and Mendy Weiss, went to the Sing Sing death house more than two years ago for murder of Joe Rosen. They have been waiting there for Lepke ever since.



Lepke entered Sing Sing bareheaded on a cold January day following his surrender to New York State by the federal authorities. Unless appeals succeed, he goes to chair on March 2 at 11 p. m.

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new in the rackets. A car pulled up to the door. Someone in the car hollered, "Hey, Augie." Augie turned. It was his last earthly gesture. The skinny bodyguard was picked up by detectives a few minutes later, riddled with shot but still kicking. Morning papers, next day, referred to him as "John Diamond." This was "Legs" Diamond's first notice in the journals. This was Lepke's first bid for bossdom. He was ready to try his theories.

Three weeks after Little Augie died, Gurrah Jake, Lepke and "Little Hymie" Holtz were arrested for murder, but the detectives had only a stoolie's word to back up the charge. It didn't stick.

By 1928 Lepke's theories were working perfectly in practice. He moved in on trucking unions, with gunmen scaring the wits out of members. Gurrah Jake and Hymie Holtz shared the profits and worshipped Lepke's genius. Street shootings dropped sharply. Lepke let it be known from the outset that he hated indiscriminate gunplay. Poor business, he pointed out.

Lepke's system for taking control in the labor unions was patterned pretty much on the fable of the camel—which first put its foot inside the Arab's tent and gradually worked in all its bulk. After a labor leader had asked Lepke, for example, to handle or beat up union rebels who were dissatisfied with the governing body, Lepke's strong arms would remain in the organization by his order. After they had cowed the disturbing element through mayhem or intimidation Lepke would keep them on and eventually put in his own officers. Labor leaders who had called for Lepke's help would be in no position to protest. Eventually, Lepke would force a rise in dues which he would pocket. All subsequent elections in unions thus taken over were Lepke-controlled—the rank and file kept in line by strong arms who watched over the ballot boxes.

Lepke's underlings were versatile

Lepke wedged his way into manufacturing concerns in pretty much the same manner. Manufacturers who had used him as a strikebreaker pretty soon afterward were carrying Lepke on their backs. The bolder ones who tried to resist would have their stocks ruined by Lepke's acid throwers. Where a plant owner weakened, Lepke would place his men in the office as foremen or managers, usually adding one man to watch over the books. Pretty soon Lepke dictated to factory and plant owners where they might send their outside work on contract. He got a percentage from the contractors as kickback.

Instead of hiring his mob out as strikebreakers at a flat fee as less imaginative predecessors had, Lepke paid his strong arms and gunmen a fixed salary. Novices started their apprenticeship at around $25 to $35 a week and worked their way to a top of $125 to $150. He taught his killers never to use such incriminating terminology as "kill," or "murder." When they performed a little job of homicide for him it was a "hit." There were legal advantages in this. Even if gunmen were overheard boasting of a hit, it would have no meaning in court.

Lepke maintained a slugger department. If a union's membership tried rebellion, the slugger department went into action with fists and blackjacks. This system never failed. The few who tried to get to a district attorney with their stories got the acid treatment—a dash of acid in the face. It was difficult for the few stout hearts among the rebels to carry on. They either quit the unions or submitted. The Buchalter system worked and became legend. Within a few years it had subjugated, among others, clothing workers, leatherworkers, bakery and pastry drivers, motion-picture operators, flour truckers, clothing truckers, fur dressers, milliners. The income was prodigious. No official has ever figured it out.

Workers and Lepke henchmen alike came to look upon him with increasing awe and reverence. He moved among them blandly, a quiet man who seldom spoke. Now he was 5 ft. 7 in. in height, with luxuriant black hair parted on the side. He was dark. His nose was rather long but straight and blunted at the tip. His eyes were most remarkable, always wide and soft and warm. They were inclined to shift when you stared at him too long, but he smiled easily and his speech was soft, apologetic. He had prominent ears. His own men seldom saw him angry or disturbed. "It took a lot to get the Judge mad," they tell you. Intimates referred to Lepke, among themselves, as "The Judge" or "Judge Louis."

On March 20, 1931, Lepke took a wife. She had been Mrs. Beatrice Wasserman, a heavy brunette, but her soldier husband was supposed to have died in the West some time around 1929. She was London-born, daughter of an English barber named Arbiter. In 1935 Lepke legally adopted her son Harold, who is now about 20 years

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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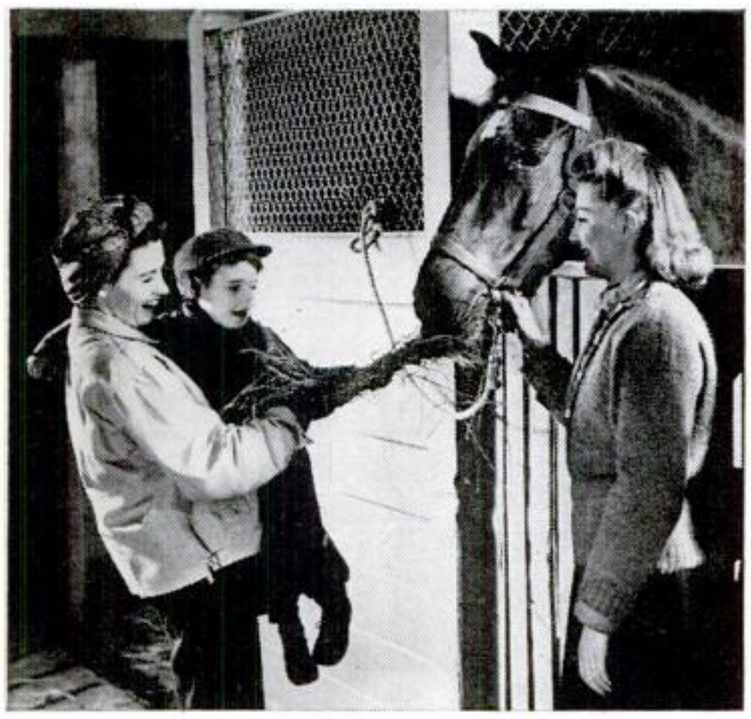
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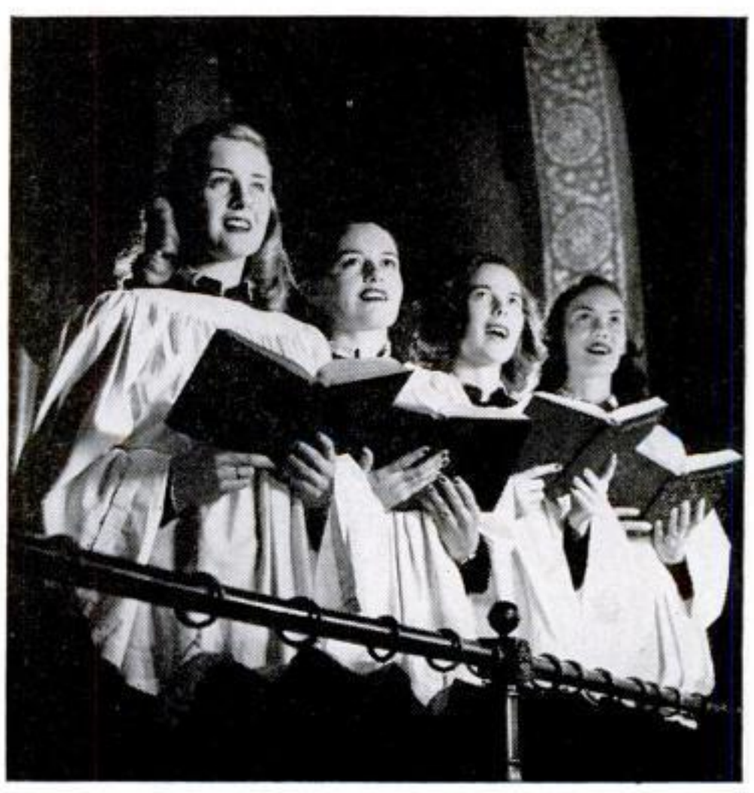
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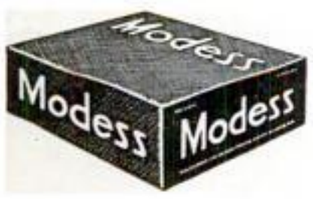
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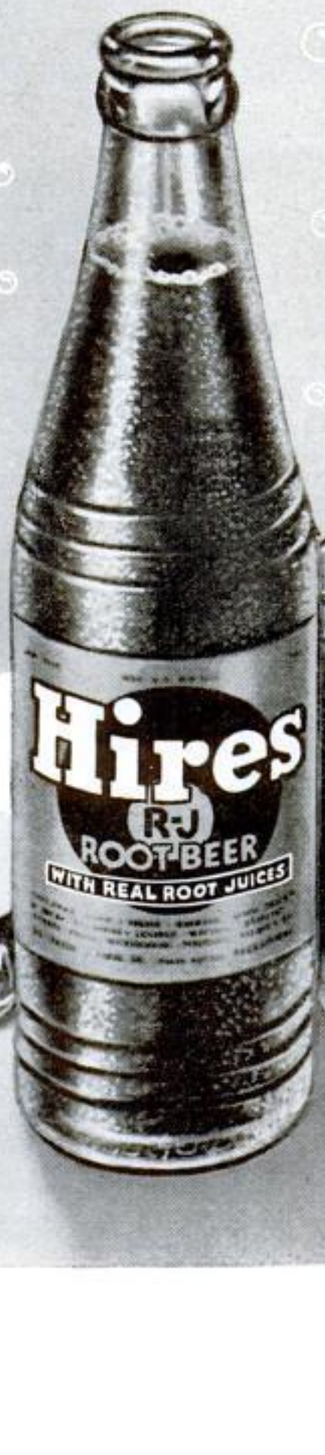
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Abe ("Kid Twist") Reles, after turning state's witness to save his own skin, killed himself by jumping from a window of the Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island in 1941.

LEPKE (continued)

old. Lepke is extremely fond of the boy and carries his photograph inside the back cover of his diamond-studded platinum watch. Mrs. Buchalter likes night clubs and gaiety, but her husband preferred quiet—a book or a magazine, an occasional game of golf, sometimes a bit of pinochle. He never drank to excess. He liked Miami and before the war occasionally went abroad.

All through the Prohibition era, when the blustery beer barons were whooping things up and getting their names in the public prints, Lepke kept building his rackets apace but shrank from the limelight. When he was brought in for the Little Augie murder he was booked as Louis Buckhaus and newspapers referred to him by that name for the next five or six years. Comparatively few, even in New York City, knew he was one of the so-called Big Five of New York's underworld. There was sinister magic in the name Lepke only among his shivering victims and among the disloyal in his cabinet. Lepke had figured out, soon after he put his pet theories into practice, that "Where there are no witnesses, there are no indictments." When investigations threatened he sent possible witnesses far out of the jurisdiction and supplied them with funds. If they came back they were "hit."

The police were aware of Lepke's dark power, but since he neither did his own killing nor took part in mayhem and slugging expeditions but merely delegated them to the proper departments in his organization, the detectives could never pin a charge against him. One day in June 1933 he and "Trigger Mike" Coppola were arrested in a handsome flat on the thirteenth floor of a rather snooty apartment house in East 68th Street. Detectives searching the place found closets crammed with expensive but conservative clothes, a rather elaborate collection of golf equipment but no weapons. There were no guns because Lepke has always been careful to move without one. The only charge the police could make against The Judge was vagrancy, but he had $800 in cash in his pockets and the charge was thin. They turned him loose on court order.

Dutch got hit by Bug and Piggy

Early in his major ventures, Lepke had established close business relationship with Lucky Luciano. They loaned gunmen to one another. When Lucky decided, for example, that Dutch Schultz was getting to be a nuisance, he borrowed some of Lepke's guns to liquidate Dutch. Charlie ("The Bug") Workman, Mendy Weiss and a man named Piggy did the job. Piggy, incidentally, went cold on the assignment at the last minute, but The Bug put a gun to him and Dutch and three of his aides died in an East Park Street tavern the night of Oct. 23, 1935 at 10:30 p. m. The Bug got The Dutchman, but Mendy Weiss claimed this hit. Lepke coldly warned both to stop quarreling about it. They did, right away.

Nothing bothered "Judge" Louie until Governor Lehman appointed Thomas Dewey in 1935 to uproot New York City rackets and racketeers. This move gave Gurrah Jake and Lepke a belly laugh at first. "That boy scout," they said. "He'll get somewhere like a duck hitched to a post." Mr. Dewey set Lepke, Gurrah Jake and Lucky Luciano at the top of his list. He started digging scared and reluctant witnesses from among the hordes who were enslaved by Lepke in the industrial rackets. Lepke got nervous. Gurrah Jake was for Dewey's assassination, but Lepke knew what would happen even if it could be done. "We'll have the whole world around our ears," he prophesied gloomily. "That's no good."

In 1937, Lepke and Gurrah Jake were indicted in the Federal Court in Manhattan for violation of the antitrust laws in connection with their racketeering in the rabbit fur-dressing industry and for

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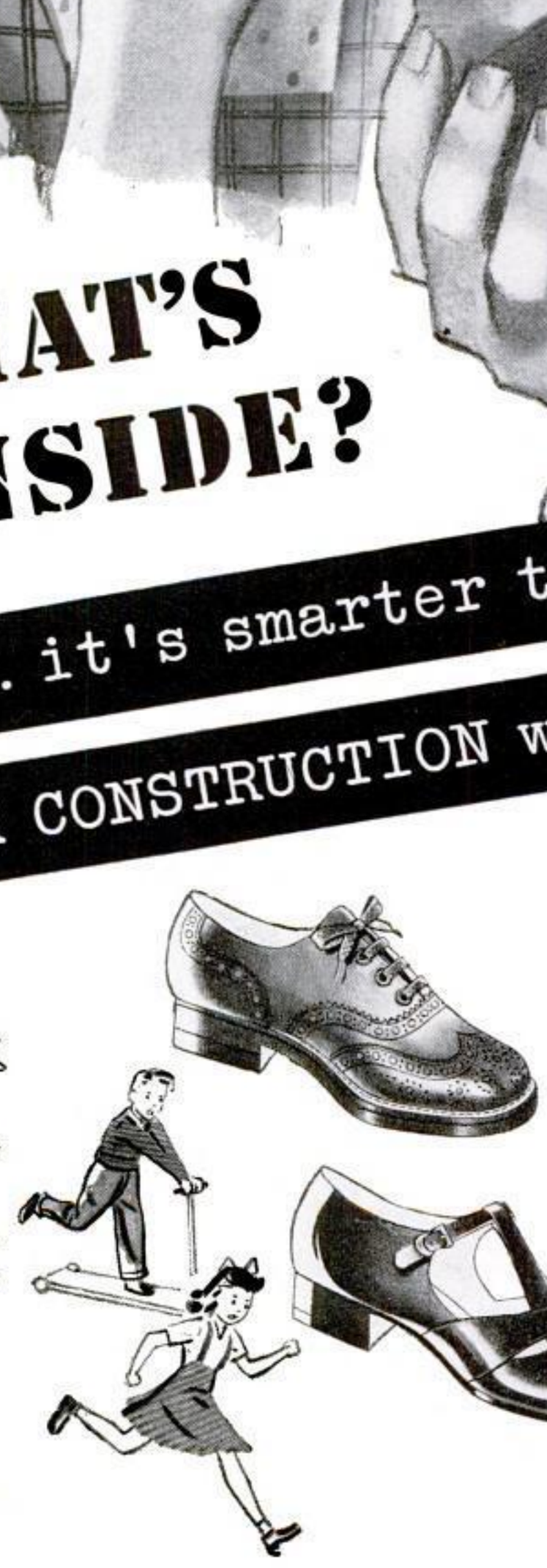
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There was a young bride from Kentucky
Who said, "Honey, I surely am lucky!
No wonder I beam—
Married life is a dream
With you and these perfectly ducky . . .



NORTHERN HANDY TOWELS

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LEPKE (continued)

violation of the narcotics law. By this time, Lepke had scattered possible Dewey witnesses far and wide across the country and was maintaining them in their hide-outs. Lepke, Gurrah Jake and Max Silverman, their straw boss in the bakery racket, were also indicted for extortion. Lepke and Gurrah Jake fled, and from his hiding place Lepke ordered the destruction of key witnesses. Murder Inc. had seen a lot of men die, but not as fast as they did during this period. Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora, who had been designated to hear the cases, was horrified.

The underworld stood by Lepke for 21 months. One of the Italian gang leaders in Brooklyn hid him for a while in the Oriental Dance Hall in Coney Island. This hideout was uncomfortable. Kid Twist found a Brooklyn waterfront flat, run by a red-haired virago, and Lepke boarded there a while. He grew a full mustache and wore dark glasses. He still collected from many of his labor victims and still drew heavy earnings from the Raleigh Manufacturing Corp., a clothing firm with offices at 200 Fifth Avenue and a factory in Baltimore, which he controlled.

When the waterfront flat grew tiresome, Lepke moved to an apartment in a large house on Foster Avenue in the Flatbush district in Brooklyn. Here he was the "paralyzed husband" of a Mrs. Walker, who had a 19-year-old son. When anyone knocked at the door, Lepke would let his arms go limp and would assume a paralytic pose in his armchair by the fire-escape window. Here he received Kid Twist and his other agents, directed his multitudinous affairs, ordered the dispatch of men who might get to Mr. Dewey or to the federal authorities. The victims were stabbed with ice picks, shot and dropped into Catskill streams. One was throttled and burned in a Brooklyn lot. Lepke's own men were terrified. They watched each other warily.

Trigger fingers sometimes slipped

Max Rubin, who had been a Lepke straw boss in the garment center, was shot in the neck one night on Gunhill Road in the Bronx after he had appeared before Mr. Dewey. The marksmanship was bad, and Rubin survived to be the most damaging witness against Lepke at trials later. In their zeal to fulfil Judge Louie's orders, the Lepke gunmen accidentally murdered Irving Penn, an innocent music publisher. They mistook him for Phil Orlovsky, a potential witness against Lepke. This added to public indignation. The city of New York put a $25,000 reward on Lepke's head. The federal government previously had offered $5,000.

Finally, word came to Brooklyn from J. Edgar Hoover's office that if Lepke was not turned over within 72 hours, a host of FBI men would be turned loose on the borough and a merciless campaign would be started against all the mobs, Lepke's as well as others'. One of the big Italian gang bosses knew that this meant business. He passed the word to Lepke and a plan for surrender was worked out. A little after 10 o'clock the night of Aug. 24, 1939 Lepke got out of an automobile on Fifth Avenue at 28th Street, still wearing the dark glasses and the mustache. He was somewhat heavier than when he had gone into hiding. Waiting for him in a sedan was the columnist, Walter Winchell, chosen intermediary in the surrender. Winchell spoke to a heavy-set man, wearing dark glasses like Lepke's, sitting deep in the tonneau.

He said, "Mr. Hoover, this is Lepke."

Lepke removed his own glasses, dashed them on the pavement.

"How do you do?" he said politely. "Glad to meet you. Let's go."

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Rosen's widow grieved loudly at her husband's death, for which Lepke may die.



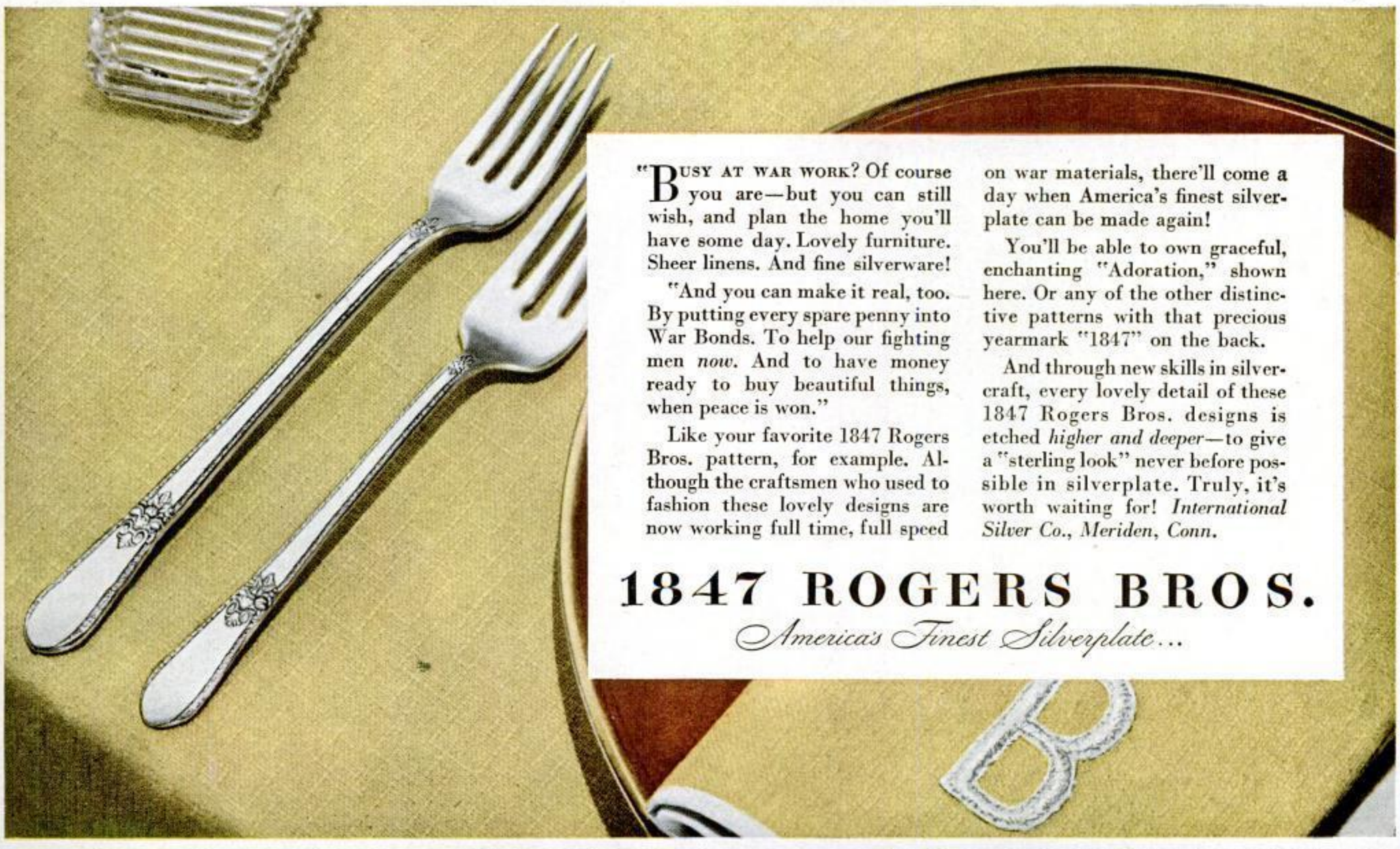
Lepke's widow-to-be kept a stiff poker-face composure at her husband's hearings.

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Laraine Day, soon to be seen co-starring in Cecil B. De Mille's "Story of Dr. Wassel"—a Paramount Production.

"HAVE YOU MADE A WISH TODAY?" *asks* Laraine Day



"BUSY AT WAR WORK? Of course you are—but you can still wish, and plan the home you'll have some day. Lovely furniture. Sheer linens. And fine silverware!

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LEPKE (continued)

On Jan. 2, 1940, Lepke was convicted in the Federal Court in Manhattan on the antitrust law violations and was sentenced to 14 years in Leavenworth. A fortnight later in General Sessions Court in New York City he was convicted on 36 extortion counts and was sentenced to serve from 30 years to life in state's prison as a fourth felony offender. The federal authorities claimed prior right to his person and he was transported to Leavenworth. Gurrah Jake had surrendered to the federal authorities in the spring of 1938 and was serving time in the federal penitentiary in Wisconsin.

Meanwhile, though, William O'Dwyer, Brooklyn's district attorney, had taken office. He grabbed Reles, Tannenbaum, Magoon, Strauss, Maione, Abbandando, "Buggsy" Goldstein, Louis Capone, Vito Gurino, Mendy Weiss, "Duke" Maffetores—all gunmen in Lepke's employ. He appointed Turkus to break them, and Turkus did. Reles, Tannenbaum and Magoon told the full inside story of Lepke's murder organization. Their testimony sent Maione and Abbandando to the electric chair for the murder of George Rudnick, who had turned stoolie against the Lepke Combination. Later their testimony sent Buggsy Goldstein and Strauss to the chair for the murder and burning of "Puggy" Feinstein, another member of Murder Inc. who had weakened and endangered Boss Lepke.

The strain was too much for Kid Twist. He had pretended he had no remorse over sending his fellow men-at-arms to the death house. He had kept up his waggery—throwing wet toilet paper wads at detectives assigned to guard him in the Hotel Half Moon in Coney Island; escaping from them and calling them from a telephone in the lobby—but early on the morning of Nov. 12, 1941 he was found dead on the ground outside the hotel. He had gone out the window. This news got to Sing Sing Prison by criminal grapevine with incredible speed. Inmates who had known Kid Twist gloated at his death. Prosecutor Turkus heard that someone in the death house had remarked bitterly, "There's one canary who found out he could sing but couldn't fly." A canary, in underworld parlance, is any informer who "sings," or squeals, on his mates.

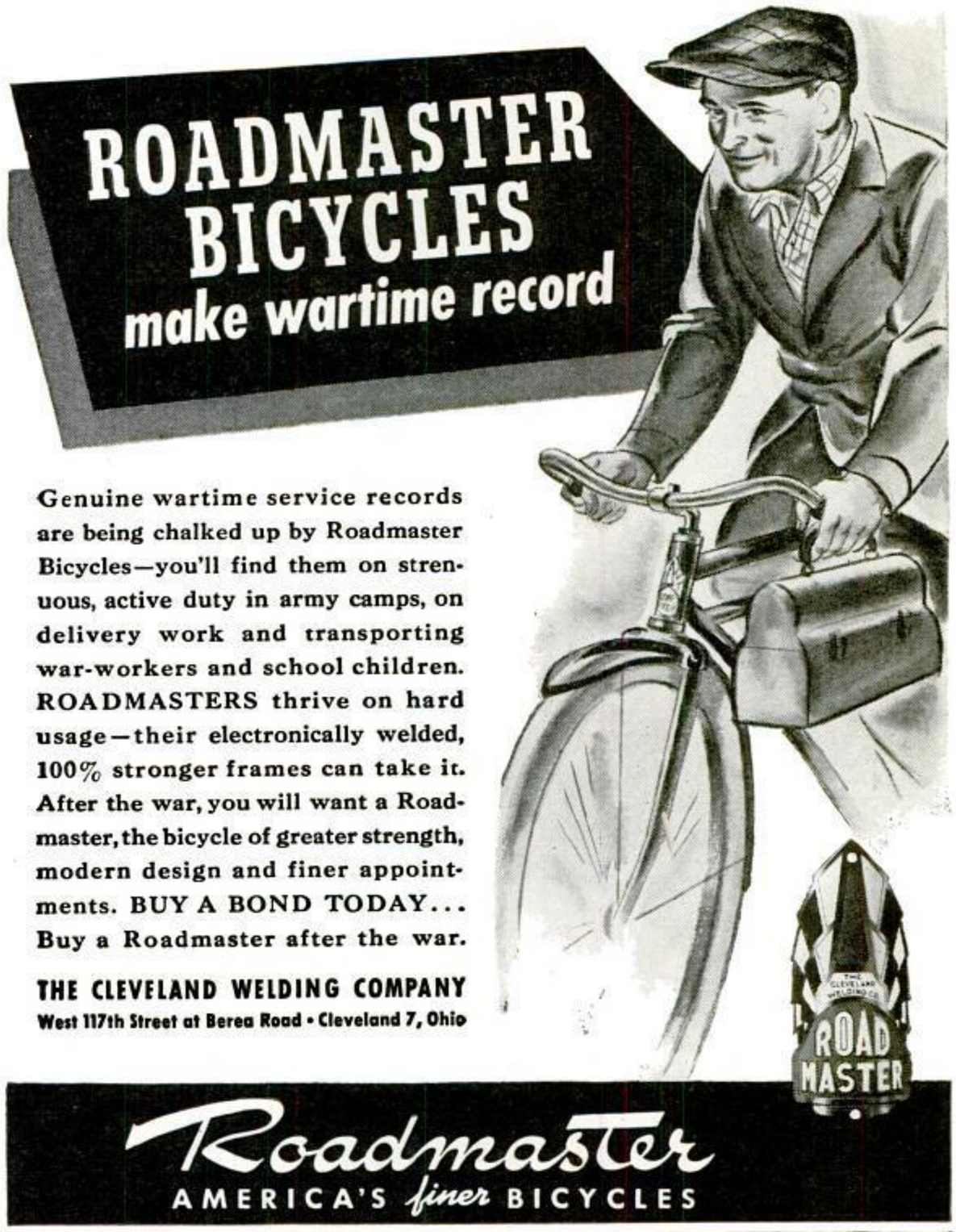
On Oct. 20, 1941 Prosecutor Turkus opened his case in Kings County Court in Brooklyn before Judge Franklin Taylor, against Louis Capone, Mendy Weiss and Louis Buchalter, charged with first degree murder. Nine defense lawyers opposed him. Lepke had been brought from Leavenworth for the trial. He was tanned from outdoor prison labor, his dark hair was thinned on top, but his face was

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





"Puggy" Feinstein's corpse (*top*) was found in a Brooklyn lot in 1939, badly charred. His killers, "Buggsy" Goldstein and "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss (*above*), had done a careless cremating job, left enough for fingerprint experts to identify the body. A petty loan shark, Feinstein died for double-crossing a racketeer. His killers died in 1942.





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LEPKE (continued)

still bland, the eyes still wide and deerlike. He was somewhat less neatly groomed than he had been the year before. The trial dragged through October into late November. Each day, when the prison van delivered him, his wife stood by to catch his greeting. He'd say, "How are you, honey?" and she would shout an answer. One morning the police guard thrust her back into a doorway with the crowd of curious who had gathered. That morning Lepke's face wasn't bland. It reddened and he lost his characteristic mildness. He shouted angrily, "Don't let them push you around like that." Mrs. Buchalter spoke from the doorway. "I'm okay," she said. "Don't worry, honey, I'm all right."

The state charged at the trial that Lepke had ordered the death of Joseph Rosen, an undersized clothing trucker, whom he had forced out of business when he first took over the rackets. Rosen was found dead, pumped full of bullets, on the floor in his little candy store at 725 Sutter Avenue, on Sunday morning, Sept. 13, 1936. He had ignored Lepke's threats to get out of town to prevent Prosecutor Dewey's men finding him.

Lepke maintained his blandness as his former triggermen told from the stand how they had heard him order Rosen's death; how the murder had been planned and carried out. Max Rubin, who had survived after Lepke's gunmen had shot him in the neck, related that two days before the Rosen killing, Lepke had said to him, "That bastard Rosen is going around Brownsville shooting his mouth off that he's going downtown ("downtown" meant Prosecutor Dewey's office). He and nobody else are going down any place or do any more talking—or any talking at all."

Max Rubin also testified at the murder trial that Lepke shipped him to Salt Lake City, to the Catskills, to New Orleans, to keep him out of Prosecutor Dewey's hands. Each time, though, Rubin got homesick for his wife and two children, and drifted back. Lepke's anger mounted with each return. "Things are very, very hot around here," he told Rubin. "You cannot stay around." One night in October 1936, after Rubin's return from New Orleans, one of Lepke's hoodlum drivers called for Rubin and drove him, through a tremendous downpour, up Amsterdam Avenue in New York City. It was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98





George Rudnick's corpse (*top*) was found in 1937 on Evergreen Ave., Brooklyn, punctured in 63 separate places by an ice pick. Rudnick, a stool pigeon, was killed by "Happy" Maione and "Dasher" Abbandando (*above*). Happy did most of his killing with an ice pick or a meat cleaver. Both he and Dasher were electrocuted in Sing Sing in 1942.



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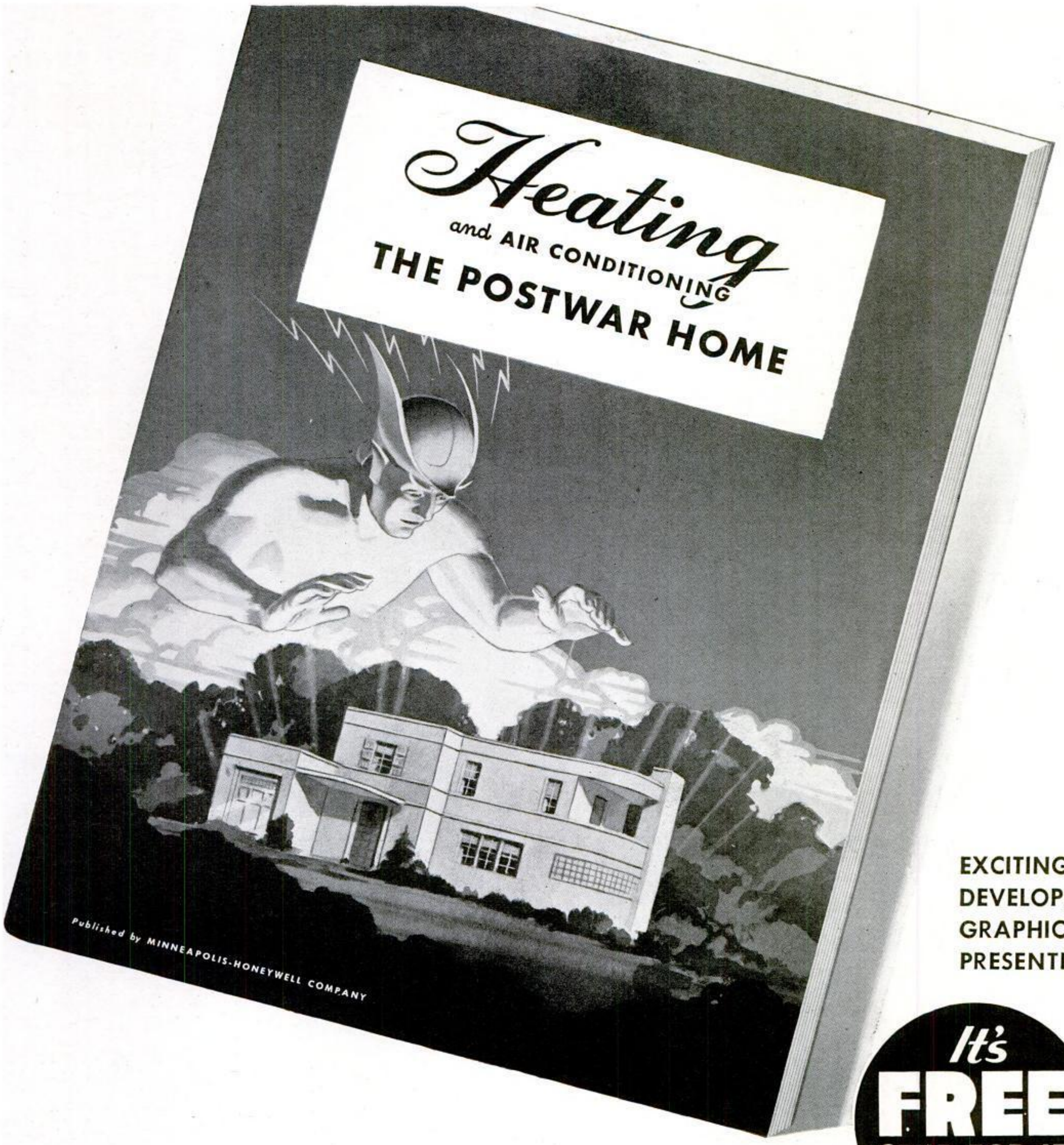
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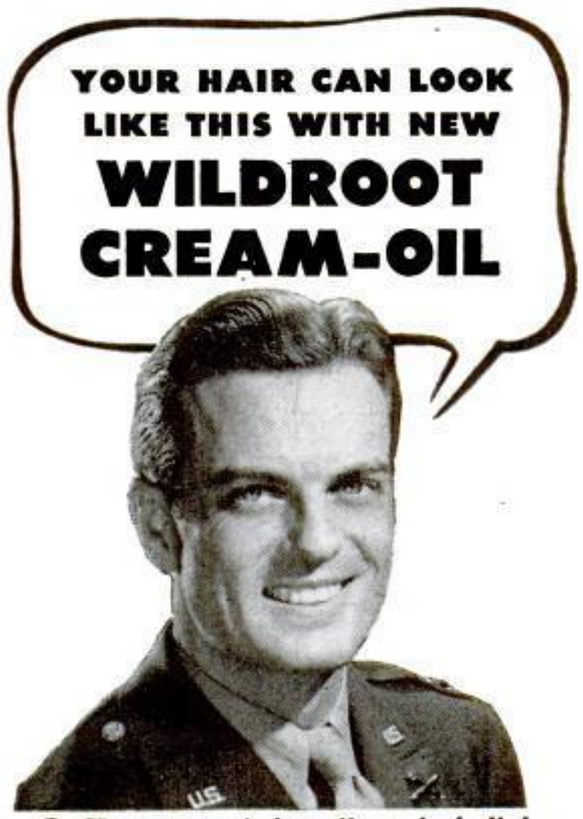
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LEPKE (continued)

late at night. Finally the car stopped at a curb somewhere around 150th Street.

"It was raining pitchforks, coming down in torrents," Rubin testified.

"When the car stopped," Mr. Turkus wanted to know, "did you see somebody?"

"Lepke."

Lepke was huddled under a dripping awning before a darkened store. Rubin walked over to him, aware of something sinister in the cold, unmoving form.

"Lepke wanted to know why I came back again. He asked me how old I was. I said I was 48. That was my age at that time. Lepke said, 'That's a ripe age.'"

Ripe enough, apparently. A few nights later one of Lepke's gunmen, trying to kill Rubin, put into his neck the slug that now causes Rubin to walk with his head on one side.

Allie Tannenbaum, skinny, slant-eyed, almost Japanese in facial contour, confirmed Rubin's testimony. He had heard Lepke say of Rosen, "There is one sonofabitch will never go downtown." Tannenbaum told how Mendy Weiss had boasted of the Rosen killing, had described how he murdered Rosen and how the sadistic "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss took unnecessary pot shots at the body. Lepke, Tannenbaum told the jury, seemed unmoved when he heard this. His reaction was, "What's the difference as long as everyone is clean and got away all right?"

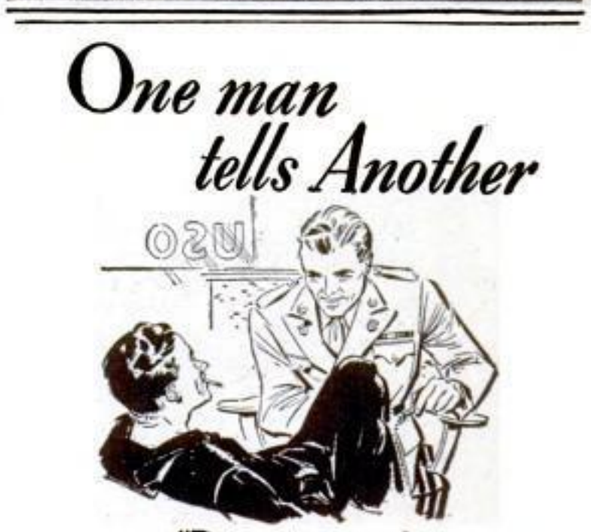
When Judge Taylor passed the death sentence, Lepke's soft brown eyes didn't change or harden. He heard the court solemnly pronounce that he, Weiss and Capone were to be delivered to Sing Sing "there to suffer death by execution during the week of Jan. 4, 1942." He mopped at his tanned face with a soiled handkerchief but the blandness never altered. His tongue worked briefly inside one cheek and his fingers tensed, that was all.

Capone and Weiss were delivered to the east wing death house soon afterward. Lepke was taken back to Leavenworth Penitentiary, still a federal charge. A few weeks ago, though, Attorney General Biddle turned him over to New York State. He was driven to the prison under heavy guard. He was placed in the first cell to the right as you enter the west wing. He was docile then. He has been docile ever since—docile, with the same peculiar diffidence that so startled Prosecutor Turkus when he first became aware of it. Death-house keepers haven't been able to make him out. When other condemned men shout and call hoarsely to one another, Lepke is silent, still the extraordinary little man with the deer eyes who doesn't like to talk.



In the executive chamber of New York's capitol in Albany Feb. 2, Governor Dewey conducted a clemency hearing for Lepke, Weiss and Capone, whose execution he had stayed again and again during his dispute with the federal government over Lepke's person. Dewey had repeatedly demanded that President Roosevelt commute Lepke's federal sentence so he could be surrendered to New York State. The U. S. Government was reluctant to let Lepke go without a guarantee that he would be executed. Some observers suspected the administration was afraid Lepke might earn clemency by confessions which would smear Roosevelt-supporting labor leaders. On Jan. 21 Lepke was handed over to New York. If he is not executed, the state must return him to the U. S. In short, New York has a priority on Lepke dead, the U. S. Government on Lepke alive.





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LOPAHIN (STEFAN SCHNABEL) TELLS LYUBOV (EVA LE GALLIENNE) AND LEONID (JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT) THAT THE ESTATE CAN BE SAVED IF ORCHARD IS CUT UP INTO LOTS

"THE CHERRY ORCHARD"

Chekhov's ageless masterpiece is back on Broadway

In the 40 years since Anton Pavlovich Chekhov wrote *The Cherry Orchard*, this moody play about the eviction of a Russian family from its beloved ancestral estate has remained one of the theater's most durable masterpieces. Now it is back on Broadway in a fourth revival, this time in a Carly Wharton-Margaret Webster production which stars Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut.

The plot of *The Cherry Orchard* concerns Lyubov Andreyevitch's return to her ancestral estate which is to be auctioned off to satisfy the heavy debts accumulated by her and her brother Leonid. Lopahin, a peasant who has made a fortune in business, suggests that the conversion of their lovely cherry orchard into building lots would bring enough money to satisfy the creditors. The plot is the story of their inability to face reality. But it is the least important thing about the play. For *The Cherry Orchard* is essentially an atmospheric piece in which the characters move dreamily about in a twilight world. It has neither violent action, breathless suspense, nor bright talk. Its concern is not with action itself, but rather with the emotion aroused by action. It has survived because of its ability to transmute feelings that are as old as time itself.

The Cherry Orchard is a study in futility. Everyone in it is frustrated. Even Lopahin cannot bring himself to propose to the girl he loves. And the orchard itself is a symbol of futility—fragrant, lovely to look at, but barren of salable cherries.

Although the present production is probably too broad and too slapstick in its comedy, it is a first-rate job with some fine, workmanlike performances. Not the least of them is the one of Firs given by A. G. Andrews, who began acting in 1862 and, at 87, is the oldest active member of Equity.



Lyubov's return to the estate after many years is awaited by Dunyasha, the maid (Virginia Campbell) and Lopahin. The maid is so excited that she thinks she is about to faint.

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"The Cherry Orchard" (continued)



Lyubov thanks Firs (A. G. Andrews), the devoted old valet, for serving coffee and putting a cushion under her tired feet. She says, "You dear old man. I'm so happy you're still alive."



"Oh, my orchard!" sighs Lyubov. "After the dark, stormy autumn and the cold winter, you are young again." Leonid sadly reminds her the orchard will be sold to pay their debts.



At sundown near the river, Epihodov (Rex O'Malley), a bookkeeper, plays mournfully on the guitar while he tries to woo Dunyasha. But she prefers the faithless valet Yasha (Stanley Phillips). Regarding the triangle with a jaundiced eye is Charlotta Ivanovna, a governess (Leona Roberts). She says, "One wants so much to talk, and there isn't anyone to talk to."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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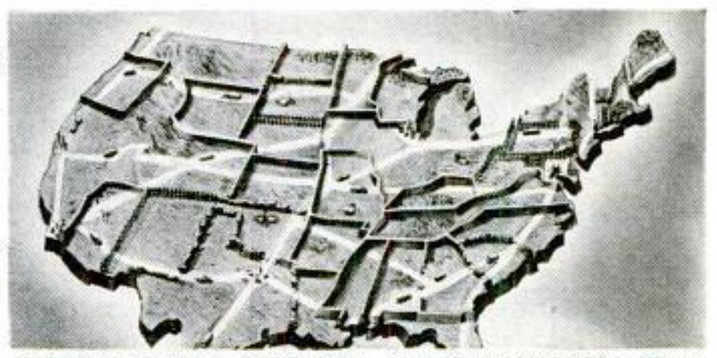
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As factories change over to radios, refrigerators, motor cars, and everything the public wants . . . the need for truck transportation is vital.

Bottlenecks must be cut to avoid unemployment. Motor transportation can do it, but restrictions on trucks... legislative restrictions as well as materials and manpower restrictions... must be lifted.



HERE'S ONE MAP THAT STILL NEEDS CHANGING! These walls, before Pearl Harbor, were conflicting size, length, weight and tax laws that blocked off whole sections of U. S. highways. These laws, still on the books, must be revised.

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But lay-offs may be needlessly prolonged unless freedom of the highways is assured—quick!

For the "duration," many states have relaxed their complicated taxes and conflicting laws that put the brakes on trucking. But these *laws are still on the books*...will hinder, slow, or stop shipments vital for changeovers.

Efficient highway transportation and fast conversion to full peace-time production demands quick revision of petty regulations ... a fair code of laws ... and good roads. Let's assure these now!



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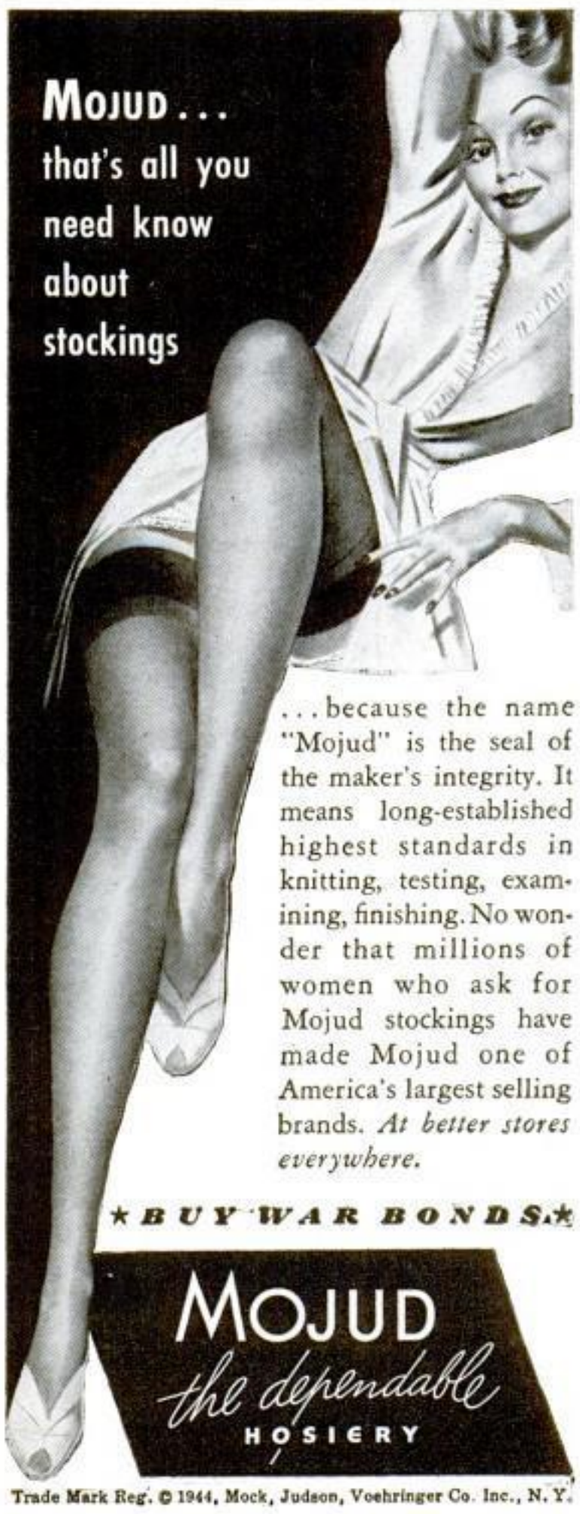
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Confessing her sins, Lyubov, who has frittered away her money, stops when she hears music. At once she forgets her sorrows, decides that they must give a dance.



"All Russia is our orchard," explains Petya, the student (Eduard Franz), to Lyubov's daughter Anya (Lois Hall) who loves him. He says orchard symbolizes past.



A dance is given by Lyubov while Leonid and Lopahin go to auction of estate. Although she cannot pay musicians, she still refuses to admit the orchard must go.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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The people of San Francisco regret having to publish this warning, but we want you to have the facts. We do not want you to come here and be disappointed.

San Francisco Bay is the main port of embarkation on the West Coast. It is also the world's greatest naval base.

The tide of men, supplies and ships moving through this port increases daily.

For thousands of soldiers, sailors, and marines, this is the jumping-off place—a last taste and glimpse of America before they shove off for the war in the Pacific. We must see to their needs first.

Throughout this area, war industries are working round the clock. For one thing, we are producing more ships of every kind than any other place on the globe.

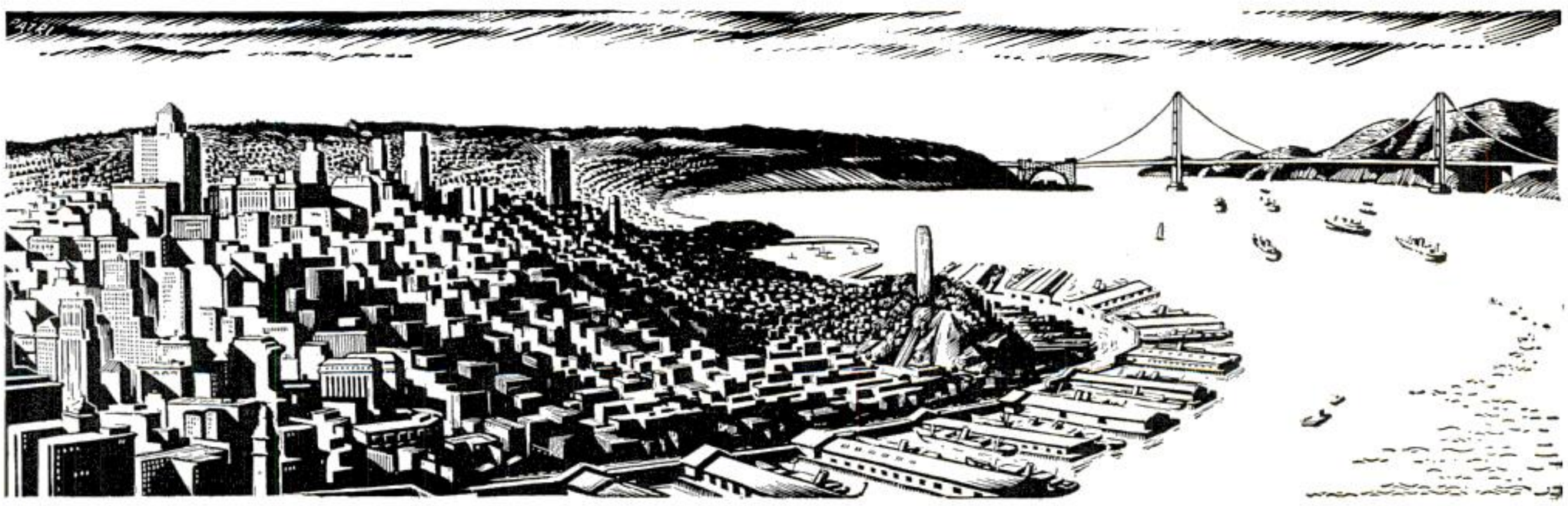
Downtown San Francisco at night reflects the crowded condition of the whole Bay region. Men in uniform almost outnumber civilians. Hotels and cafes are crowded. Many theatres remain open all night. So do restaurants and places of recreation. Street cars and buses are jammed. Any night is like a New Year's Eve on the streets.

Railroads, air lines and bus lines to San Francisco have accommodations now for little else but military personnel. There is no room for pleasure-seekers, convention delegates, families of service men, or people traveling on non-essential business.

San Francisco is proud of its reputation for hospitality and good living. So when we ask you not to come here now it is because we want you to enjoy our city under satisfactory conditions. San Francisco is just too busy and crowded to entertain you now.

After the war is over, San Francisco will again welcome you to its storied hills above the Golden Gate, its cable cars and sidewalk flower stands, its cosmopolitan hotels and fine restaurants, Chinatown, Fishermen's Wharf, and all the rest.

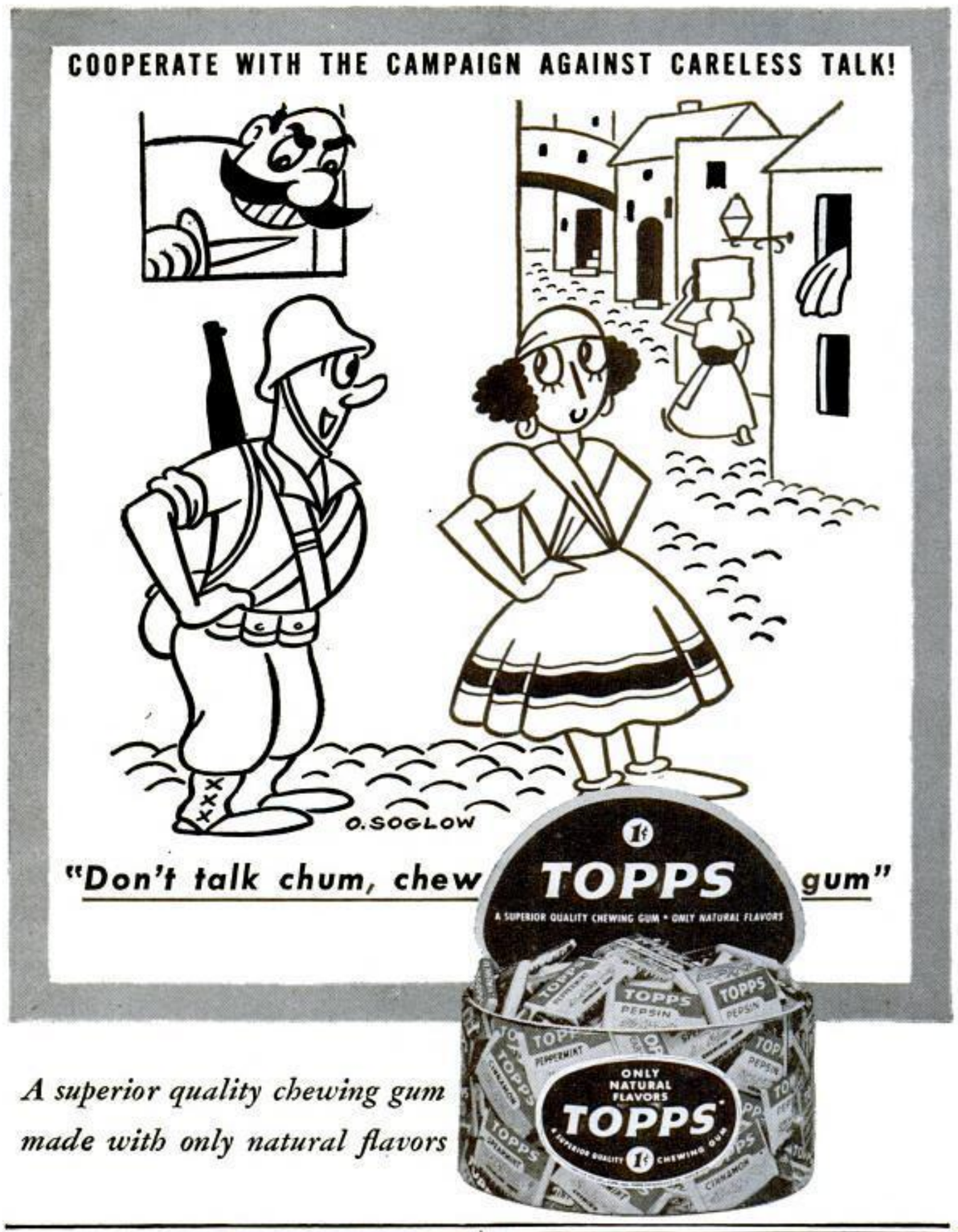
Meanwhile, we urge you to stay away from the San Francisco Bay area. Buy War Bonds now. See San Francisco after the war.



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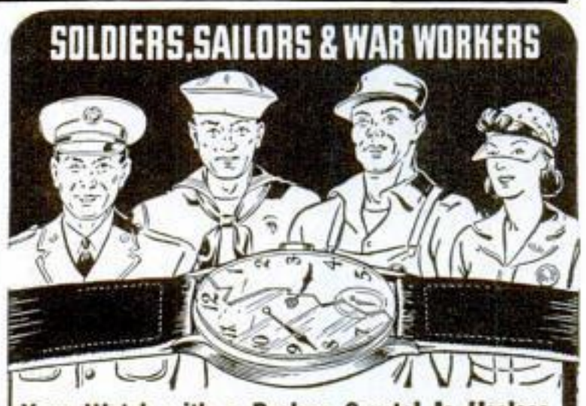
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SAVE WATER, FUEL AND FIXTURES

End those wasteful leaks with Kirkhill *Pignose* Washers... prolong faucet life and save up to 16% of water heating bills. Kirkhill *Pignose* Washers are efficient, long-wearing...outlast ordinary washers as much as 5 years because they are compounded of 13 scientifically blended ingredients. Millions have been sold in the past 20 years.

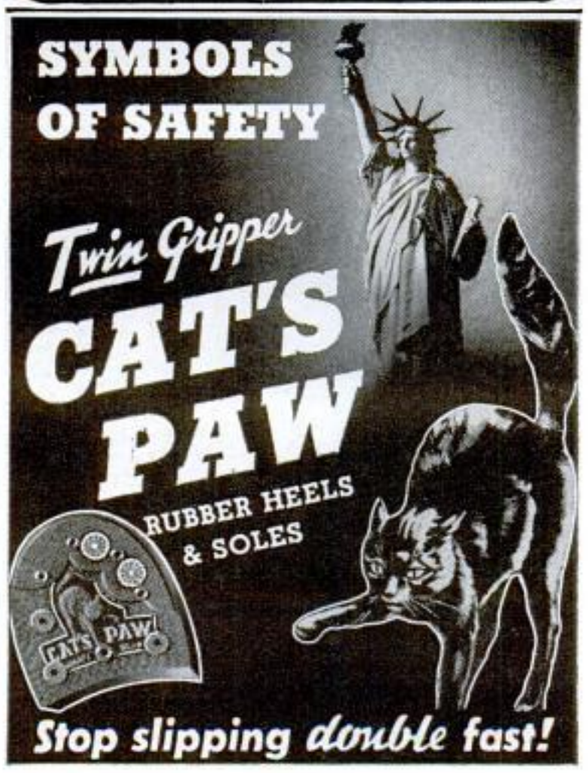
Demand Kirkhill *Pignose* Washers. The name is marked on every one.

KIRKHILL
RUBBER PRODUCTS · LOS ANGELES



Your Watch with a Broken Crystal Is Useless
—Exposed to Damage from Glass and Dust.

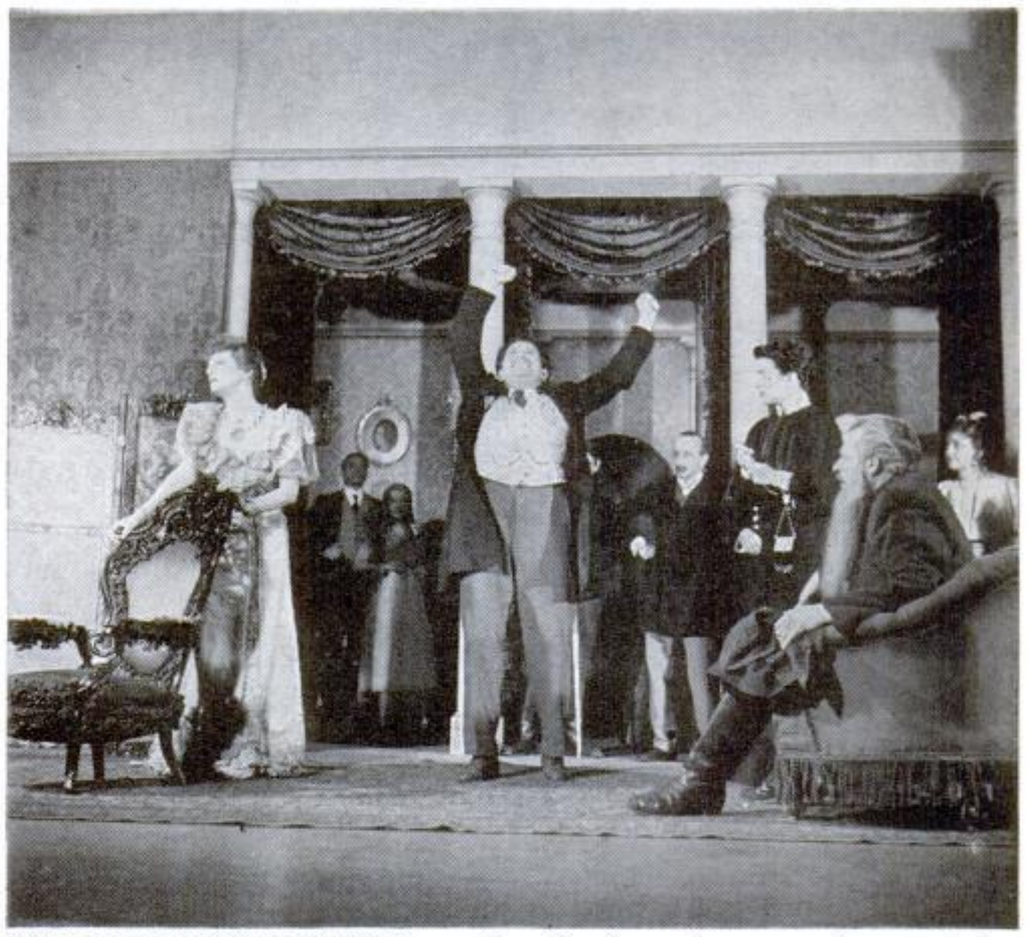
PROTECT YOUR WATCH—Avoid costly repairs–Go to any jeweler–ask for a G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL 100% BREAK-PROOF—Any size—Any shape. Can be fitted while you wait. Mfgrs. of military water-proof watches, gauges, instruments now use G-S FLEXO CRYSTALS —100% BREAK-PROOF.
Inquiries invited from manufacturers.
GERMANOW-SIMON MACH. CO. Rochester, N. Y.



"The Cherry Orchard" (continued)



"You're not above love," Lyubov tells Petya, the eternal student. Although Petya gives sound advice to others, he himself drifts aimlessly and accomplishes nothing.



"The cherry orchard is mine!" shouts Lopahin, ". . . the estate where my father and grandfather were serfs." Varya (Katherine Emery) throws the keys at his feet.



Anya comforts her mother, begs her to go away, says that her life is still before her. She cries, "We will plant a new orchard, even finer than this one. You will see it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

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Among men who live in work clothes all day long, this label

UNION MADE
Lee
JELT DENIM SANFORIZED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TOPS 'EM ALL!

You can spot the extra value in a Lee the moment you try it on. Fits like it was tailored to your measure! Looks like a lot more money than it costs! And because of Lee's "Tailored Sizes" and exclusive fabrics, your Lee must hold its shape better and last longer than any work garment you've ever worn . . . *or your money back!* Look for the famous Lee Label at leading stores from coast to coast.

THERE'S A LEE FOR EVERY JOB!

JELT DENIM OVERALLS • UNION-ALLS • MATCHED SHIRTS AND PANTS • WHIPCORDS
DUNGAREES • COWBOY PANTS • INDUSTRIAL UNIFORMS



HANDSOME CUSTOM-MADE FABRICS!

Your choice of smart-looking colors in double-tough fabrics custom-made exclusively for Lee.



PERFECT FIT FOR EVERY BUILD!

Whether you're short, tall, slim or stout, Lee "Tailored Sizes" mean a perfect fit every time.



UNION MADE
Lee
Quality
WORK CLOTHES

COPYRIGHT 1944., THE H. D. LEE CO., INC.

THE H. D. LEE COMPANY, Inc.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Union-Made Work Clothes and Industrial Uniforms

Kansas City, Mo. • • Minneapolis, Minn.
Trenton, N. J. • • San Francisco, Calif.
South Bend, Ind. • • • Salina, Kans.

THE LARGEST SELLING LINE OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA!

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Next time you
make an Old-Fashioned,
try rum instead of whiskey.
You're in for a
great surprise!

86 PROOF
GENERAL DISTILLERIES CORP., BOSTON, MASS.

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"The Cherry Orchard" (continued)



Lopahin decides to propose. Varya has been waiting two years for him to speak. He hems and haws, discusses the weather, finally rushes off leaving her to weep alone.



"My beautiful orchard . . . goodby!" says Lyubov as she and Leonid take a last look at their home. Reluctantly they leave, locking the doors, shuttering the windows.



Firs has been forgotten. He lies down wearily, saying, "Life has gone by as though I'd never lived." Into the quiet comes sound of axes in orchard, of workers singing.



"My Heart FOR A BARBASOL FACE!"

ANY GIRL'S heart goes out to the man who comes her way with a smoother, softer, cleaner-shaven Barbasol Face. No wonder! Barbasol is the shaving cream supreme for taming whiskers and soothing skin—its good and beneficial ingredients have made it the most widely praised shave on earth.



WITH MEN in the blazing tropics or polar climes, on jungle isle or desert, or right in your own home town—Barbasol is favored for speed and ease and protective kindness to skin—the fastest, sweetest, finest shave you ever had. Try Barbasol. It's wonderful, you'll say. Large size 25¢; Giant size 50¢; Family size 75¢. Tubes or Jars.



Copyrighted material



THE RED CROSS CLUBMOBILE GIRL
DISPENSES CHEER AND SOCIABILITY
ALONG WITH DOUGHNUTS & COFFEE

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Doughnut-making starts well before dawn. Here "Tatty" and "Dooly" take the last of a batch of 1,000 out of the machine.



Tatty Spaatz emerges with rackful of the sinkers. They are made in the kitchen of clubmobile *North Dakota*, girls' operations base.



Happy sergeant with doughnut and coffee grins, greets the girls: "Seen ya' comin' a mile away."

Life Visits Red Cross Girls in England

Their job on the fighting front is romantic, but their days start at dawn and their work is never done

Working overseas with the Red Cross is a war job which has caught the imagination of some 3,000 American girls. They are stationed all over the world, wherever U. S. troops are found. Some serve as directors and staff assistants at camp recreation centers. Others have a tougher assignment with clubmobile units which visit isolated air bases and dispersal areas bearing food and cheer for men who never see an American girl for weeks on end. They are hand-picked for looks, education, personality and experience in recreational fields. They are hardy physically and have a sociable, friendly manner. The majority are in their late 20's.

LIFE recently visited one of the 72 clubmobile outfits in England, of which Katherine ("Tatty") Spaatz, daughter of Lieut. General Carl Spaatz, commander of U. S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe, is a member. Her colleagues are Virginia Sherwood, niece of OWI's Robert Sherwood, Dorothy ("Mike") Myrick and Julia ("Dooly") Townsend. They are fortunately billeted in a 15th Century mansion owned by an earl and countess who have turned over part of one wing to them. They take turns getting up at 4:30 a. m. to make doughnuts, and start out at 8:30 on their rounds. At each stop they are greeted with howls of delight and boys throng to the bus from runways, hangars and trucks. After several weekly visits, the girls know most of them by name. Their slogan is "doughnuts will win the war!" and their chief ambition is to pass out doughnuts on the invasion front.



First stop is Flying Fortress base dispersal area. Music blaring from loud-speakers of bus brings the men running. Two girls man the counter while two dispense the doughnuts outside.



Boys measure Mike's waist with steel tape, decide "She's a perfect 42, fellas!" They do much ribbing at girls' expense but compensate by mending lighters, washing cups, cleaning boots.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 111

Copyrighted material

Your lips need this protection!



Freezing winds that chap and crack lips hold no terrors for our Armed Forces with protective Chap Stick on hand. You can use this same protection at home

Guard your lips as servicemen do against roughness, dryness, soreness and other externally caused lip troubles

Just like the lips of the men in the Armed Forces, your lips are subjected to sun, wind, and cold weather. That is true whether you're a man, woman or child. So, if your lips are rough, dry or painfully sore — do as so many men in the service do — get quick relief with Fleet's Chap Stick.

This medicated preparation is made especially for the lips. Acts 3 ways at the same time: 1. Smooths roughness. 2. Soothes feverish soreness. 3. Promotes healing. That's why relief is so fast; why your lips feel so pleasantly smooth almost at once.

Play safe! Use Chap Stick before exposure to sun, wind, and weather. Get Chap Stick today. Only 25¢ at drug counters. Look for the name Fleet's. Remember, if it isn't Fleet's—it isn't genuine Chap Stick. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

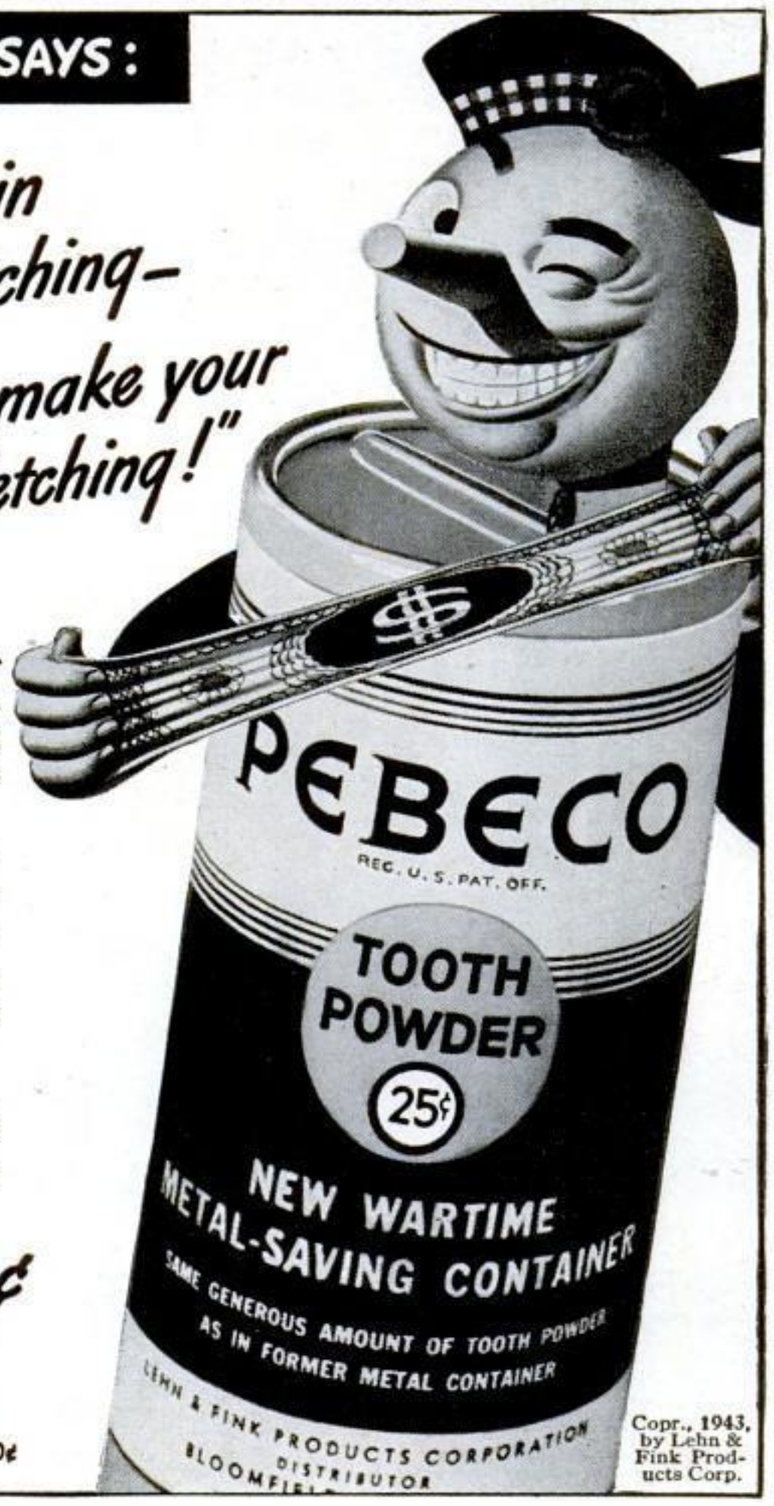


Guards your lips...

smooths . . . soothes . . . promotes healing

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

"I specialize in budget stretching— And help to make your smile more fetching!"



1. Pebeco Tooth Powder gives you 60% *more* than average of 6 other leading tooth powders . . . stretches your budget further!

2. Makes teeth sparkle. No other dentifrice cleans teeth better than Pebeco.

3. You get no grit in Pebeco Powder! It cannot scratch tooth enamel.

4. Tastes peppy, too . . . makes mouth feel clean and minty-fresh. Get Pebeco Powder today!

GIANT SIZE **ONLY 25¢**

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste—clean, refreshing flavor—10¢, 50¢

Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Life Visits Red Cross Girls (continued)



Coffee chain gang trails from mess hall to clubmobile. Brew for afternoon's rounds is made in kitchen of base girls are visiting. Eight urns (*above*) hold 40 gal. of coffee.



Girls chat with driver, Fred Clark. Crew captain of *North Dakota* is Virginia Sherwood (*far right*). She orders food, keeps accounts, struggles with laundry problem.



Fred washes the bus, which he maneuvers out of tight spots with legendary skill. He is 27, invalided out of Royal Navy. Girls accuse him of acquiring a Brooklyn accent.

Copyrighted material



Field hospital is girls' last stop. They hand out remaining doughnuts, gum, cigarets, home-town newspapers. Tatty trades quips with a boy laid up with minor ailment.



Mike talks with Bill Brower, Fortress tail-gunner. Boys say: "You're wrong if you think we're just after doughnuts. We're here to see and hear some American girls."



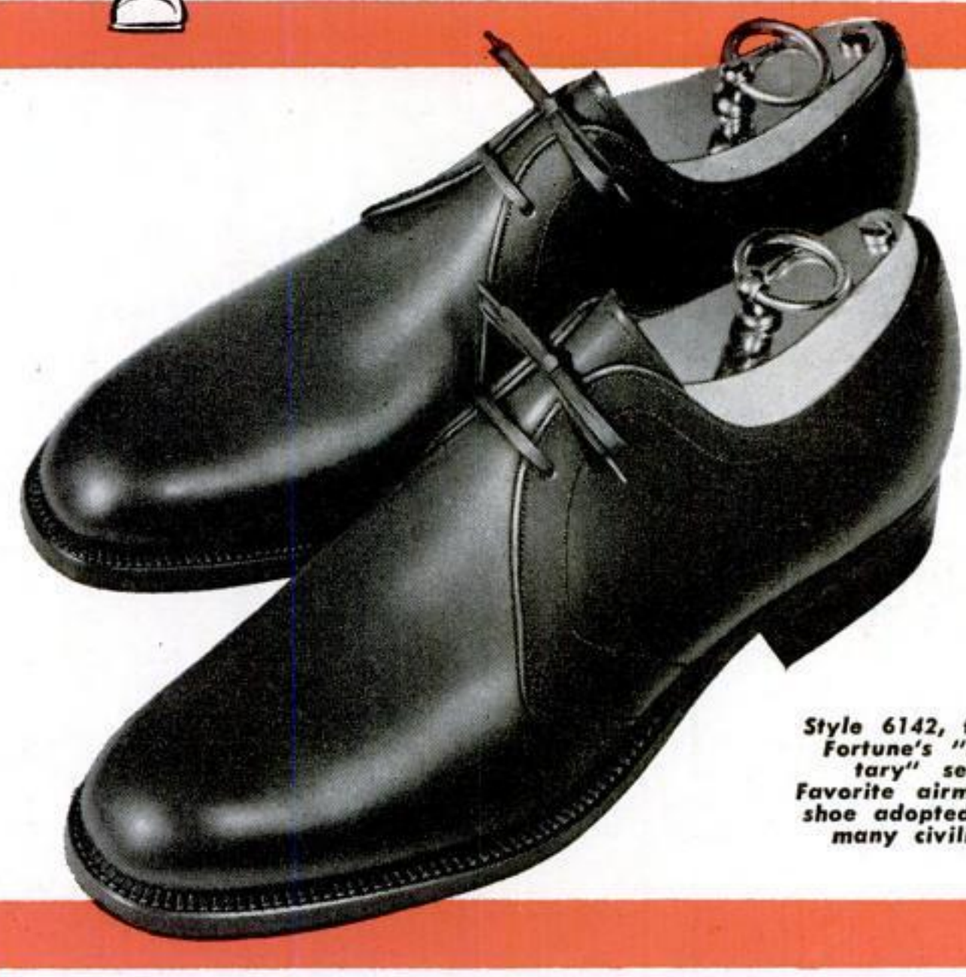
Girls attend parties given by GI's at bases they visit. Their enlisted friends are hurt when they date officers too often. Girls are frequently too weary to have fun.



HE'S FIGHTING FOR YOU!

WILL YOU HELP HIM GET BACK?

Deep in a hot and steaming jungle this soldier is giving everything, to keep his nation and yours free. The least you can do to help speed his safe return is to lend your money for more War Bonds. The food and bullets and equipment your money buys are needed for victory.



Style 6142, from Fortune's "Military" series. Favorite airman's shoe adopted by many civilians.

YOUR RATION COUPON IS WORTH A Fortune

. . . AND IN EVERY PAIR THERE'S A WEALTH OF SATISFACTION

If extra walking is wearing out your present shoes, turn in that valuable little ration stamp and step into a Fortune. Snug-fitting comfort and long mileage are built into Fortunes—at a sensible price in these days of higher living costs and increased taxes. Before you buy, give Fortune a try.

$5 to $5.50
SOME STYLES HIGHER

FORTUNE
Shoes for Men

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY • A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORP. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

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LIGHTER MOMENTS with

fresh Eveready Batteries



"Smith's wife sends him all of his pin-up pictures."

Two things to remember, next time your dealer says he has no "Eveready" flashlight batteries: Commitments to the armed forces are right now taking a large part of our production. And war industries, with their high preference ratings, require nearly all the civilian supply.

Every American can take part in the war food program. Produce it, conserve it, play square with your share!

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

BUFFALO CLOSE-UP

Sirs:

My camera shows that the buffalo does not exist solely on the face of a nickel. The symbol of a vanished frontier is being encouraged to lead a happy and well-nurtured life in the Lamar valley of Yellowstone Park. This year the bison herd numbers approximately 750, far too many for the available forage on the winter range. The surplus, as in other years, is being butchered and distributed to various Indian reservations in the West. I suggest it isn't often a photographer gets so close to one of these beasts, for which round-up riders have a great respect.

JOHN C. HABERSTROH
Livingston, Mont.

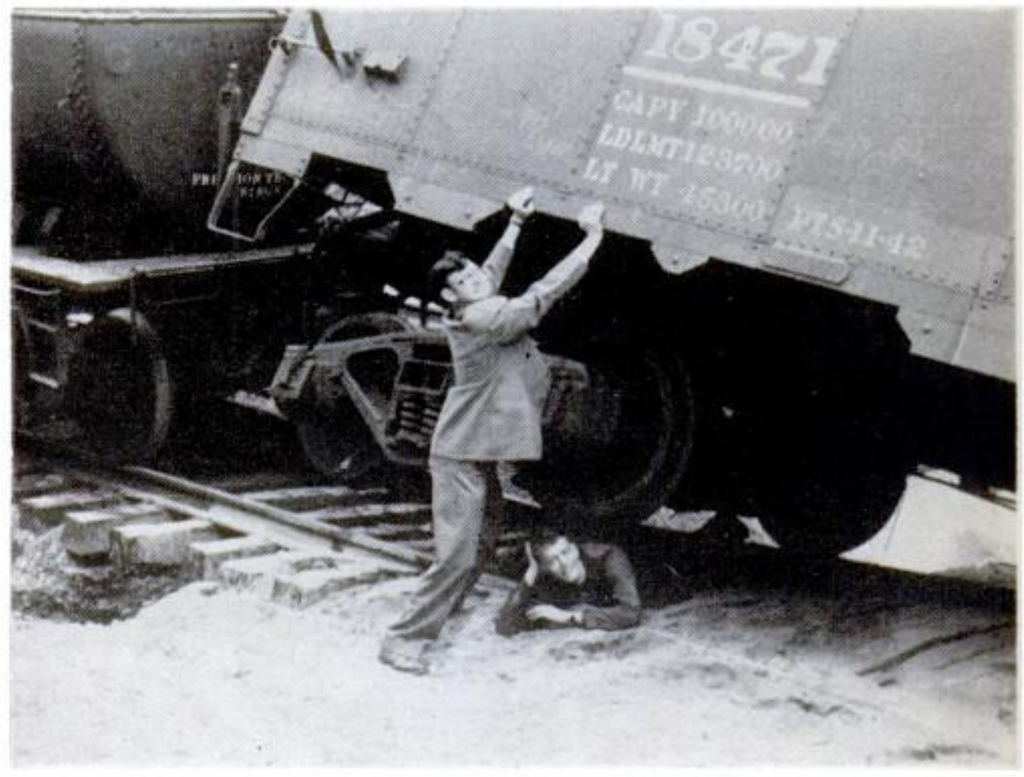


POWERFUL CLARENCE

Sirs:

I have seen many feats of strength depicted in Pictures to the Editors, but I feel that none of them can top this photograph of my friend Clarence. Circus and vaudeville professional strong men, to say nothing of old Atlas the Greek, have nothing on Clarence. To be sure, lifting a loaded freight car is by no means an easy task, even for Clarence (note his strained expression). But his friend Bob, on the track beneath, appears to have complete confidence in his strength.

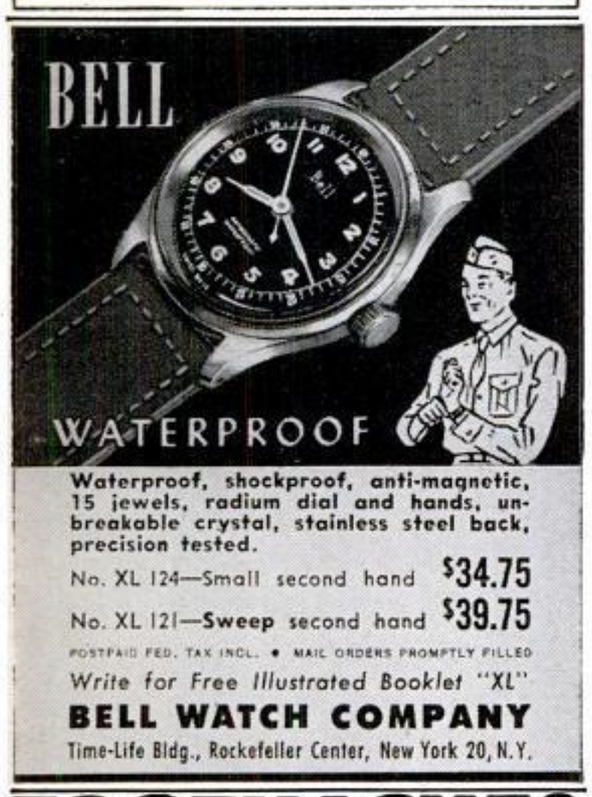
SHELDON W. GATES
St. Joseph, Mich.



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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

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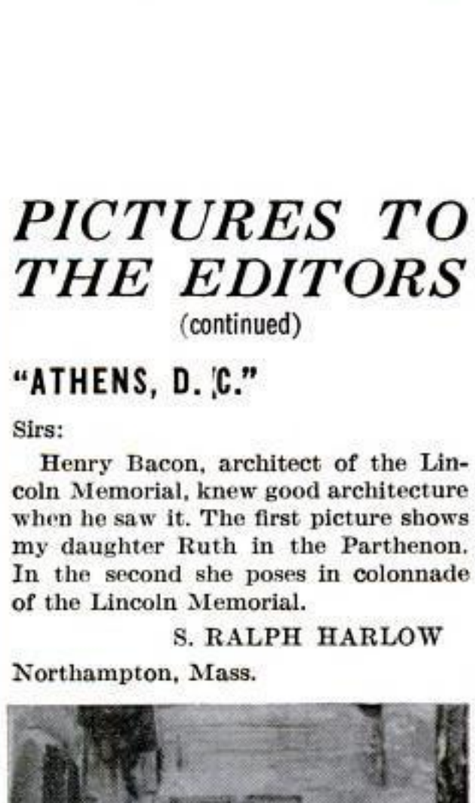
"ATHENS, D. C."

Sirs:

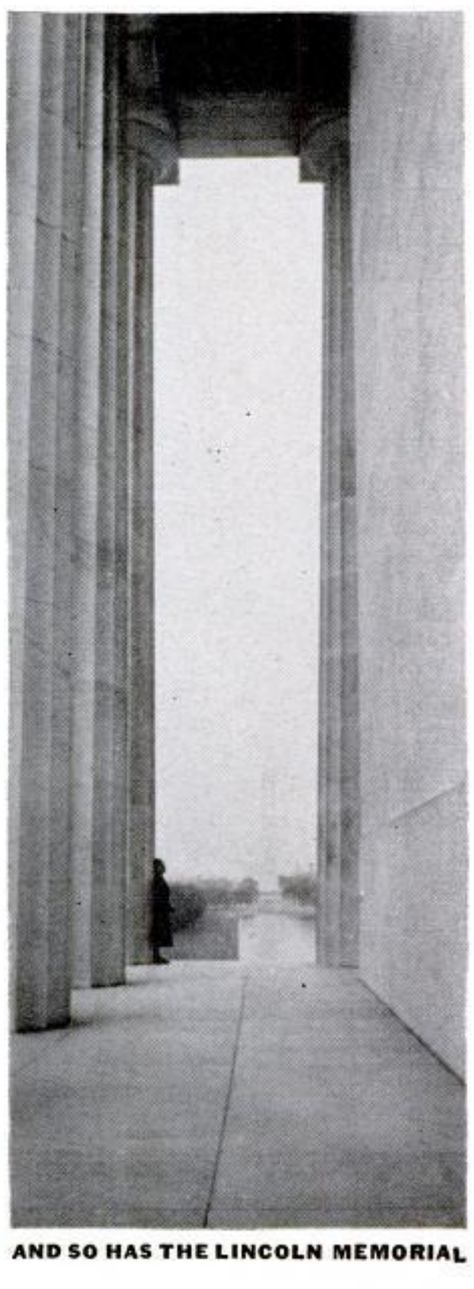
Henry Bacon, architect of the Lincoln Memorial, knew good architecture when he saw it. The first picture shows my daughter Ruth in the Parthenon. In the second she poses in colonnade of the Lincoln Memorial.

S. RALPH HARLOW

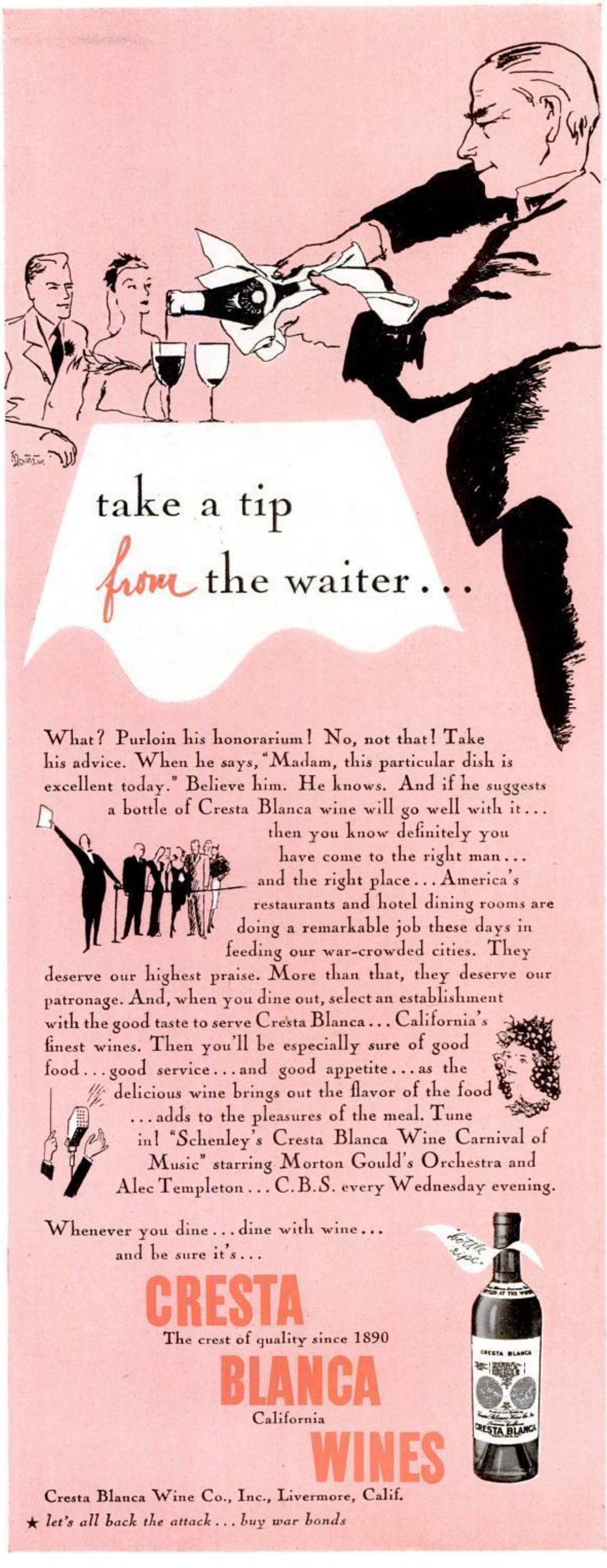
Northampton, Mass.



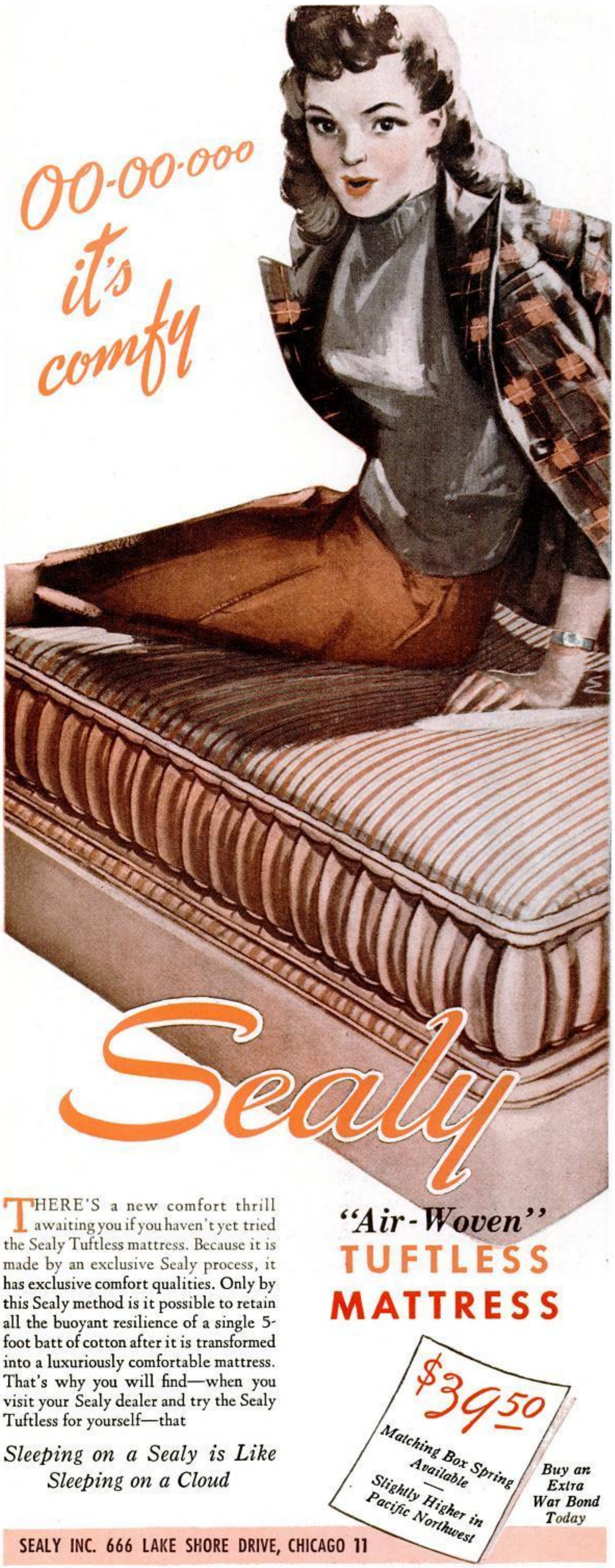
THE PARTHENON HAS CLASSIC LINES



AND SO HAS THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL



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THERE'S a new comfort thrill awaiting you if you haven't yet tried the Sealy Tuftless mattress. Because it is made by an exclusive Sealy process, it has exclusive comfort qualities. Only by this Sealy method is it possible to retain all the buoyant resilience of a single 5-foot batt of cotton after it is transformed into a luxuriously comfortable mattress. That's why you will find—when you visit your Sealy dealer and try the Sealy Tuftless for yourself—that

Sleeping on a Sealy is Like Sleeping on a Cloud

SEALY INC. 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 11

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

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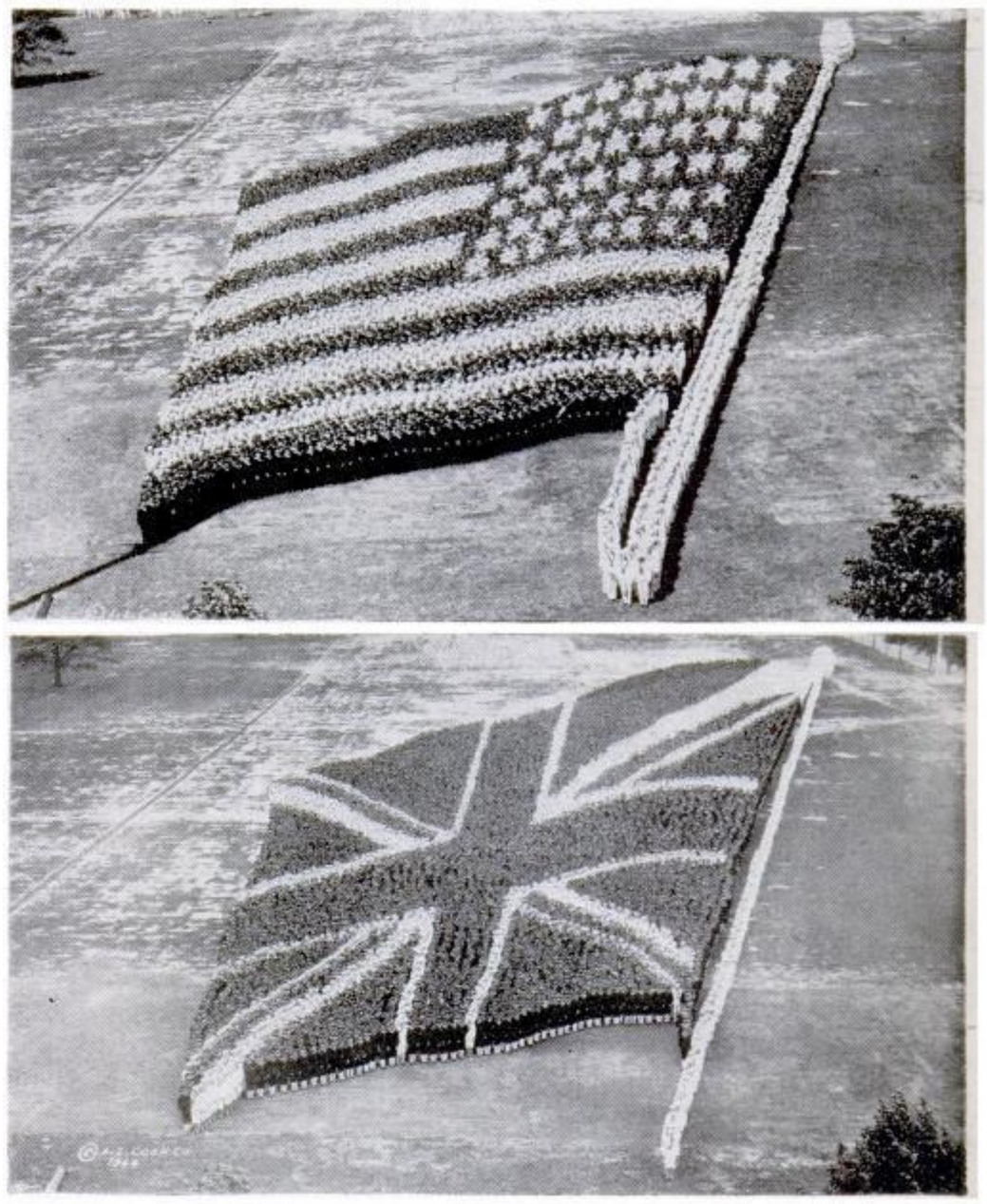
HUMAN FLAGS

Sirs:

The armed services of the U. S. recently illustrated their solidarity with our British ally when sailors at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station formed two immense flags of the two countries. George Landis' aerial photographs show the densely massed sailors in perfect formation, first in the Stars and Stripes, later in the Union Jack.

H. MONTGOMERY

Milwaukee, Wis.



HOME IS WHERE THE EGG IS

Sirs:

Emma the emu indignantly starts to remove her egg, displayed for the camera, back to its nest where it belongs. Behind her you can see part of her emu-pecked husband Ernie on nest. Though she tried hard she couldn't get the egg back to its proper place by herself.

MEL DORIUS

Salt Lake City, Utah



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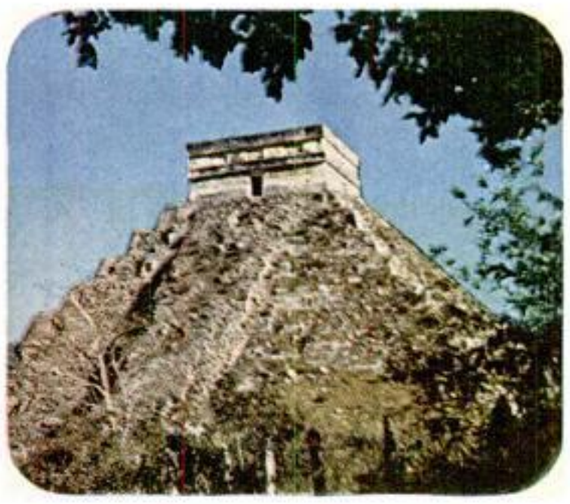
Tomorrow you may be making this Safari to the

Castle of Kul-Kul-Kan





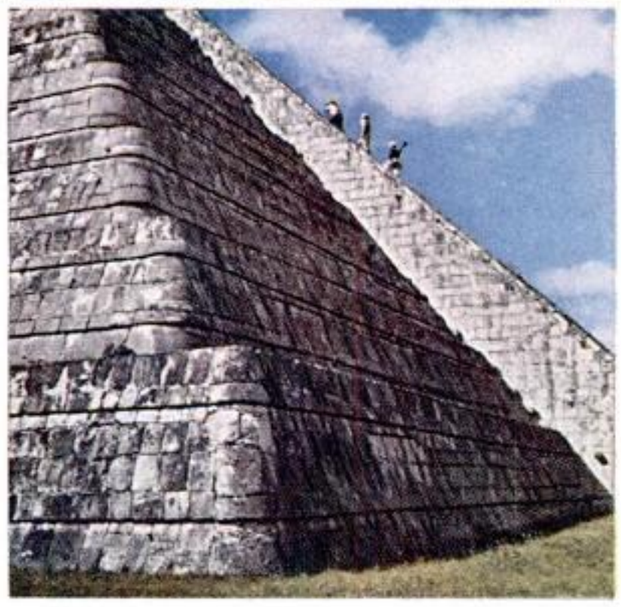
1 **"Landing in Yucatan,** a mere six hours by Pan-American Strato-Clipper from New Orleans," writes a war traveler, "I found your dream vacation of tomorrow. A journey to another world!



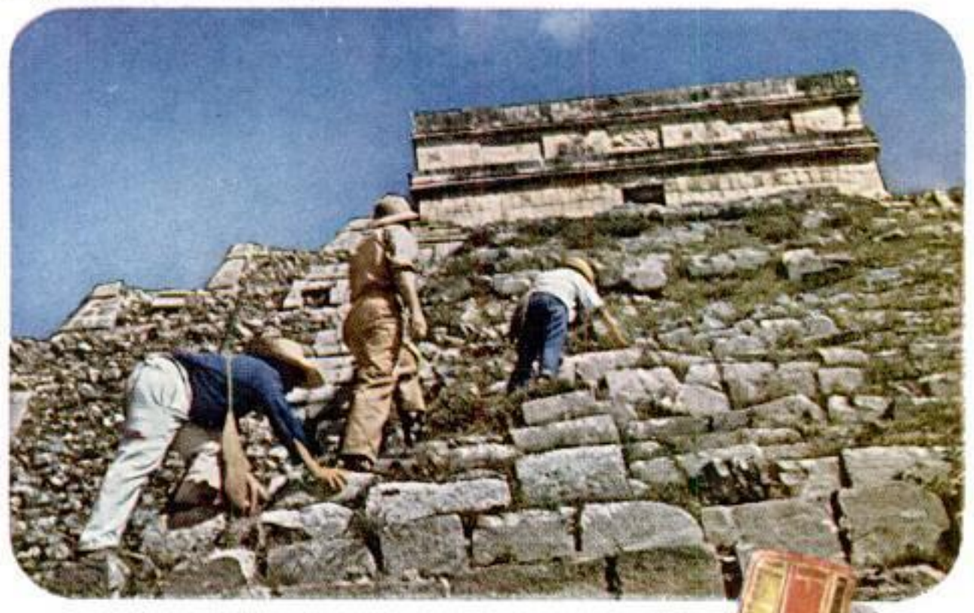
2 **"As I rounded** a bend in the trail, the ancient castle of the Maya serpent-god exploded into view, towering over the sprawling ruins of a dead and eerie city whose mysteries may never be fully known.



3 **"Couple that with the sudden,** soundless appearance of two gun-toting Mayans—and whew! It took a panicky moment to remember these are among the gentlest of people . . . and crack game-hunters.



4 **"Scaling the skyscraping** temple—even up the 'easy' front steps—is a breath-taking experience . . . two ways. The view from the top is out of a trip to Mars. But—



5 **"Going up** the back way—to view the unrestored section at close range—turns your knees to jelly. One misstep, and your future is likely to be quick and final.



6 **" 'My helmet** for a Canadian Club whisky-and-soda!' I said, after that. Whereupon my host produced a bottle so matter-of-factly I had to ask how come...and learned this whisky has been a Yucatecan favorite for years."

Once the war is over, it will be easier than ever before to visit Latin America. And when that time comes, you will find Canadian Club Whisky again available there for toasting the grand "good neighbors" you'll be meeting.

Right now, the distillery is making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves" these days —by making two bottles go the length of three.



IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

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"Man, that's *fine* tobacco"

...that's LUCKY STRIKE tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco



L.S./M.F.T.

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